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OREGON NATIVE SON

DEVOTED TO THE

History, Industries and Development

OF THE

Original Oregon

COMPRISING THE STATES OF OREGON, WASHINGTON IDAHO AND PART OF MONTANA.

Second Year, May 1900 - April 1901

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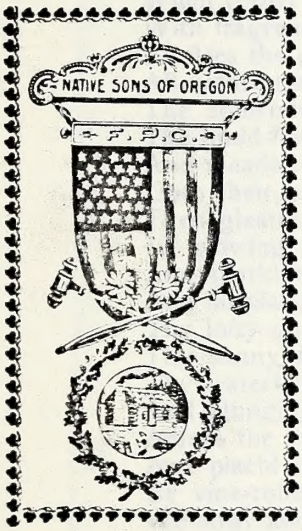

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WILDS OF OREGON.

Ye tinted hills above the wooded plain,
Reflect the sunbeams o'er the breaking main ;
Ye hoary peaks, august, in muteness stand,
As watchful sentries, guard our noble land,
O storm-bound cliffs and precipices bare,
O verdant dales and flowering ridges fair,
Re-tell thy river's ever-joyous theme,
Thy sylvan wild in grandeur is supreme.
When vernal spring thy rolling valley 'twines
With fragrant blossoms and gentle creeping vines,
As flees the greyness from the waking dawn
All nature rises unto joyous song;
The squirrels, chattering, play on branch and tree,
The timid fawn glides its pathway free,
And meadow lark's and robin's morning lay
Unto their mates proclaim a welcome day;
Then gleams the sunlight on the distant hills,
Its glowing ray of bounteous woodland fills,
And sparkling diamonds seem the glistening dew,
And fairyland bursts on the raptured view.
Thy lofty pines, and limpid fountains fair,
Thy sunny slopes and flowers without compare,
Thy waterfalls encrowned with sunlit spray,
And plunging torrents, charm our lingering way;
Across the waving fields of gray and green,
And placid lakes enrobed with shade and sheen,
By vine-robed crag, through canyon, vale and glade,
We stray and rest within thy noonday shade;
Yet, dearer are thy mountains high,
Thy snow-capped peaks which gleam in stainless sky;
No passing shade their glory has defiled,
No shroud but night to mar their grandeur wild;
The rumbling glaciers on their ceaseless way
Defy the banks which bid their passing stay,
And jewelled halls and lofty tinted spires
Blend all the hues of many colored fires,
While far above the sulphurous fumes arise,
And tell of moulten heat which never dies.
Wilds of Oregon, dear, blue-tinted hills,
Blest is he who hears thy babbling rills,
And breathes the fragrance of thy waving pines,
And in his heart remembrance fond enshrines.

VALENTINE BROWN.

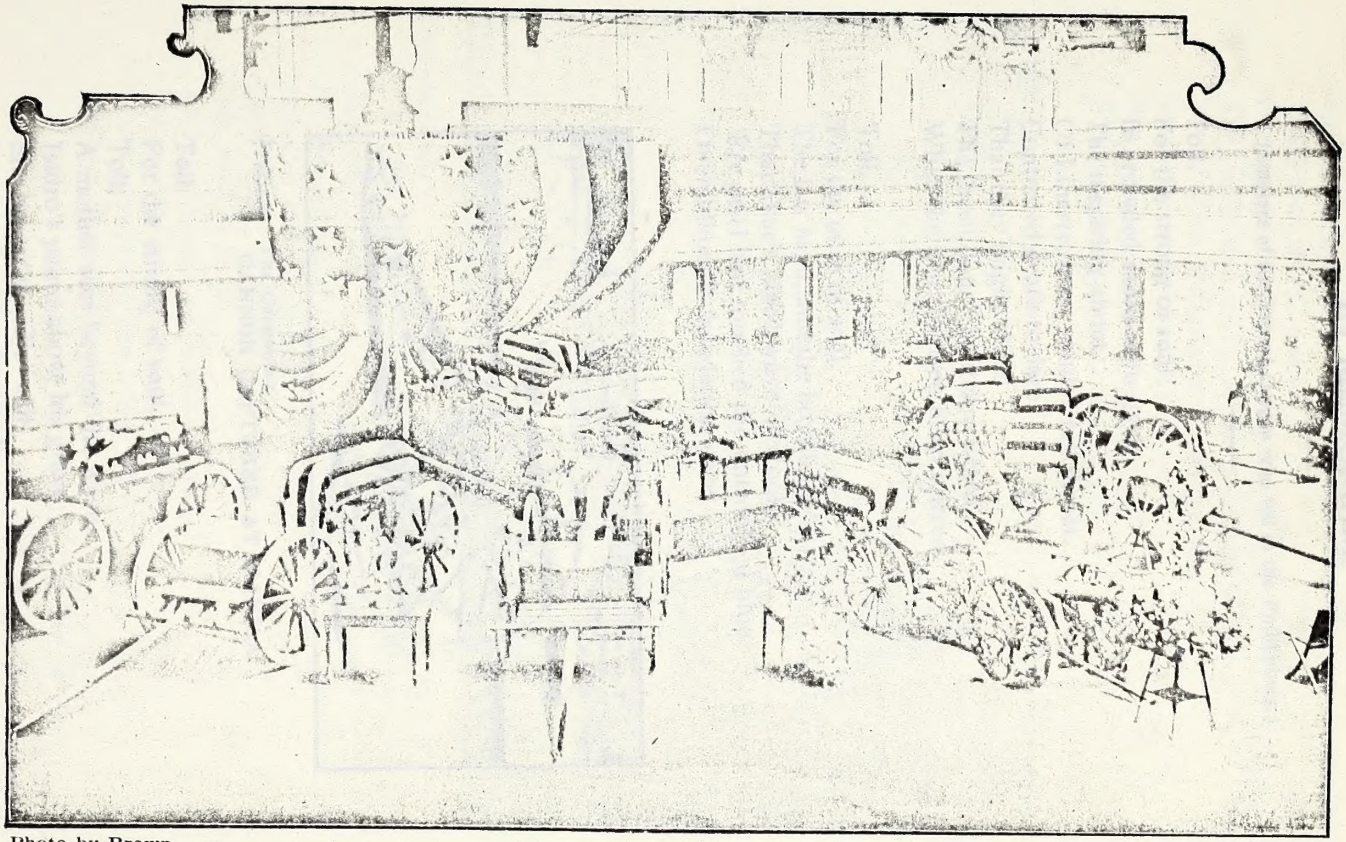
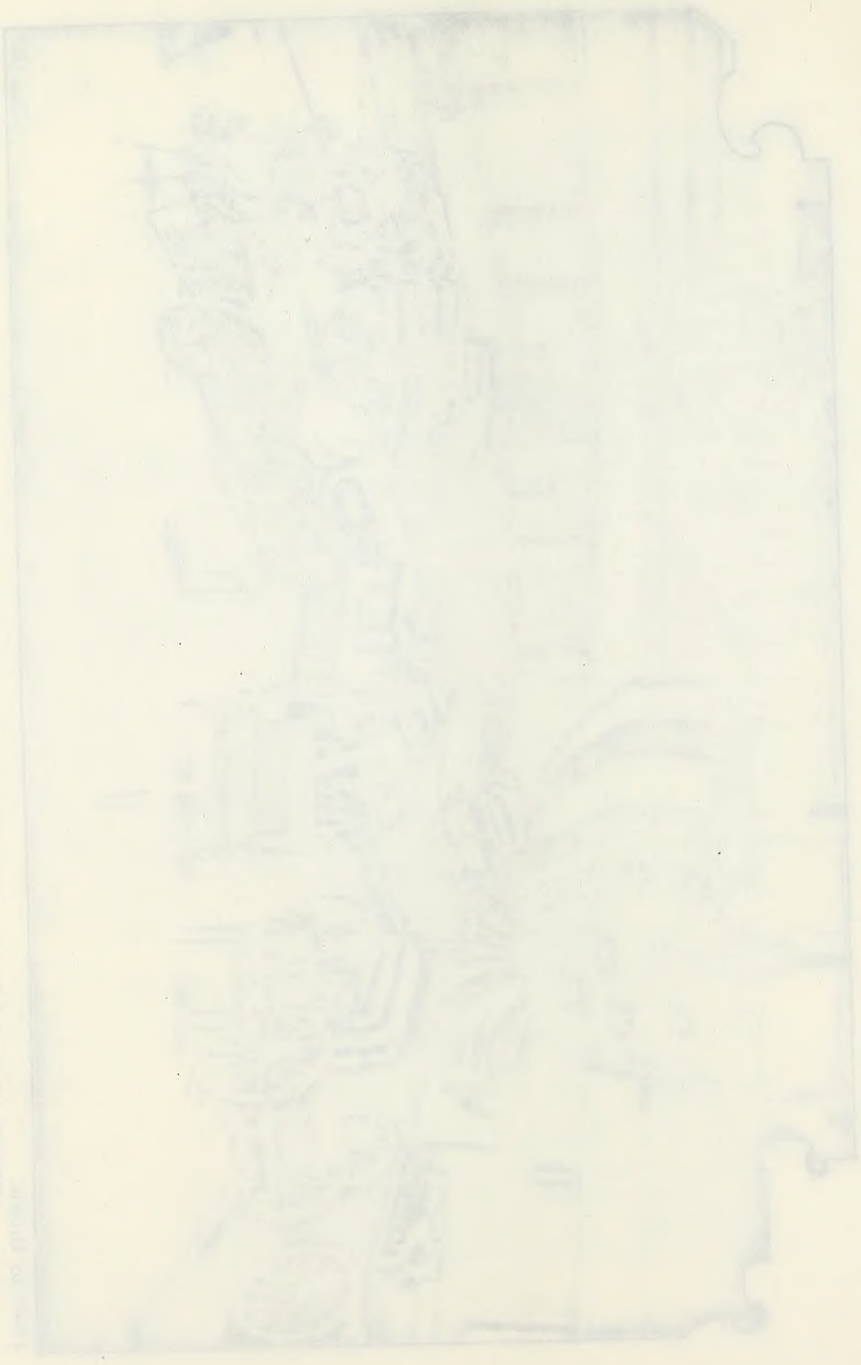


Photo by Brown.

SECOND OREGON DEAD, LYING IN STATE AT THE NATIONAL GUARD ARMORY.

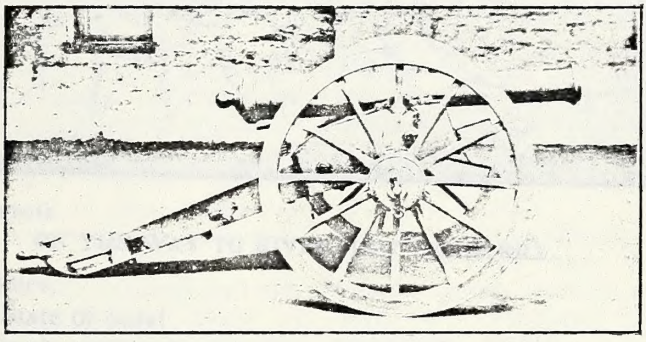


IN MEMORIAM.

(Soldiers of the Second Oregon who fell in the Philippines.)

Toll,
For the strong of soûl;
In crowded ranks who gave
The inspiring shout
Of Liberty, from youth's full throat.
Contented death to dare,
That they might share
The "well done" Santiago heard,
When the world's deep heart stirred.

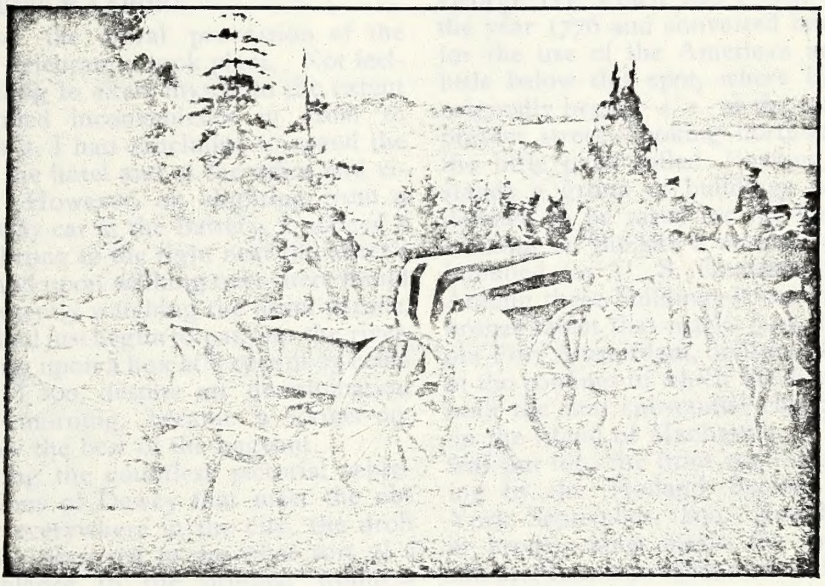
Toll,
For the pure of soul,
The fair head, and the boyish look,
That War's black wave o'ertook,
'Ere grief had touched the untroubled blue
Of childhood's wondering gaze.



Courtesy "The Oregonian."
CANNON CAPTURED AT MANILA.

Toll,
For the strong of soul,
Toll,
A mother sees beyond the wave,
Isidro's palms above his grave;
She hears "reveille" call,
But not for him, her darling:
Orient day grows cold, though steeped in light,
And all its torrid beauty fades in night.

Toll,
For the proud soul;
The virgin State
That welcomes late,
These sons of iron make;
Here on her lillied breast pressed down,
They sleep, and dream not of renown,
Nor of these garlands, pine and rose—
Emblems of beauty and repose—
We weave to scatter o'er their rest,
Who honored duty's stainless crest.



Routledge, Photo.

ON THE WAY TO RIVERVIEW CEMETERY.

Rejoice,
O! State of ours!
Spring's earliest flowers
Speak from the dust,
"Be pure, be just."
To larger hopes our hearts are true,
We seek the task that God will do,
In the grim path where honor led
The feet of our beloved dead.

—Nellie Evans.

A TOUR OF THE WORLD.

JOHN J. VALENTINE, PRESIDENT OF WELLS-FARGO & CO., WRITES HIS FRIEND, AARON STEIN, OF SAN FRANCISCO, AN ACCOUNT OF HIS TRAVELS.

(Published by Special Permission of Mr. Valentine.)

New York, Sept. 29, 1899.

DEAR UNCLE AARON:

Today the naval procession of the Dewey celebration took place. Not feeling willing to exert myself to the extent of decided inconvenience in order to witness it, I had concluded to spend the day at the hotel and at the office and vicinity. However, on alighting from a Broadway car at the Battery, I noticed a great throng to the right near the water's edge, and upon walking over there found them intently watching the naval parade, which had just begun to pass up the river. Stepping upon a box at a cost of 25 cents rental, I too, despite my determination of the morning, became a looker-on, and saw the best of the pageant.

Noting the countless pictorial representations of Dewey that meet the observer everywhere in the city, the droll idea has occurred to me what sort of a resemblancé to the original would a composite picture of all these produce—many of which are certainly sheer caricatures.

As pertinent to the unusual and extravagant demonstration in honor of one of our naval heroes, growing, as it does, out of a martial rather than a civic spirit of adulation, I turned my steps toward the older historic grounds near by. I may mention here, incidentally, that the site of the office I occupy—No. 63 Broadway—is historic ground. But a few steps lower down that busy thoroughfare, on the west side, stands the Washington building, occupying the ground of the old Kennedy House, once the headquarters of Washington and Lee, opposite which, in the colonial days, stood the leaden statue of King George III, which was pulled down in the year 1776 and converted into bullets for the use of the American army. A little below this spot, where Broadway originally began—i. e., at the foot of the present street—looking northward over the little park called Bowling Green, stands a group of buildings now condemned to be razed for the purpose of erecting on the site a modern structure intended for U. S. Customs purposes. Among these buildings is one bearing a bronze tablet that marks it as the site of old Fort Amsterdam, built in 1626, within the confines of which fortification was built the first substantial church edifice on the island of Manhattan. The tablet was put into the front wall of the building by the Holland Society of New York, September, 1890. Near by another bronze tablet marks the spot where the first four huts were erected by Dutch voyagers, in 1613.

A few blocks distant—at the S. E. corner of Pearl and Broad streets—stands a most interesting relic of other days, viz: "Fraunces' Tavern"—or, as originally called, "The Queen's Head Tavern." In this well-constructed five-story building, erected in 1753, now nearly a century and a half old, but nevertheless in an excellent state of preservation, Washington bade farewell to his officers, on the 4th of December, 1783. Here, too, in 1768, was instituted the first New York Chamber of Commerce, of which body John Cruger was President, and Anthony Van Dam, Secretary. On the walls of the "Long Room" (a dining room located on the second floor) hangs

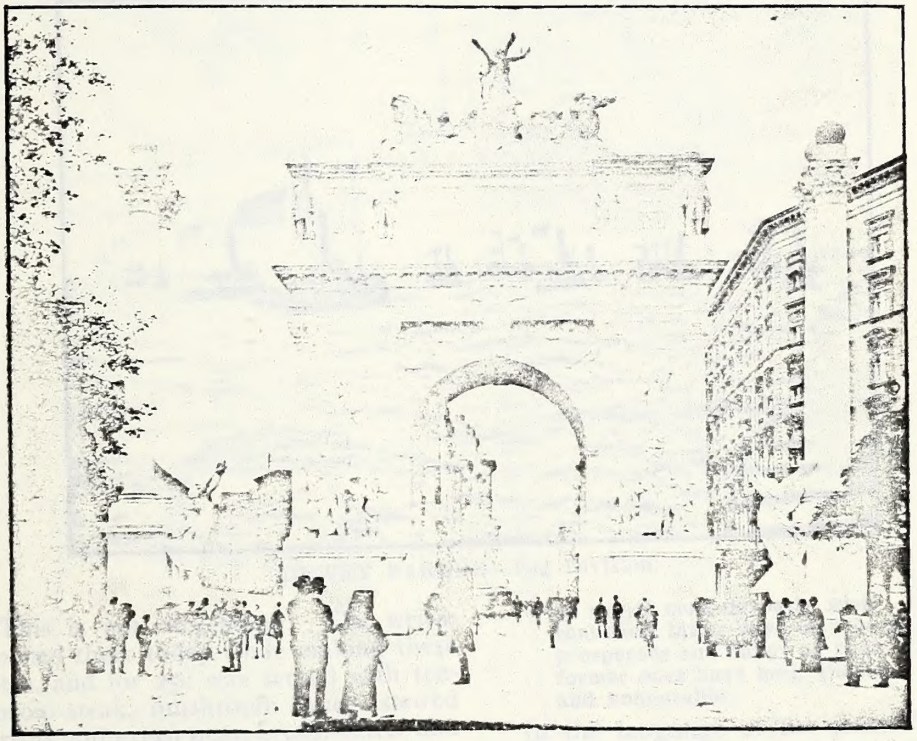
a framed copy of two resolutions adopted by that body, bearing dates and reading in part as follows:

May 3d, 1768; Ordered, Resolved; that the members of the Chamber do meet at Bolton & Sigel's (the former proprietors of Fraunces' Tavern) precisely at the usual hour (six o'clock).

Tuesday, 6th December, 1768—Resolved—a proper room for the meeting of the members of the Chamber of Commerce is to be provided and the Treasurer is to have Bread and Cheese, Beer, Pipes and Tobacco, provided at the expense of the members present, so that it doth not exceed one shilling each man.

tavern. The establishment, as already stated, was originally known as the "Queen's Head Tavern." To the announcement aforesaid, "Boniface" Fraunces added the following savory postscript:

"N. B. Dinners and suppers dressed to send out for lodgers and others who live at a convenient distance; also Cakes, Tarts, Jellies, Whip Syllybubs, Blaumange. Sweet Meats &c in any quantity; cold meat in small quantities, Beef Stakes &c at any hour; Pickled Oysters for the West Indies or elsewhere."



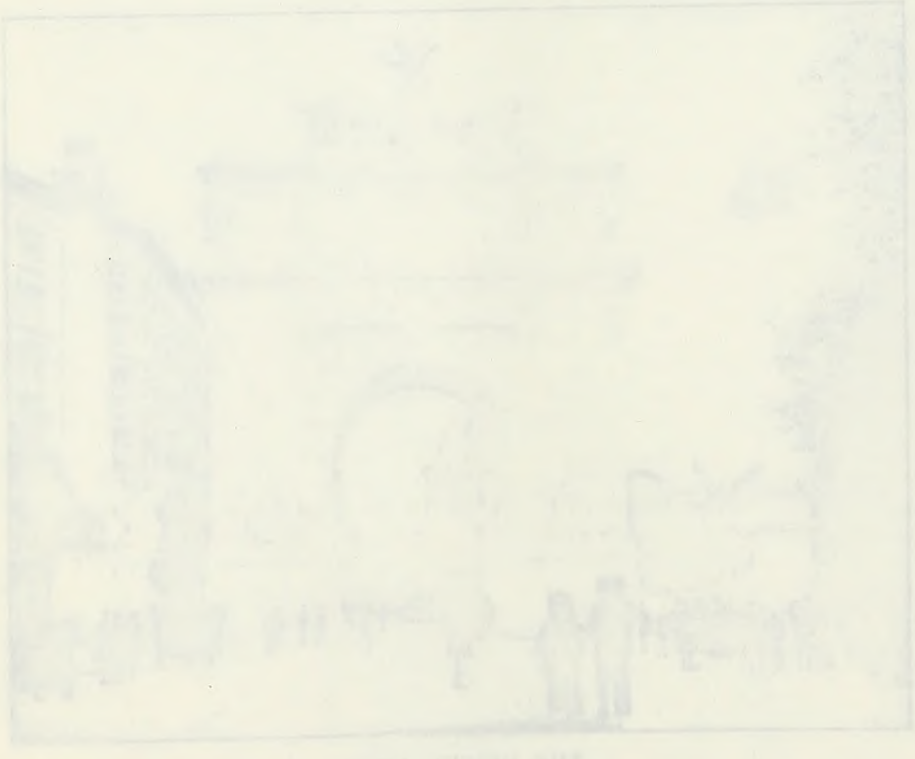
THE DEWEY ARCH.

The first meeting of the Chamber was held April 5th, 1768, and its action on this occasion was confirmed and approved at a subsequent meeting, held in May.

In this same room, hanging against the wall is a framed copy of Samuel Fraunces' public announcement that on Sept. 20, 1770, he succeeded Messrs. Bolton and Sigel as proprietor of the

However, one of the quaintest things in this room, replete with odd mementoes, is the copy of Resolution adopted by the Chamber of Commerce relative to what should constitute the repast provided for its members at their evening, as already given above.

To show that this ancient hostelry has been true to the principles of simplicity



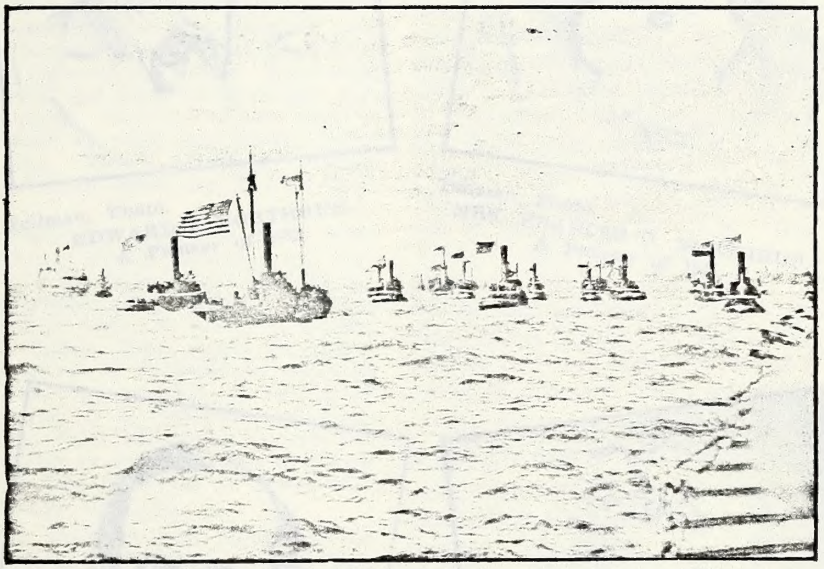
that prevailed when it first served the public, I quote the following from a sign now displayed on the Pearl street exterior of the building, which is still used as an hotel and restaurant:

FRAUNCES' TAVERN.
Newly Furnished
All Light Rooms
By the day or week
For
Gentlemen Only
Restaurant
ON THE FIRST FLOOR
First Class Regular Dinners
Home
Cooking 25c.

Fraunces' Tavern—To this Building
GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON
came, evacuation day, Nov. 25th, 1783
1770 - 1883 and on Thursday, Dec. 4th
Erected by the following, here took leave
Sons of the of the principal officers of
Revolution. the Army yet in service.

In the second-story long room already mentioned is this (suitably framed)—the impressive parting scene having doubtless taken place there:

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL TO HIS OFFICERS,
Dec. 4th, 1783.
With an heart full of love
and gratitude, I now take leave



DEWEY PARADE—Tug Division.

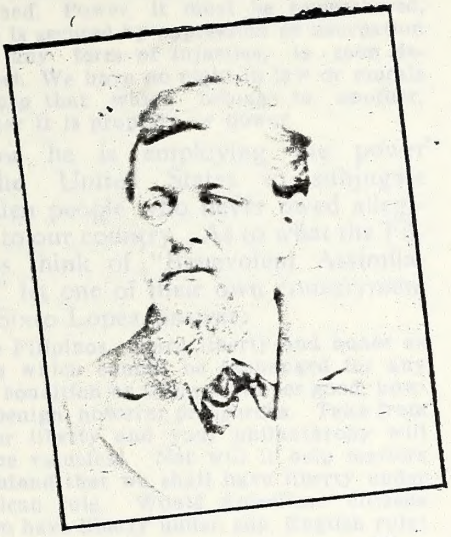
This is not misleading. The writer lunched there today while making these notes, and for 25c was served with tenderloin-steak, mushroom sauce, stewed carrots and green peas, bread, butter and tea. This very low price—less than one-quarter of what the same things would have cost on Broadway or 5th Avenue, or above 14th Street—is because of the moderate but sufficient portions furnished, the simple but adequate service, and the absence of all ostentatious surroundings.

On the Broad street front of the house, just south of the main entrance, is the following:

of you; I most devoutly wish that your latter days may be as prosperous and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honourable.

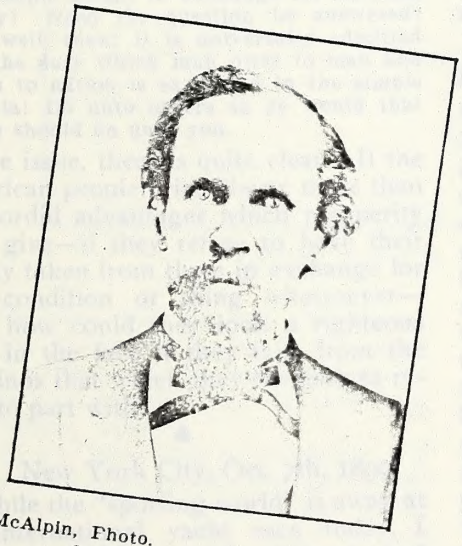
In the language of the poet, "these were beginnings of the best we are." How wide and far we have strayed from the true principles of Democratic Republican simplicity may be judged from the happenings of the past year and a half. Only nine years ago, the present executive of this nation said:

Human rights and constitutional privileges must not be forgotten in the race for wealth and commercial supremacy. The Government of the people must be by the people and not



Tollman, Photo.
EDWARD J. NORTHRUP.
A Pioneer of 1852.

Tollman, Photo.
MRS. FRANCES C. NORTHRUP.
A Pioneer of 1845.



McAlpin, Photo.
CAPT. JACOB KAMM.
A Pioneer of 1850.

Aune, Photo.
MRS. CAROLINE A. KAMM.
Born at Lapwai, 1840

by a few of the people; it must rest upon the free consent of the governed and all of the governed. Power, it must be remembered, which is secured by oppression or usurpation or by any form of injustice, is soon dethroned. We have no right in law or morals to usurp that which belongs to another, whether it is property or power.

Now he is employing the power of the United States to subjugate an alien people who never owed allegiance to our country. As to what the Filipinos think of "Benevolent Assimilation," let one of their own countrymen, Mr. Sixto Lopez, answer:

The Filipinos regard liberty and honor as things which cannot be exchanged for any other condition or thing, however good, however benign, however prosperous. Take from us our liberty and your philanthropy will become valueless. Nor will it help matters to contend that we shall have liberty under American rule. Would American citizens care to have liberty under, say, English rule? rule?

Personal liberty we should no doubt have, but it is national liberty that we crave. Personal liberty is by comparison a small thing. All civilized people are prepared to give up personal liberty—even life itself—in defense of national liberty. What would the American people accept in exchange for national liberty? Need the question be answered? Very well, then; it is universally admitted that the duty which man owes to man and nation to nation is expressed in the simple formula: Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you.

The issue, then, is quite clear. If the American people prize liberty more than the sordid advantages which prosperity may give—if they refuse to have their liberty taken from them in exchange for any condition or thing whatsoever—then how could they look a righteous God in the face if they take from the Filipinos that which they themselves refuse to part with?

♣

New York City, Oct. 7th, 1899.

While the "sporting world" is away at the international yacht race today, I will indite you a brief abstract and chronicle of the times:

And first as to in-door amusements—the theatres. We have attended three. The Fifth Avenue—to witness "Becky Sharp," in which all the indictments of Thackeray against it for cynicism find color. 'Tis about as disagreeable a play as I have ever witnessed. Geo. Osborn is a smirking prig; Jo Sedley a boisterous buffoon; Pitt Crawley a grotesque, repulsive reptile; and old Steyne even more revolting in the realism of his profligacy than Thackeray critically depicted him. As for Becky Sharp, she is as bad as the law allows—and you will remember the Kentucky judge's dictum: "A man no better than the law will make him is just as bad as the devil would have him." In short, the play of "Becky Sharp" leaves a bad taste in one's mouth. The second evening we attended the Empire, where John Drew's Company played "The Tyranny of Tears," by Haddon Chambers; and the third time saw us at the Lyceum, where "Miss Hobbs," by Jerome K. Jerome, was presented, with Annie Russell in the title roll. "The Tyranny of Tears," which has a flavor of Anthony Hope's "Dolly Dialogues," though bright and pleasing, is less satisfactory than "Miss Hobbs," in which Miss Russell's acting was most charming. I have never seen her to better advantage.

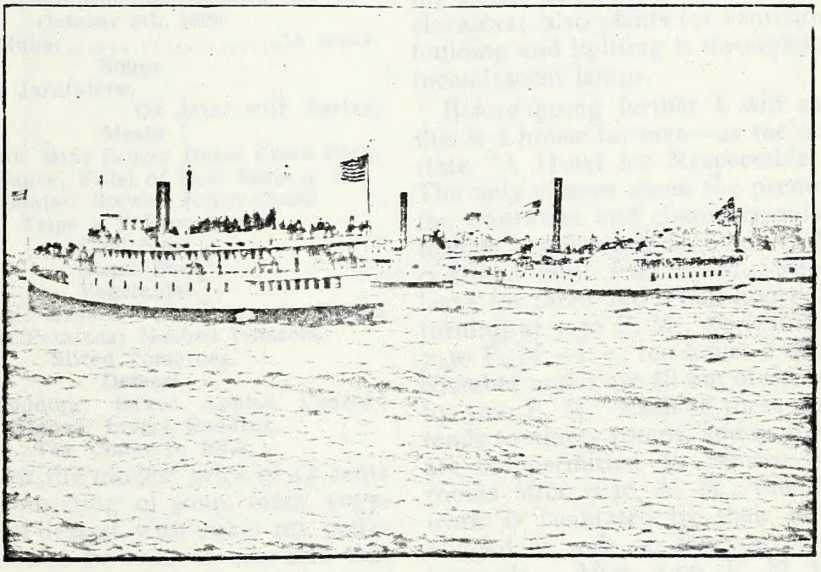
The character impersonated by Miss Russell is that of the "New Woman," bitterly opposed to the autocracy of man. Miss Hobbs, who lost her parents during infancy, developed her idiosyncrasies under the teachings of an aunt by whom she was reared. This strong-minded relative's ideas were the outcome of unfortunate matrimonial experiences, and she instilled into the mind of the young ward her own peculiar views of the tyrant man. Because of her theories and their dissemination Miss Hobbs had been described to her future conquerer presumably, as a lean, gray-haired old spinster, but on finding her, to his surprise, a young and beautiful woman, the hero falls in love at sight. In undertaking her conquest he relentlessly attacks her pet notions, and it is quite apparent at the very outset that she is going to capitulate to his dominant personality. In his love-making he chiefly tutors her, and points out the unwisdom and injus-

tice of her views. He frankly tells her that the "New Woman" wastes too much time in idleness and bootless thinking—or what she deems thinking—the outcome of which is sophistical deductions and discontent. The play is delightful throughout, and I have never seen Miss Russell look sweeter, or act better and more becomingly in any character. The contretemps, out of which much confusion and fun arises, is natural enough, and the performance keeps the audience in smiles of interest or irrepressible laughter to the very end. Old Mrs. Gilbert, who figures as an ancient maiden aunt and general peacemaker, was manifestly just as dear to the hearts of the audience as she was to the young people on the stage whose difficulties she was setting right.

I do not know that this company will go to San Francisco, but if it should, and Miss Russell play, by all means attend the performance. The stage settings and the costumes are pretty, though not out of the ordinary, and the play is not profound, but the lesson and the presentation are simple, natural and very wholesome.

We pass now from the customary habitat of the "Upper Ten," in their pursuit of enjoyment, and will pay our respects to the "lower millions."

A few blocks west of Broadway, on Bleecker Street, bounded by Sullivan and Thompson Streets, stands a massive modern structure of grey pressed brick, with becoming stone trimmings. A slightly pitched corrugated iron roof with wide eaves supported by handsome brackets gives the top finish a Moresque appearance. This ten-story fire-proof building is known as the Mills Hotel No. 1. This roomy vestibule is finished in white marble and a handsome central stairway of the same material leads to the office floor. Both to left and to right of the office is a spacious well-lighted glass-covered court, upon which open some of the inside of the 1554 bed rooms of the hotel.



DEWEY PARADE—Steamer Division.

Desirous of thoroughly inspecting this hostelry which is famous from a sociological point of view, we paid it a visit, entering first the dining-room, which is located in the basement. This large room is finished in white, with clean, cement floors and tiled wainscotting. On

the walls hang neatly-framed pictures, appropriate to a dining-room ,and the tables are covered with clean table cloths and supplied with tidy napkins. Here a meal may be had, table d'hote, for 15 cents; or, for the more luxurious a special—to order—dish may be added for ten cents more.

We partook of dinner here, and the 15 cent meal entitled the diner to one choice of each course as indicated on the Bill of Fare, the substance of which is here given: (Of vegetables two selections are allowed.)

BILL OF FARE
MILLS HOTEL RESTAURANT
Bleecker, Thompson and Sullivan Streets.
October 5th, 1899.
Regular Dinner.....15 cents.
Soups.
Consomme Jardiniere;
Ox Joint with Barley.
Meats.
Roast Lamb, Mint Sauce; Roast Fresh Pork, Apple Sauce; Fillet of Beef Saute a' la Bordelaise; Stewed Honey-Comb Tripe a l' Espagnole.
Cold Meat.
Roast Beef.
Vegetables.
Green Corn; Mashed Yellow Squash; Boiled Sweet Potatoes; Mashed Potatoes; Sliced Tomatoes.
Dessert.
Farina Pudding; Baked Apples, Concord Grapes; Indian Pudding.
Tea, Coffee or Milk.

Thus for the modest price of 15 cents a meal consisting of soup, meat, vegetables, and dessert, with either tea, coffee or milk, is to be had. I may add that liberal portions are served, and the food —of good and wholesome quality—is well-cooked. On the floor above is a cafe, where meals can be obtained a la carte. This, however, as an eating place is open only in the night, it being used as a reading and general sitting room during the day. A person can at this hotel get five cents worth of something to eat; and Mr. Mills informed me that the price received for meals averages but 13 cents each; breakfasts and suppers about 8 cents each. The waitresses are paid $4.50 per week, and are given their meals. After our dinner we patronized the dining-room cigar stand, where a diminutive cigar, called "Nieman's Babies," is to be had at a rate of three for two cents. I have had worse smokes at higher prices. There are other brands on sale, the most expensive of which is 5 cents apiece.

A few steps below, and off the dining-room, is the trunk-room, where all kinds of baggage (including bicycles) is stored in quantities. No storage is charged for this accommodation, but there are several tiers of private lockers, measuring about 3x2x2 feet, with good locks, that may be hired for 25 cents per month. In the basement are located a well-equipped steam laundry, and engines for furnishing power to run the three modern, fast elevators; also plants for ventilating the building and lighting it throughout with incandescent lamps.

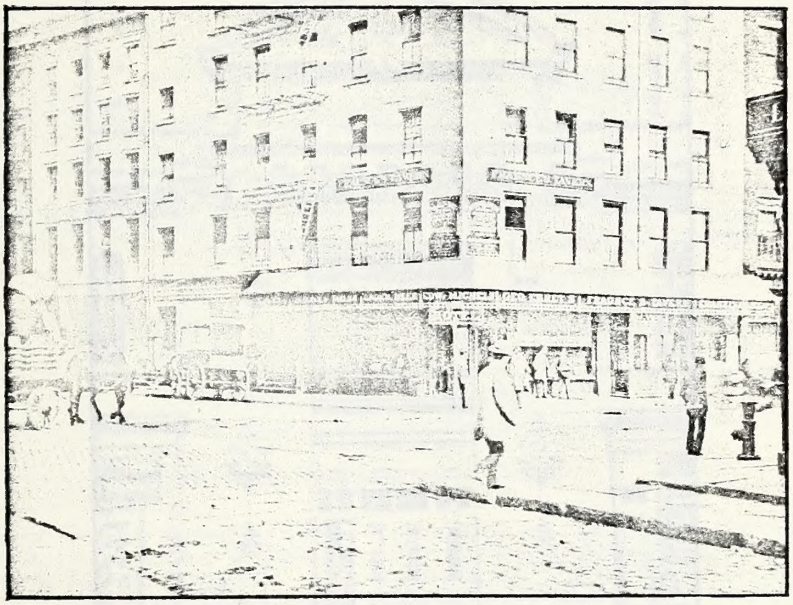
Before going further I will say that this is a house for men—as the circulars state "A Hotel for Respectable Men." The only women about the premises are the waitresses and chambermaids. The former begin work at 6:00 A. M. and continue until 2:00 P. M., when they leave for three and a half hours, and returning at 5:30 P. M., work until about 7:30 P. M.—i. e., ten hours a day. The chamber maids are all out of the building by 5:00 P. M. Each of these maids attends to ninety rooms, and as the guests are not permitted to remain in their rooms after 9:30 A. M., the chamber work is facilitated by their not being obliged to wait on the convenience of laggards. After 5:00 P. M. the bed rooms are thrown open to incoming guests.

These sleeping apartments are not large, being but $5\frac{1}{2}$x$7\frac{1}{2}$ feet; although there are seventy corner rooms which measure 8x8 feet. For these larger ones 30 cents per night is charged, while for the others but 20 cents each. These rooms are supplied with good enamelled iron beds and wire mattresses and the bed linen is clean and inviting. There is also electric light available all night, although after midnight the current is somewhat reduced. Every room is provided with a little medicine-chest or cup-

board fastened to the wall above the foot of the bed. There is no water in the rooms. All the lavatory facilities, which are ample, being massed in the halls of each story; the shower baths, hot and cold water, also conveniently located on each floor—there are no tub baths. On the office floor are numerous hot and cold shower baths, about seventy-five stationary wash stands; and laundry tubs, for the use of the guests to wash their own small articles of clothing. There is also a drying machine near by in same room. All these accommodations are open to access and furnished without charge.

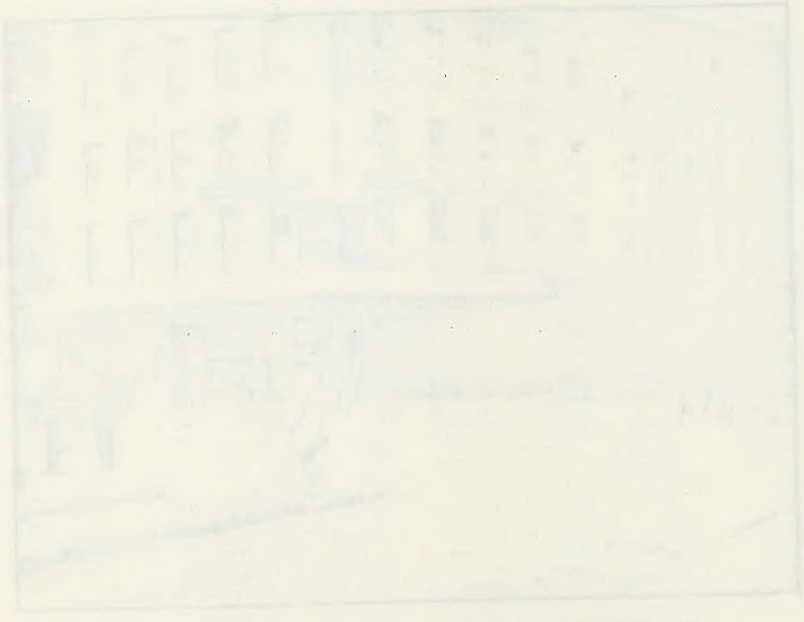
The entire second story, Bleecker street front, is made into a light, comfortable reading room, and here is a free library of one thousand volumes; and writing tables, at which paper and envelopes are furnished free. Games of various kinds are also on hand. In the courts are tables and chairs, and here the men sit and read, or smoke and chat.

On Rivington Street, east side of the Bowery, just off 3rd Avenue, stands the other "Mills Hotel," (No. 2). It is a building in the same general style as No. 1, but smaller—there being in this less than 700 rooms. The two hotels can accommodate an aggregate of 2,200 persons over night, yet they are obliged to turn away from 50 to 250 people every night. Yesterday I went to the Rivington Street Mills Hotel (No. 2) and got a ten-cent breakfast—two boiled eggs, two rolls, with butter, and a cup of coffee—all good in quality and quite sufficient in quantity. The bill of fare was as follows:

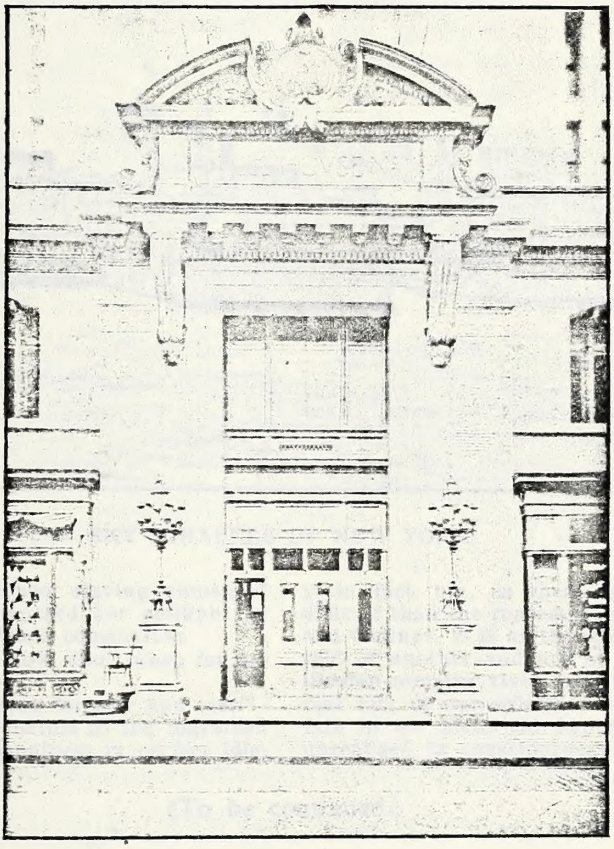


FRAUNCE'S TAVERN, OLDEST IN NEW YORK.

BILL OF FARE
MILLS HOTEL RESTAURANT
Rivington Street.
Regular Breakfast—15 cents.
Consisting of one 5 and one 10 cent dish, with Bread, Butter, Coffee, Tea or Milk.
Five Cent Dishes.
French Rolls, Stewed Prunes, Oatmeal and Milk, Boiled Rice and Milk, Shredded Wheat Biscuit, Cracked Wheat and Milk, Buckwheat Cakes, Wheat Cakes.
Ten Cent Dishes.
Fried Ham, Veal Cutlets, Hamburger Steak, Corn Beef Hash, Salt Mackerel, Fried Liver and Bacon, Pork Chops, Codfish Cakes.
Special.
Two eggs boiled, fried or scrambled with two Rolls, and one cup of Coffee, 10 cents.
Oct. 6, 1899.



The general constructive plan of these remarkable and commendable establishments is an effective combination of applied science to attain the ends in view—viz: Utility, comfort and benevolence, on a self-suporting basis. The larger hotel has been open two years, the other being of more recent construction, and thus far the two establishments, while benefitting thousands of men without partaking of the nature of charity, have earned a net interest on the total investment of two per cent per annum.



MILLS HOUSE, NO. 1.

You may ask, if my eyes are weak, why I am writing. I am not writing much, chiefly dictating, and must keep occupied. I would die of ennui if compelled to refrain from doing anything. The following from the "Saturday Review," on "The Fancied Joys of Idleness," is so good that I reproduce it:

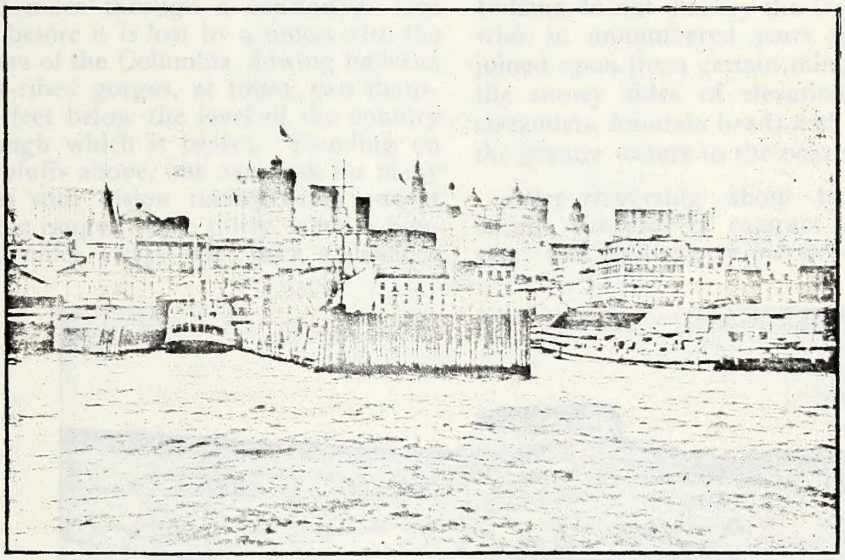
> The illusion that in idleness under some form or other happiness is to be found is easier to be understood than most illusions. There is a charming and naive simplicity about it, and hence it is a popular creed. Sweet doing nothing is a delightful vision which makes us all converts to the gospel of idleness. We have constructed a heaven of future bliss on the simple basis of this illusion. An extensive hymnology exists whose inspiration is this captivating idea.
>
> If there were not some danger of wounding sensitive feelings, we might make many quotations from our devotional anthologies to show that the popular conception of eternal happiness has much similitude to the rest-

ful imaginings which float through the brain of pater-familias as he contemplates his annual visit to his favorite seaside summer resort. There he will sit by the margin of the quiet sea on the golden sands, and listen half asleep after his midday dinner to the strains of the band on the parade. It is the self-same illusion which found its path through the sad heart of the poor slaving woman of all work as she composed her epitaph for her own and her friends consolation.

"Don't weep for me now, don't weep for me never;
I'm going to do nothing for ever and ever."

The appeal is irresistible to the ingrained illusion of perfect happiness in perfect idleness which is the ideal of pagan golden ages, Christian and Mohammedan paradises, and of the social millennium on earth.

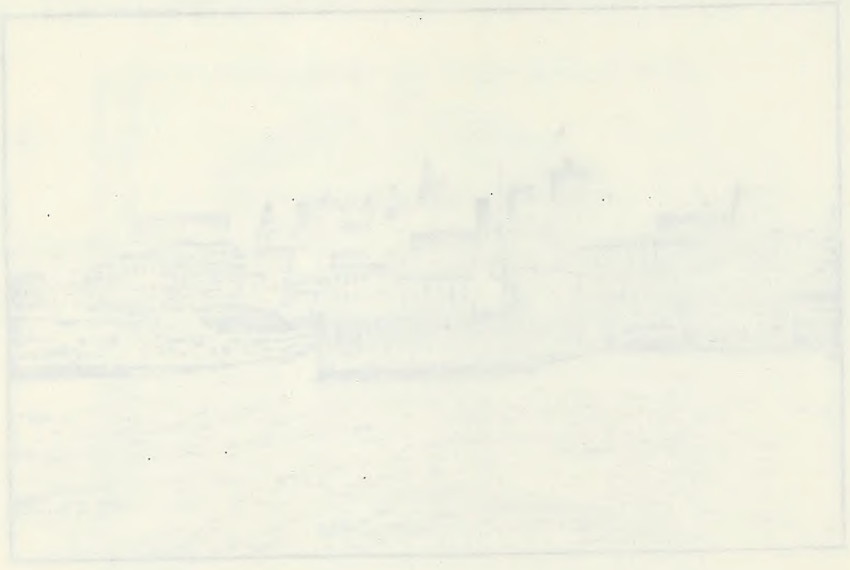
What matters it that memory persists in reminding us that the periods of our lives when we have more nearly realized the ideal conditions were exactly those in which the illusion vanished? We cannot ignore the plain fact, but, as there is nothing more difficult than the reproduction of past moods and feelings, it is as though the story were told of another and not of ourselves. The illusion remains vivid and living, while the real fact of our existence shares the usual fate of all historical happenings in being unrealized in consciousness.



SKY SCRAPERS OF NEW YORK.

(To be continued.)

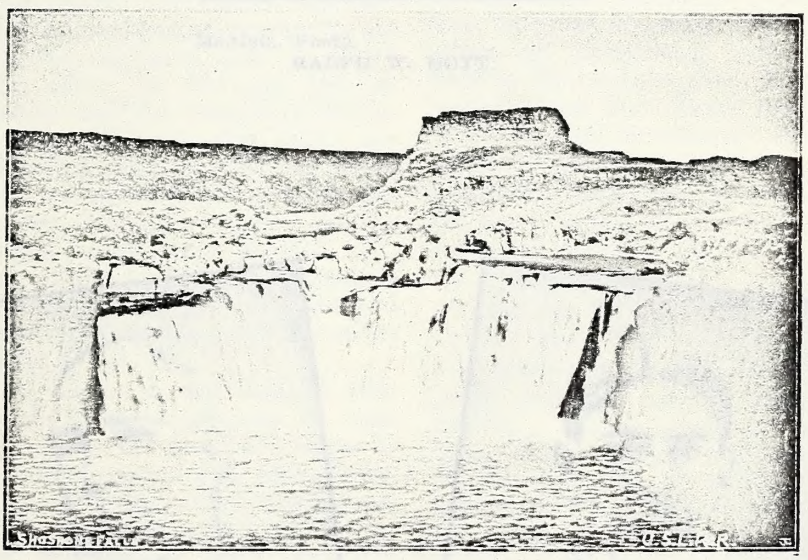
Wm. J. Valentine



LEGEND OF SNAKE RIVER VALLEY.

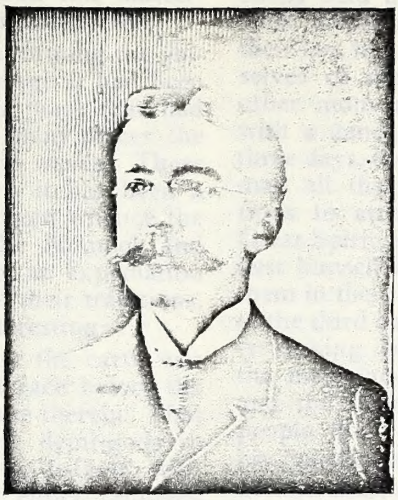
The Snake river runs over five hundred miles through a continuous lava bed before it is lost by a union with the waters of the Columbia, flowing between rock-ribed gorges, at times, two thousand feet below the level of the country through which it passes. Standing on the bluffs above, one can look for many miles with vision unobstructed except by the ranges, some thirty, some a hundred miles away. Get back a distance from the banks and not a river or creek can be seen, but here and there the eye catches a faintly-outlined streak in the landscape, indicating the position of a stream running far below the surface. The deepest gorge, winding through these volcanic lands, confines the waters of the Snake. Upon the ranges bordering the valley, here and there, a peak thrusts itself above the surrounding hills almost to point above perpetual snow line; standing there as if white-robed sentinels to watch and see that the Indians do not disobey the Great Spirit, who, in unnumbered years agone, enjoined upon them certain things. From the snowy sides of elevation run the streamlets, fountain heads and feeders of the greater waters to the ocean bound.

After traversing about half of its length, the roar of cataract greets the ear. Led by the ever-increasing sound,

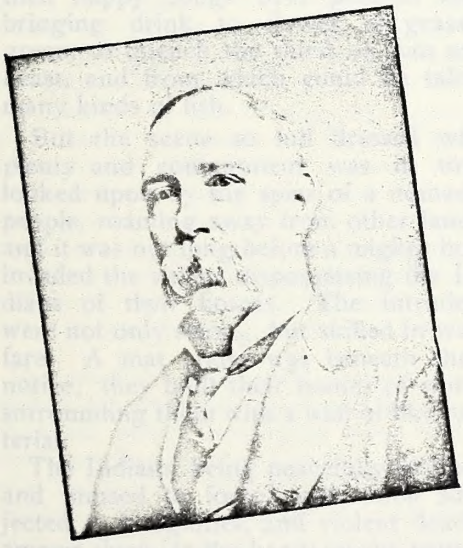


"Pointing to the elevated table land he proclaimed it holy ground."

one comes to place where the river can be seen to glide rapidly along, dashing, foaming, in mad play upon and around the boulders obstructing the channel just above the thundrous roar, and, then gathering in mighty force and volume, plunge down two hundred feet, losing itself for the moment in the spray ascending from below and then appearing again in the long, white streaks of foam that are whirling past the towering walls forming its embankment. But few there



McAlpin, Photo.
RALPH W. HOYT.



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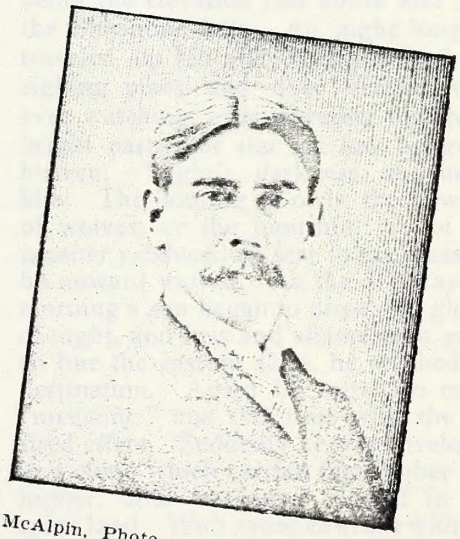
W. A. WHEELER.



McAlpin, Photo.
RUSSELL E. SEWALL.

are who could gaze upon this masterpiece of nature except in silent awe.

The vast fields of lava forming the valley proper appear as though it had been at one time a moulten mass that had suddenly cooled, for, in many places, the hard, basaltic rocks lie in waves. There being no visible craters, it has been a matter of wonderment from whence the flowing lava came. The Bannock and Soshone Indians attempt an explanation of the mystery in one of their traditions, which, if believed, is interesting.

They will tell one that the earth was peopled with an animal race before the present race found a home therein. That this animal people were demi-gods in nature, but becoming in disfavor with the Great Spirit, were either removed from earth or condemned to roam its expanse in the degraded state in which they now exist. In that age, and for many snows after the creation of the Indian of today, the Snake river valley was covered with forests, in which all kinds of game were plentiful, and through this Elysian ran several streams, singing their happy songs over pebbled way, bringing drink to flower, to grasses green, to quench the thirst of man and beast, and from which could be taken many kinds of fish.

But the scene so full dressed with plenty and contentment was in time looked upon by the spies of a nomadic people, roaming away from other lands, and it was not long before a mighty host invaded the valley, dispossessing the Indians of their homes. The intruders were not only strong, but skilled in warfare. A mat house was beneath their notice; they built their homes of stone, surrounding them with a wall of like material.

The Indians, being peacefully inclined and unused to force, were often subjected to indignities, and violent deaths among them, at the hands of the usurping populace, frequently occurred. Step by step they were driven back and away, until they realized that they must seek hiding place in the mountains to secure themselves from danger. Here the chiefs held a great council to consider what steps should be taken to regain their lost hunting grounds and rid themselves of their oppressors. As on all other momentous occasions, it began with a dance. This was kept up for three days, the tawatty or chief medicine-man all the while performing incantations to attract the attention of the Great Spirit, in order that he would manifest himself in some manner and direct them in their hour of need. At the close of the third day, just as the sun was slowly sinking below the western horizon, the medicine-man commanded silence, and the dancing ceased. He told the people that, for some unknown cause, his "medicine" did not bring about the desired charm, and that it would not, unless he went to some high mountain where his incantations could be better seen by Him whose good offices they invoked. That they should remain where they were until he returned, which would be four days from that time. He then started for the summit of a distant peak, the top of which is now pointed out as being the elevation just above and near the Shoshone falls. All night long he traveled, up hill and down, through the sighing pines and over verdant way, ever watching, ever traveling towards a bright particular star set low before in heaven. Night's darkness undaunted him. The hooting of owls, the howling of wolves, or the mournful cry of the panther produced no fear in his breast as he onward moved. As the first rays of morning's sun began to dispel the gloom of night, and kiss and aflame with golden hue the eastern skies, he reached his destination. Again he began to make "medicine," and this time with the desired effect. Suddenly he was enveloped in a cloud which carried him higher and higher, until he found himself in the spirit land. With sense enwrapt with the beauties of the place where in futurity the soul finds rest, he was unaware of the approach of a mountain lion, and one immense in size, until the sound of its footfalls were near at hand. About he turned and, on viewing the monster, he

was much alarmed, but the lion spoke to him in his own language, and assured him that he had no cause for fear. The voice, the hands instead of feet and claws on the lion's forward limbs, together with the human light its eyes contained, was evidence to him that he stood in the presence of the ruler of the world, next to the Greater Spirit, whom no one could look upon and live, and he bowed himself in attitude of adoration.

Upon being questioned in relation to his business there by this mighty mediator, once the chief of the ancient animal people, the medicine-man related to him the troubles of his tribesman, and plead that the invading hosts, which had brought their woes, be driven away and his people once more permitted to possess their lands in peace.

The lion told him that his prayer would be granted on condition that he would pledge himself and people that they would never in the future maim or slay a mountain lion, wolf or kindred animal, shoot a blue-jay or to a white dove bring any harm, as they were spirits, like himself, but degraded and doomed to live on earth for sins performed by their ancestors in the long dead past. To kill them or eat of their flesh would be an offense the Great Spirit would not pardon. They should not go to war without first securing the advice and consent of the Great Spirit, which would be imparted to his people for all time through their medicine-men. Obey these injunctions and all would be as desired; but, violate them, and they were without the pale of succor.

The medicine-man could promise for himself, but hesitated to do so for his tribesmen before consulting them, and asked for delay that he might be permitted to do so. The lion answered him by telling him to return and get their promises, meeting him again at sunrise on the following day on the mountain from whence he came to the spirit land, then, wrapping a cloud about the medicine-man, as before, conveyed him back to the encampment of his people more quickly than the racing winds could move the length of an arm.

To his people the medicine man related what he had seen and heard, telling them what must be observed if they would know hoped-for relief. Their answer in acceptance of the conditions was as if but a single voice had spoken, except one woman who, mastering curiosity, stopped her ears so she could not hear, thus enabling her to claim indemnity from punishment because she had not heard.

Like her sex had been before her, and continue now to be, she could not keep a secret. By the time the medicine-man had returned to the designated place of meeting, as directed, she made her action to some other women of the tribe, and the tale flew from mouth to mouth with rapidity until it was known to all, creating consternation. She was immediately made to take the same obligation as had been self-imposed upon the others, but she resolved to do as she pleased as regards keeping it. The blue-jay read hear heart, and sought counsel with the white dove as to what should be done in the matter. While they were consulting about it the false woman happened to come near them and her presence so exasperated the blue-jay that he began to manifest his displeasure with loudest chatter. His voice of condemnation was soon stilled, however, for she quickly shot an arrow through his heart. As his body fell to the earth to be stamped upon by the cruel woman, the imprisoned soul, no longer confined to thing of earth, was borne away by the white dove —bearer to land beyond the skies of all who are good and pure.

Through the woman's crime, the Great Spirit was of mind to abandon the Indians to their fate, and sent the medicine man back to tell them so, but when he heard their lamentations, coupled with renewal of pledges given, he relented of his purpose and concluded to again aid them. They should not, however, dwell in the valley as it then appeared, but it was to receive a decided change, making it less a paradise; the scene to

be ever after a reminder to them of his power and a simile of the punishment he would inflict upon them should they fail to observe their pledges.

To show them that treachery and gossip should not be, it was decreed that the future of the sinning woman should be forever linked with the awful predetermined lot of the usurping horde and the valley. All but the medicine-man and this woman, he caused to be transported far away until it was meet for their return. The medicine-man was borne to the top of a high, rocky mountain and ordered to touch the pinacle with his finger, upon doing so, it instantly ignited. As the fires began to become more fierce it began to melt and run to the surrounding hills and lower level, causing them to take fire and add their smelting sides to the stream of lava spreading over the surface of the valley, staying not destruction of the noble pines, the emerald sweep of plain's expanse, or holding back to allow people to escape their destined doom.

Many snows elapsed before the lava cooled, or the Indians returned to transformed lands. When they came again, the evidences presented to understanding, that a power capable of performing deeds beyond the might of man, were such that punishment most condign would overtake them should any of the animals enumerated in the injunction be slain by them; that the blue-jay was a sacred winged creature, and the white dove should coo and come and go without its being harmed.

Before being dismissed to erect their encampment ,the medicine-man led the Indians to the falls. Pointing to the elevated table land near by, he proclaimed it holy ground; that it was the top of the mountain where he had communed with the Great Spirit, and that none but a medicine-man must ever place his foot upon it. Then he bade them look upon the mighty flood of waters pouring over the precipice, dividing the upper from the lower bed of the river, and in it see the fate of one—the woman who lightly considered a solemn pledge. Since then nothing could tempt them to pass the night near it, fearing that her ghost would come forth in its shroud of spray and draw them beneath the hiss of the rushing waters.

The Shoshone and Bannock Indians tell this tradition as an actual happening of the long ago, and proudly point to the great fields of lava and falls as evidence of its being true ,and the injunctions placed upon them have ever since the awful hour been faithfully regarded by the members of these tribes.

F. H. SAYLOR.

♣ ♣ ♣

The first marriage ceremony solemnized in Wasco county, Oregon, of which there is any record, occurred October 3, 1856. The groom was born at Astoria, March 18, 1824.

No complete history of the Pacific Northwest could be compiled without giving, not only himself, but all of his ancestors who were ever residents with-its borders considerable and frequent mention. One of his grandfathers was a partner of John Jacob Astor. He lost his life by being blown up on the ship Tonquin. Another was Concomly, the celebrated chief of the Chinook nation. A grandmother became, after the death of her husband, the honored wife of Dr. John McLoughlin, and shared with him in the kind regard all pioneers were wont to express in his behalf. His father occupied no mean page of history, and it would require considerable word to give full detail of his own creditable career. In a little volume among the county's archives this record is found:

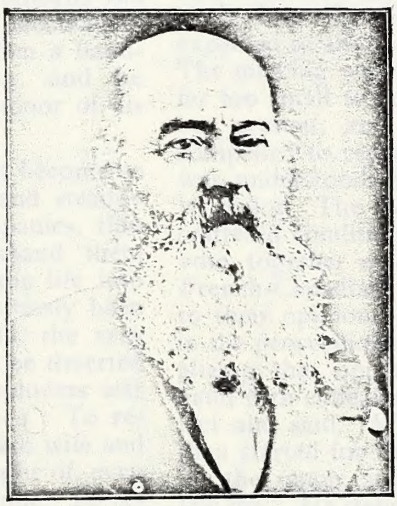
"Territory of Oregon, County of Wasco, ss.

"This to certify that the undersigned, a justice of the peace, did on the 3d day of October, 1856, join in lawful wedlock William C. MaKay and Miss M. Campbell, in the presence of Dr. Atkins, Dr. Bates, R. R. Thompson and many other witnesses. Oh! what a glorious time we had.

"C. W. SHANG,
"Justice of the Peace."

COLONEL JOSEPH L. MEEK.

The father of Colonel Meek was a Virginian planter. His first wife, the mother of our subject, was an aunt of the wife of President Polk. She died while her son was still a child, and the step-mother who succeeded her either disliked the little fellow or could not influence him in the direction of study. He therefore grew up uneducated. Why his father contributed to this apparent neglect does not appear. The Colonel never had much to say regarding these early years of his life, save to indicate that he was unhappy at home. At seventeen he left the paternal mansion and went to Kentucky, where some of his father's relations lived, hoping there to find what did not exist for him at home—affection. Disappointed, he decided to sever all ties of relationship and start out in the world alone and for himself, and at the age of eighteen he found himself in St. Louis, then a mere trading-post on the Missouri frontier. This was the decisive step which colored all his after life. He was young, strong, of fine physique, and of a merry disposition. The adventures of the mountain men with whom he became acquainted, attracted him, and so much so that he decided to make a trip to the Rockies himself. In the spring of 1829 he entered the employ of Wm. Sublette, and soon pushed forth toward the wilds of the far west.



COL. JOSEPH L. MEEK,
First Marshal of Oregon.

Little did he realize the dangerous occupation he had chosen: that for eleven years he would roam the plains and mountains, carrying his life in his hand at every step; that he should marry one of another race and by her rear a family in the valley of the distant Oregon, of which he had hardly ever heard. When one considers the fact that over one-fifth of the trappers were either killed by Indians or wild animals, or died from exposure, it is a matter of wonder that he survived the hardships he must of necessity undergo.

Yet, with all these chances against him, he lived eleven years in the mountains, fighting Indians and wild beasts, with never in all that time a serious wound from Indian arrow or paw of grizzly bear—a fact that illustrates better than any words, the address, quickness and courage of the man. Though often sportively alluding to his own subterfuges to escape from danger, it still remained evident that an awkward, slow or cowardly man could never have resorted to such means. His sunny temper and ready wit made him a favorite with both comrades and employers, and gave him influence with such Indian tribes as the mountain-men held in friendly relations.

During some of these winter vacations he applied himself to acquiring some knowledge of reading and as the only authors caried about with the company's goods, were of the very best—the Bible, Shakespeare and the standard poets—the effect was to store a mind otherwise empty of learning with some

of the finest literature in the English language.

Like most all of the mountain-men, he married among the Indians, his two first wives being from tribes east of the Rockies. The first one was killed in a battle with the Bannocks, and the second grew homesick and left him to return to her people. The third was a Nez Perce princess. Her father had become Christianized and when Meek besought him for her hand the old warrior demurred, saying that as a Christian he could not give him the girl, when he (Meek) already had one wife living. Meek pleaded, implored, cajoled, and finally quoted Solomon and David as good biblical precedents for the desired sanction, and against such authority the good old Christianized chief succumbed. Meek was given the girl, then a handsome young woman of 15, and he christened her Virginia, in honor of his native state.

About 1839 the beaver had become so scarce from being so long and steadily hunted by the several companies, that it was thought best to disband them Here was a new phase of the life into which Meek had so thoughtlessly been drawn. At twenty-nine, in the very flush of young manhood, to be deserted in the mountains by his employers was something he had not forseen. To return to Virginia with an Indian wife and children, was not to be thought of, even if it were possible, as it was not. To remain in the mountains, except by relinquishing forever all thought of civilized associations, was equally impossible.

At this juncture Meek, with several more mountain-men, determined to cast their lot with that of the almost unknown Oregon, then virtually in possession of the Hudson's Bay Company; and in 1840, did remove with their families to the Willamette valley, where at that time very few Americans were living except those connected with the Methodist Mission—few indeed, in all.

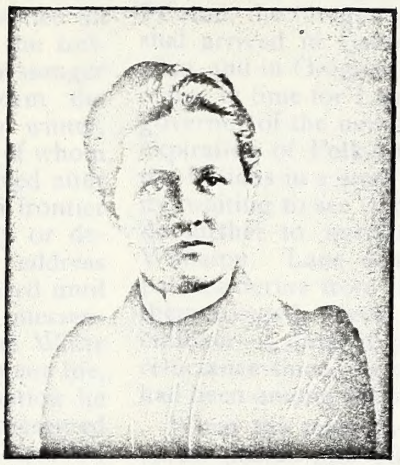
He selected a land claim in the Tualatin Plains, where he began to farm.

From the time he came to Oregon, until Oregon became a state, Meek was always more or less actively concerned in her affairs. Well acquainted with Indian character, he was useful in maintaining peace with the native tribes. A staunch American, he resisted the encroachments of British authority during the period of joint occupancy of the country. When it was at last thought best to move for the organization of a Provisional Government, he was conspicuously active.

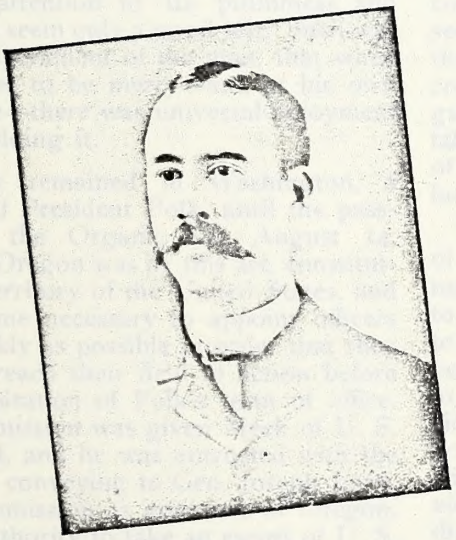
At the meeting of the settlers at Champoeg on May 2nd, 1843, a motion was made that a Provisional Government be formed. The Americans were in favor of such, but the French-Canadians, who were controlled by the Hudson's Bay Company's influence, were expected to and did oppose the measure. The meeting was held in a small house, far too small to accommodate the number present, and many of them were compelled to remain on the outside. It was understood that the vote was to be by ballot. The motion was put, but the scattered condition of those entitled to a vote, together with the hesitancy of the French-Canadians to give an expression to their opinions, caused a decided lull in the proceedings at this moment. Realizing that opportunity went hand in hand with endeavor, Meek jumped to his feet and said, "Who's for divide?" and then started for the outside saying, "All for the report and an organization follow me." He stepped to the right followed by forty-nine Americans and two French-Canadians. These latter being Eitenne Lucier and F. X. Matthieu. The oposition could not muster but fifty men in line, and the motion was carried.

Of all those participating in this eventful meeting, but one, F. X. Matthieu, survives.

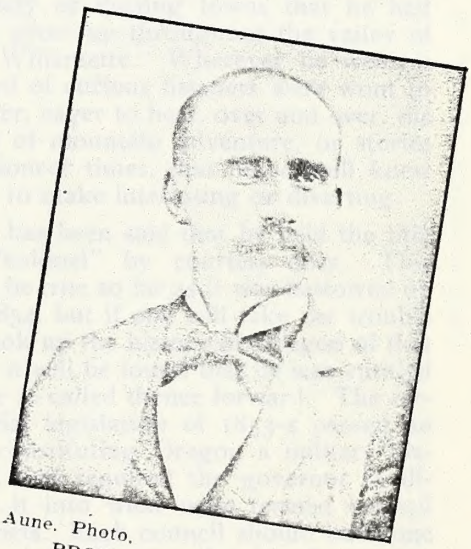
Meek was made sheriff under the new government, performing his duties, not always light ones, with promptitude and spirit. He was twice elected assemblyman from Washington county, fulfilling his duties with propriety and patriotism, dashed sometimes, with the wild humor



MISS LILY E. WHITE.



Moore, Photo.
HENRY J. CORBETT.



Aune. Photo.
PROF. R. F. ROBINSON.

for which, whether as a mountaineer or a legislator, he was celebrated.

When the massacre of the missionaries and emigrants at Waiilatpu, startled all Oregon in 1847, he accepted the toilsome and dangerous duty as messenger to congress; having to perform the journey overland in the depth of winter, with only two companions, one of whom gave out on the way. He arrived after much hardship, on the Missouri frontier early in March, without money or decent habiliments, and by his address won his way wherever he appeared until he presented himself, a forlorn messenger indeed, at the door of the White House. During all his subsequent life, he delighted to recall the sensation he was able to produce on being presented to President Polk. No other man in the United States would have thought of standing so entirely on the merits of his cause; or of making his wretchedness a subject of such self-railery as to divert attention to its pitifulness and make it seem only a good jest. Such was the temperament of the man, that when he chose to be merry—and at his own expense—there was universal enjoyment in beholding it.

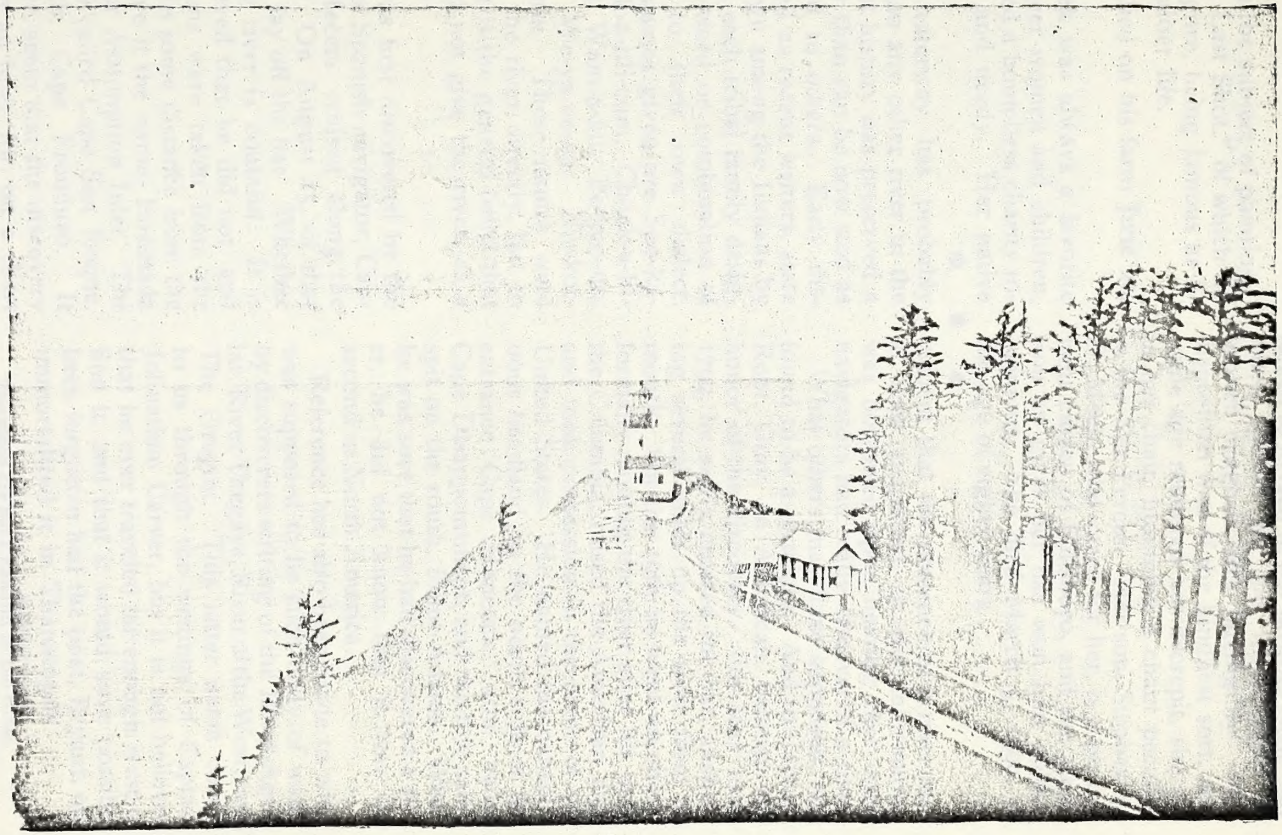
Meek remained in Washington, a guest of President Polk, until the passage of the Organic Act, August 14, 1848. Oregon was by this act, constituted a Territory of the United States, and it became necessary to appoint officers as quickly as possible in order that they might reach their field of action before the expiration of Polk's term of office. A commission was given Meek of U. S. marshal, and he was entrusted with the duty of conveying to Gen. Joseph Lane, his commission as governor of Oregon, with authority to take an escort of U. S. dragoons from Fort Leavenworth in the Kansas territory, for their safe conduct across the plains. This was a very different order of travel from that he had pursued six months previous, when he had skulked through a thousand miles of Indian country almost alone, poor, ragged and often in danger of starving, to carry news to the government of the awful strait in which the little American colony in Oregon had found itself.

By taking the southern route, or Santa Fe trail, the Oregon governor and marshal arrived in California in February, 1849, and in Oregon on the 2d of March —just in time for Lane to be proclaimed governor of the new territory before the expiration of Polk's term. They found the Indians in a state of armed tranquility, waiting to see what the whites would do further to avenge the murders at Wailatpu. Lane demanded the principal murderers from their tribe, and had them hanged, Meek officiating as executioner—a duty he performed with less reluctance since one of his own children had been among the victims.

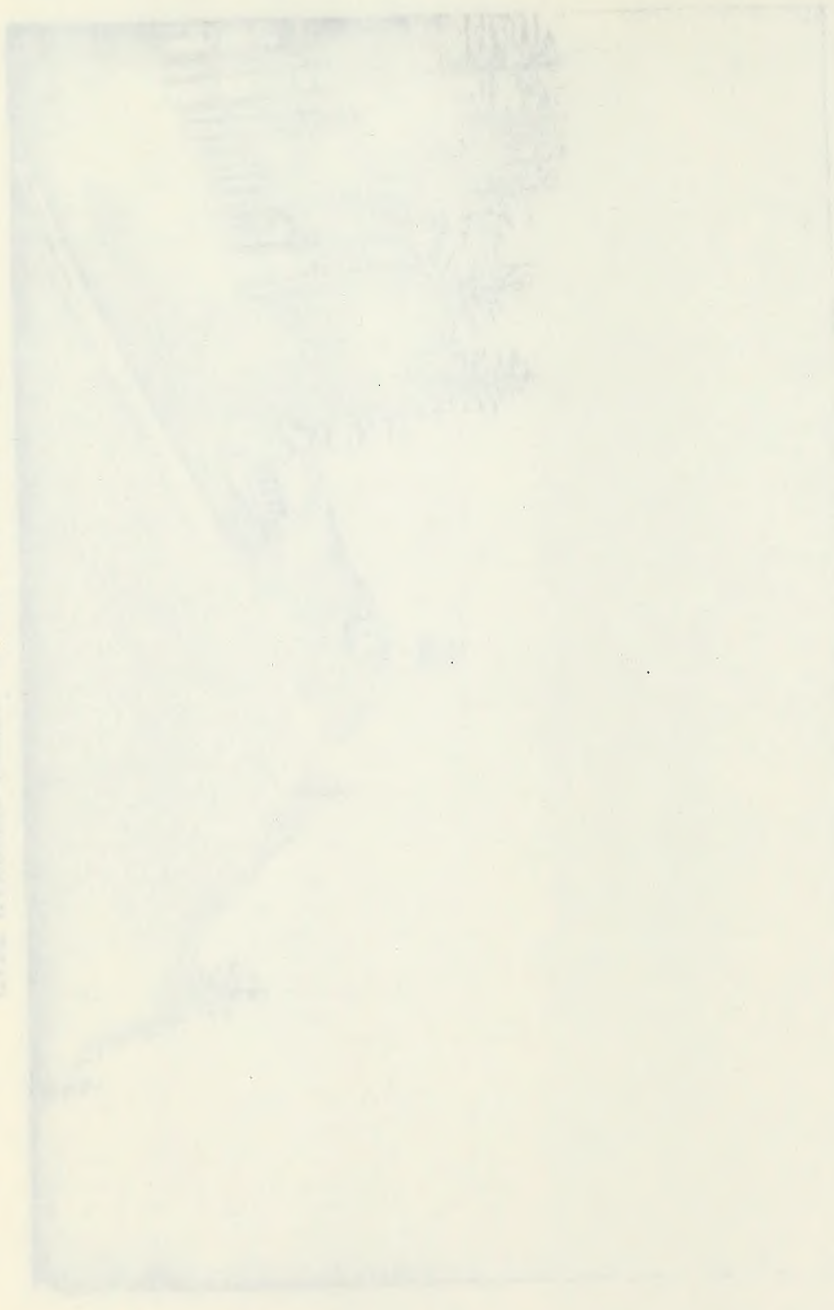
When the territory became a state, offices passed into other hands, and the pioneers rarely conducted its affairs. Meek thenceforth lived quietly upon his farm near Hillsboro, laboring little, and finding occupation in riding about the country or visiting towns that he had seen grow up throughout the valley of the Willamette. Wherever he went, a crowd of curious listeners were wont to gather, eager to hear, over and over, the tales of mountain adventure, or stories of pioneer times, that he so well knew how to make interesting or diverting.

It has been said that he held the title of "colonel" by courtesy only. This may be true so far as it was bestowed up to 1854, but if one will take the trouble to look up the history of Oregon of that year it will be found that he was entitled to be so called thence forward. The territorial legislature of 1853-4 passed an act constituting Oregon a military district, and required the governor to divide it into what were termed council districts. Each council should have one colonel, lieutenant-colonel and a major, who shoud divide their council district into regimental districts. The governor was also required to commission all elective officers.

Washington county was one of these council districts and at the June election of 1854 elected Mr. Meek colonel of the same, and Governor Davis afterwards is-



CAPE HANCOCK, MOUTH OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER.



sued to him his commission as the law required.

Twice he was the subject of paintings, "The Trapper's Last Shot," of which he is the central figure, being famous as illustrative of frontier life.

The colonel died on his farm June 20, 1875.

Virginia Meek was always a favorite with early pioneer women and children, and she exercised a boundless charity toward the poor and needy. Her native language she always used when she talked to herself in her favorite chair, but when spoken to she would reply in broken English very intelligibly. Her disposition was of the kindliest sort, and while age rendered her decrepit, she sat in her chair, humming a chant peculiar to the Nez Perces. Her son, Stephen A. D. Meek, who cared for her, is a prominent citizen of Hillsboro, and the attention he gives her has won him golden opinions. She died March 5, 1900, at the age of eighty years.

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This great waterway has probably more names than any other river in the world. At least history has preserved a greater number than can be now said as having belonged to others. Early discoverers, as well as recent writers, state that it was known among the Indians by various names, each tribal family designating it by a word or combination of them, suited to their own dialect. Among these names given are Spo-ka-tili-cum, Shock-a-tili-cum, Chuck-a-lil-um, Wik-a-itli Wam-a-kil, Pe-koo-un, Ka-kis-ne-ma, We-ya-ne-na, Nis-kot-sum and Ka-nix. These names were not applied to the river directly, but to the locality. It is the general belief that the Indians did not give the river, as a whole, a name.

Its mouth was first discovered by the whites when the Spanish navigator, Captain Bruno Heceta cruised along the coast in 1775. On August 15, of that year his vessel lay off the bar. Whether he entered the river is doubtful. It is generally believed that he did not, and that observations were taken from the deck of his ship some distance from the shore. He gave it the name, Ensenada de Asuncion, or Assumption Inlet. The north point he called Cape San Roque, and the south, Cape Fronduso. It would, however, seem that the discovery was more than an inlet, for, on a chart published in Mexico not long subsquent to its discovery, the names Ensenada de Heceta, or Heceta Inlet, and Rio de San Roque, or River of San Roque, are given. From this latter name it is quite evident that the presence of a river was at least suspected, or the information was borrowed upon hearing that other navigators had really discovered a river.

What others may have supposed, was found to be a certainty. And to Captain Robt. Gray, an American, belongs the honor of the discovery. On May 11th, 1792, he safely crossed the bar, anchoring several miles up the river from its mouth. On the 19th he went on shore, formally naming the river after his ship, the Columbia, raised the American flag, and took possession in the name of the United States. He named the conspicuous headland on the north side of the entrance Cape Hancock, now called Cape Disappointment, and the low sand-spit on the south, Point Adams. While he was sure that he had discovered a river, he did not know that it was the second in North America.

Reference has also been made to what was supposed to be such body of water by discoverers writing of the River Aguilar, River Thegays, River of the West, and The Oregon. This latter name comes to us through the writings of Captain Johnathan Carver, but it is not believed that he ever traveled far enough west to find it, and that it would have possibly been forgotten had the poet, Bryant, not immortalized it in Thanatopsis.

All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning, traverse Barca's desert sands,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.

ued to him his commission as the law required.

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The month was first observed in the winter when the Spanish navigator Captain Bruno Heceta entered along the coast in 1775. On August 15, of that year his vessel lay off the bar. Whether he entered the river is doubtful. It is generally believed that he did not, and that observations were taken from the deck of his ship some distance from the shore. He gave it the name Entrada de Assumption, or Assumption Inlet. The north point he called Cape San Roque, and the south, Cape Frondoso. It would, however, seem that the discovery was more than an inlet, for a chart published in Mexico not long subsequent to its discovery, the names Entrada de Heceta, or Heceta Inlet, and Rio San Roque, or River of San Roque, are given. From this latter name it is quite

BUCKSKIN'S FIGHT WITH THE WOLVES.

(Copyright 1900, by G. A. Waggoner.)

What was known thirty years ago as Central Ferry was some eighteen or twenty miles above Farewell Bend; a camp so well remembered by those who crossed the plains to Oregon as one where they bid farewell to Snake river, down which the had been travelling several hundred miles, seeing no more of it after leaving this place until after its waters were mingled with those of the great Columbia, west of the Blue mountains. At the time of which we write the Snake river valley was entirely unsettled, there being only a few stations scattered along the route to the Boise gold mines. The city of Weiser, ten miles below the ferry, and Payette, three and Ontario six miles above on the river, as seen now, had no existence, not even in imagination—the coyotes and jack rabbits there burrowed on the sites these thriving places now occupy. Central Ferry was owned by two brothers, John and Martin Parton. It was operated by Martin, or, as he was familiarly called, Mart, and Guy, John's eldest son. The great rush to the mines made the ferry a valuable property, but the deep snows which fell on the Blue mountains between the mines and the Columbia river almost closed the road to travel except during the summer and early fall months. Those who kept the stations and ferries alone and thrown entirely upon their own resources for amusement during the winter months. When the travel ceased for the winter of 1863 Mart and Guy remained to take care of the ferry. Mart was a well preserved bachelor of 35 or 40 years of age and Guy was a handsome boy of 16. They had a little shanty made mostly of clap-boards, with the dirt piled up on the outside to keep out the cold winds. They were supplied with plenty of provisions to last them until the travel commenced again and looked forward to having a cosy time, the monotony of which could be broken at any time by shooting at jack rabbits or coyotes, with now and then a shot at an antelope or grey wolf.

As the winter hollidays approached there came a heavy fall of snow, covering the ground to the depth of two feet or more. The weather became intensely cold but our bachelors did not mind that, they had an immense pile of sage brush stacked up in the front yard for fuel and easily kept warm. The only domestic animal near them was an old horse which had been turned out early in the fall by some packers. His back had become injured by his saddle and being old and worn out with labor they had turned him loose to live or die as it might happen. Before the snow fell he had found plenty of good grass and had grown strong and fat. He was on the opposite side of the river from the house and frequently came down to the ferry landing looking for company. At such times he would look across at the house and neigh, as much as to say, come and ferry me over, I am lonesome here all alone and winter coming on. Sometimes Guy, out of sympathy with his loneliness, would take the skiff and cross the river to see old Buckskin, as he was called, in compliment to his rich tan color. The old fellow showed almost a human longing for society and would follow his visitor down to the water's edge and look at his frail skiff as much as to say, why did you not bring the big boat over, then I could have gone home with you. But he was on the side where the best grass was found and so was left alone. After the snow fell nothing was seen of him for many days, and it was feared he had fallen a

prey to the large number of grey wolves which were sometimes seen wading through the snow, having been driven by its greater depth in the hills to seek the river bottoms. Guy and his uncle spent much time looking with a glass for some trace of the missing pony. At last he was seen on the point of a hill about two miles distant. He was standing up to his knees in the snow digging away industriously for his dinner. With one fore-foot he would make about fifteen or twenty strokes, making the snow fly in every direction; then he would rest that foot by using the other one. In this way he reached the grass and satisfied his hunger. Of course, it was a cold diet—bunch grass mixed with snow—morning, noon and night, but he seemed to understand that this was his only chance to escape starvation. He could be seen the first and last light of morning and evening, working away. He would gnaw the grass from all the ground he had bare of snow, then he would clear more. As time went on, and the deep snow continued, he became quite an object of interest. As the bachelors had nothing else to occupy their minds, they spent most of their time watching Buckskin dig for food. It was interesting to see an animal adapt himself so quickly and intelligently to the conditions surrounding him. He had been reared in the Willamette valley, and knew nothing about such deep snows as now confronted him, yet he soon discovered his broad hoofs could be used for other purposes than merely to walk upon. One day as Guy was standing in the yard with the glass in his hand, he cried;

"O Uncle Mart, come here quickly, there's a lot of wolves fighting old Buckskin! Look, look! a great band of them."

"How can I see him without the glass?" said Mart.

"Here, here! quick! They are trying to pull him down. What can we do?" said the impulsive boy.

"I wish we had another glass. Don't be uneasy," said Mart, as he adjusted the glass to his eye and leveled it on the distant pony. "The wolves are getting the worst of it so far. Old Buck is a warrior. He is knocking and kicking them right and left. I believe he will whip them all. There are but four that I can see. He is holding them at bay. Now he turns this way, and is running. Moses! how he runs! I believe he is coming for help. He can outrun the wolves in the deep snow. It only comes to his knees, while it is side deep to them. O, but don't he run! Hurrah for Buck! He is coming down the hill now. Look, look! how he makes the snow fly."

"How do you expect me to look at him two miles off, while you have the glass?" said Guy.

"That's so, here it is. I do wish we had two glasses. Take it, quick. See how he is doing on the flat!"

"Bounding like an antelope," said Guy. The wolves are away behind. Who would have thought the old fellow had so much mettle in him as that? He is a race-horse, sure."

Buckskin made straight for the ferry, and when he arrived at the landing the wolves were nowhere to be seen, though they came in sight a few minutes later. The beleagured horse neighed loudly to the ferrymen, who now realized they were powerless to help him in this hour of his sorest need. The river was frozen over, except a channel of about one hundred feet in the center; the skiff had accidentally become loosened from the bank and floated off, some time before the freeze came, and the ferry-boat was frozen fast in the ice at the bank. The river being too wide for the range of a rifle. Buckskin must bring his enemies within range by coming out on the ice near the channel. But he was doubtless afraid to do this, probably knowing that, should he fall, he would be at their mercy. Much sympathy was felt for him, but it looked as if he would have to fight the unequal battle alone. Neighing frequently for help, he selected his position near the bank of the river and waited the attack. It was sharp and furious. The wolves were hungry and determined to waste as little time in combat as pos-

sible. Two sprang at his throat and two tried to reach his haunches. Neither were successful. With his ears laid flat on his neck, his eyes flashing, and his teeth bared and gleaming white as snow, he struck down those in front, and before the two behind could fasten on him, they were sent, by two well-directed kicks, rolling in the snow. So completely were they cowed they did not dare to attack again, and, after maneuvering some time for advantage without success, they sneaked away. Guy's hat went high in the air when he saw the result of the battle. The horse remained two days about the river bank, when, being pressed by hunger, he again sought the hills for grass. He remained unmolested for several days, and then he was again seen making for the ferry, with another pack of wolves on his heels. This time there were no less than a dozen, and it looked as if Buckskin's last moment was approaching very fast. Mart ran out on the ice and fired at the wolves, which had surrounded their victm on the bank, but the distance was too great for him to hit them. the report of the gun, however, frightened them so they withdrew from the attack and sneaked around until it was dark, when the noise of snorting and snapping of teeth told Buck's friends that the battle was on again, and they could hear it raging with more or less fury through the night.

It was impossible for our bachelors to go to rest while the old horse was so bravely fighting for his life. A fire was built on the bank and guns fired at short intervals until morning. When it came, Old Buck was still defiant, yet his tireless enemies still beset him.

"What shall we do?" said Guy. "It is awful to stay here and not aid the poor fellow, when he neighs so piteously. He almost talks. I feel just like it is a human being begging us to help him. Can't we cut a channel through the ice for the ferry-boat?"

"That would be impossible. The ice has drifted and lodged about it many feet thick," answered his uncle.

"Then let us make a raft."

"I have been thinking about that," said Mart, "but we have nothing with which to make it. Our whole house, if taken down and made into a raft, would scarcely float us, and we would freeze to death in this weather before we could build it up again."

"I'll tell you what," said Guy, "there are two large barrels in the house, and they would float one of us."

"Yes, but one of them is half full of old rye whickey, which cost four dollars a gallon, and there is nothing in which to empty it."

"Mart, let us pour it out," begged Guy. "We can put some of it in the water bucket and camp kettle, and then pour it back when we are done."

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"If he was here, he would. I know him too well to think he would ever let a horse die like that. None of us likes whiskey. What does he want with it, anyway?"

"It belongs to the man at Payette station, and is here because he has not yet come for it," answered Mart. "He will be after it when the snow melts a little, and would not like it if we threw it out."

Guy had again taken the glass and was looking intently at the battle, he could plainly see the old horse was being worried and punished to death. Blood showed on several parts of his body, where the wolves had torn him with their sharp teeth.

All at once a large one darted from the pack, and, missing the horse's throat, fastened on his shoulder. Buckskin seized the wolf in his teeth and tearing him loose he pressed him to the ground, and struck him again and again with his fore feet so furiously that the wolf lay apparently lifeless. The rest attempted to close in, but the courageous horse showed such a determined and hostile front, they paused, afraid to invoke the fate of their comrade.

Guy could endure no more. He turned to his uncle with his face streaming with tears, saying, "I can't stand it any longer, uncle. You and father promised me fifty dollars a month to help run the ferry. You owe me one hundred and

fifty dollars. I will pay for that whiskey. You can take it out of my wages, and I want that barrel. I am going over the river to help old Buck."

Mart was a noble-hearted, impulsive man, and his own heart was swelling up with pity for the brave old horse. He threw both arms around the boy, and blurted out:

"That's just like you, Guy. God bless you, I am with you. We will save old Buckskin if it costs all the ferry is worth to do it. Now, run and rip off them two planks fastened to the stanchions of the ferry-boat, while I get the barrels.

In a very few moments the two large barrels were rolled down on the ice, placed about eight feet apart and lashed securely to the broad planks Guy had brought from the boat. Then they had a sled and boat combined. When it was ready Mart said, "Now bring both rifles, our pistols and plenty of amunition. The wolves may attack us. They are very hungry or they would not be so bold."

Mart had managed to save most of the whiskey in emptying the barrel, by filling the cooking utensils, including the frying pans and coffee pot, and lastly, but by no means least, a pair of Mart's huge boots, which did good service in holding a couple of gallons of the fiery liquid.

When all was ready they pushed the raft ahead of them on the ice until they came to the channel. To prevent accidents, the guns were tied to the raft. The novel boat being launched, the barrels, being tightly corked, proved buoyant enough to bear the two men. With clap-boards for paddles they soon crossed the current and landed safely on the ice. The wolves having renewed the fight with greater vigor than ever, were pressing old Buckskin closer and closer. One would dart from the pack snapping at the horse as he passed. They appeared to be trying to get him to run, but were careful about getting in reach either of his heels or his teeth. More than once he was seen to seize a wolf and hurl him several yards. In his defense he had developed a kind of science of fighting, keeping near the bank, and never allowing his foes to get behind him. When he found it necessary to charge upon them, he did it with such vigor as to drive everything before him, then, before they could rally, he returned to his place and again turned a solid front to them.

Never did a horse show more courage or sagacity, and seldom, if ever, was one more deeply sympathized with. The two rescuers crept up the bank to within twenty yards of the combatants.

"Take good aim and say 'ready' before you fire," said Mart, as he leveled his rifle. Both guns rang out with one report, and two of old Buck's foes fell. Then, with pistols, the battle was opened in earnest. Crack—crack—crack, and the wolves scampered off, leaving four of their number dead upon the field, while several that ran away were badly wounded, as was shown by the bloody trail they left behind in the snow.

Buckskin was nearly as much surprised at his deliverance as were the wolves in their defeat. He was cruelly gashed in many places, nearly starved, and worn out with fatigue and the loss of blood; but he made a most gallant fight and was looked upon as quite a hero by his rescuers. They led him out on the ice, but he who had fought so bravely was reluctant to try a bath in the cold waters of the swift river. He was coaxed and pushed into the channel and led, swimming, across behind the raft, safely reaching the opposite shore. The next morning his two friends helped him break a trail through the snow to the hills, where the wind had blown the grass bare, and left him with plenty of food at his feet.

Soon after the snow disappeared and spring invited the wolves back to their native haunts in the mountains. When the flowers came again Buckskin was fat and sleek, coming every few days to the ferry to see his friends and look for company of his own kind. He was quite a handsome pony, but ever afterwards, through his glossy coat, could be seen the scars of his many wounds, mute witnesses of the terrible conflict through which he had passed.

G. A. WAGGONER.

THE CAYUSE WAR.

(Copyright 1900, by T. A. Wood)

Prior to the settlement of the Pacific Northwest by white men, it was the great throbbing life-center of the red man of North America.

In the seventeenth century, from Puget Sound on the North to the Sacramento river on the south, and from the Pacific ocean on the west to the Rocky mountains on the east, the Indian population was here numbered by millions. Two-thirds or three-fourths of the Indians of North America were inhabitants of this territory. Along the coast, reaching interior to the Blue mountains, the Indian population was then three times as dense as in any other part of the territory of what is now the United States. Was this prophetic of the white population of the on-coming ages? Are we to have here on the Pacific coast the densest populated portion of the United States? This was true in the past, and why may it not come true in the future?

In the beginning of the eighteenth century disease entered the Indian wigwam, and at five special periods, viz,. in 1818, 1829, 1836 and 1847, seventy-five per cent of the Indian population was swept away. If this land was ever to be occupied by white men, this fact was certainly most providential.

Up to 1855, Oregon embraced all the territory on the North Pacific coast west of the summit of the Rocky mountains, containing about one thousand square miles. In the bounds of this territory (say in 1847) the Indian population numbered three to four hundred thousand souls. At the same date, the entire white population west of the Missouri river and north of Mexico, including men, women and children, did not number three thousand souls.

The peopling of this territory has no parallel in the annals of history. While debating societies and politicians were saying: "We do not want Oregon; it is utterly worthless; the United States has already more territory than she will ever be able to occupy," immigrants were travelling westward. There was no gold then discovered to allure him to the shores of the Pacific, and there was no safe highway to welcome him; its long distance was one of the allurements; the dangers of the journey were his delight; the hardships were stimulating. The possibilities and probabilities of that "far-off land" were his dreams by night as he slept in the open air or kept his watch lest the Indians should slay his wife and little ones or stampede his stock. He dreamed of conquest, of empire, and of national expansion. And as we look back on this western march of two thousand miles of the immigrant with his ox-team, bearing his all, including his wife and babies, to the uttermost bounds of the continent, into the unknown country, across the desert, through an enemy's land and into an enemy's country, unprotected, we are astonished at his daring, and are led to exclaim, "Were ever men such fools?"

The people of this vast isolated territory were forced, in 1847, to take up arms to save themselves from being wiped off the face of the earth by the Indians. Outside of the Hudson's Bay Company, the Methodist mission, Presbyterian mission and two or three merchants at Oregon City, there was not two hundred dollars in money in the entire Oregon. Wheat, at fifty cents per bushel, was legal tender for all debts. How an army was to be equipped and maintained three hundred miles away from the settlement was the most vexatious problem ever solved in the finances of any colony. The Provisional government was indebted, at this time, in the

sum of $4,097.72, and there was $43.70 in the treasury.

Governor Abernethy called for volunteers on the 8th day of December, 1847. That evening a public meeting was called, and the story of the massacre of Marcus Whitman, his wife and twelve other persons, and the more thrilling fact that the Cayuse Indians held, at that very moment, fifty-seven women and children in captivity, was related. Whether the captives were to be slain, or the women to be debauched and the children placed in slavery, was a stirring problem that made the little colony tremble. H. A. G. Lee, J. W. Nesmith and Samuel K. Barlow were the speakers on this occasion. With such a theme, it did not require the tongue of an orator to make a stirring speech, and one thousand men, three thousand miles away from other human aid, with not a United States soldier in all the land, with a possibility of all the Indians, numbering 100,000 warriors, combining against them, was a dark picture to contemplate. Their families must be protected and provided for at home, and the Indians must be met at The Dalles and kept east of the mountains.

That night one company was enlisted, with H. A. G. Lee as captain. The next day they were on the move to The Dalles to check the Indians from coming to the valley. In a few days other companies were enlisted, until the Provisional Government of Oregon had, all told, 448 volunteers in the field, or about one-half of all the men west of the Missouri river were enlisted in this first volunteer company that ever graced the Pacific coast.

The Hudson's Bay Company had been supplying the Indians with guns and ammunition for years, and hence the Indians were better prepared for a war of extermination against the whites than were the whites prepared to defend themselves against the Indians.

That you may better understand how far these pioneers were at that time out of the world, you have only to note a few facts in addition to those already given. There were no railroads, telegraph or steamship lines running to Portland, Oregon, or elsewhere in the Pacific Northwest.

There were no stores of ammunition to be found. It required twelve months to comunicate with Washington City. There was no money in the country, and the Provisional government had no credit at home or abroad, as it was an organiatzion independent of the United States government, and there was easily one hundred Indians to every white man.

The Hudson's Bay Company could not, or would not, credit the territory for supplies, and they had substantially all there was west of the Missouri river. Hon. A. L. Lovejoy, Gov. Abernethy and Jesse Applegate secured $2,000 or $3,000 worth of supplies by giving their notes for the same to the Hudson's Bay Company. Rev. Wm. Roberts, of the Methodist mission, gave the territory $1,000. The Presbyterian mission advanced $500, and the merchants of Oregon City loaned $1,600. Besides these sums, individuals loaned a few dollars. Wheat was secured by issuing territorial bonds and used as a fund to make purchases of other items.

The proclamation of Gov. Abernethy provided that each volunteer should furnish his own horse, saddle, bridle, blankets, gun and such ammunition as he was able.

Here you have a picture, as best we can give, of the condition of this small colony of loyal Americans as they stood alone, unsupported by the government, and three thousand miles away from civilization, in 1847.

Joe Meek went in the dead of winter overland to Washington for aid. Jesse Applegate and associates started overland to California to see if help could be found, but after nearly perishing in the Siskiyou mountains, they abandoned the trip. Colonel Meek returned March 2, 1849, after the war was over.

The immediate cause of the first Indian war was the massacre of Dr. Marcus Whitman and others on the 29th day of November, 1847. The fifty-seven captives referred to were ransomed by Peter

Skeen Ogden, of the Hudson's Bay Company, by the payment of fifty-three blankets, fifty shirts, ten guns, ten fathoms of tobacco, ten handkerchiefs, one hundred bullets, and a quantity of powder, and were brought down the Columbia river in batteaux, reaching Oregon City January 10th, 1848.

We might narrate here one of the most shocking stories of debauchery and cruelty ever committed by the Indians.

Leaving this, we pass to the army now in the field. Cornelius Gilliam was colonel; James Waters, lieutenant-colonel; H. A. G. Lee, major; A. L. Lovejoy, adjutant-general, and Joel Palmer, commissary general.

Several skirmishes were had with the Indians near The Dalles and on the Des Chutes, in which a number of the white men were killed and a great number of Indians. The most noticeable skirmish in this locality was where Major Lee and twenty-one men had a running fight with a number of Indians on the east side of the Des Chutes river. The Indians who escaped reported the presence of these volunters, and at daylight the following day, Major Lee and his twenty-one scouts were attacked by four hundred Indians. Lee, to save his command, retreated into a canyon, seeking protection under a great bluff, where he could not be reached except from the opposite bank of the Des Chutes* river. Rocks and his horses were used as breastworks. The fight lasted all day. Under cover of night Lee made his escape and reached the main camp at midnight. Lieutenant Stillwell, one of his party, had become separated, and being severely wounded in the left hip, did not reach camp until daylight.

The second day after this engagement, the entire command, which numbered less than 400 men, engaged a large party of Indians, estimated at from 5,000 to 7,000, at Willow Springs. The Indians had built a breastwork of rocks on top of a high ridge. The command succeeded, after a desperate fight, in driving these Indians, away. From this place they moved to "Wells Springs," where they camped for the night. Here they found the Indians greatly increased in numbers.

As the command took up the march early the following day, the scouts reported the Indians had formed a line of battle on a ridge a short distance in advance. This is comparatively a level and open country to the east of Wells Springs, and not a hard country to maneuver in. The ridges are not so steep, nor are the valleys so deep but that horsemen galloped at will. The Indians were massed on horseback a full half a mile deep and a mile and a half in length on the right and front. Each one of the ten thousand or more were yelling as only an Indian can yell.

Newell and Palmer, Indian Agents, tried to talk with the Indians, and, if possible, make with them a treaty of peace, stipulating only that the parties who were guilty of the massacre of Whitman and others should be delivered up. The commissioners, with their white flag, were a short distance in advance of the command, and, while they were going through their farce of trying to pacify the savage horde, Colonel Gilliam rode up and down his line making a speech to his men. He is reported to have said:

"Boys, there is a fearful odds against us—twenty men to our one—but we can whip them. We have got to do it. If we break, every man in the command will be killed. Stand firm. Take deliberate aim. Don't waste your ammunition. Don't pull the trigger until you are certain of your man."

After Newell and Palmer gave up their efforts to treat with the Indians and went to the rear, two Indians came up close to our line on the right and after shooting a dog rode back to the butte. Tom-tice-Tom-let, the Indian chief, then rode to within forty yards, and shouted to Captain Tom McKay, with whom he was well acquainted, "I will kill you." McKay said "All right." The Indian jumped from his horse and kneeling down he fired at McKay, missing him,

*The original name of this river was On-wa-wie

he wounded a Mr. Knox in the foot. McKay fired about the same time and killed the Indian chief. The Indians gave a long-drawn-out yell of rage and astonishment and immediately withdrew, Leaving a guard of two or three hundred. Tom-tice-Tom-let was their great chief and medicine man, and the Indians thought a bullet could not harm him—hence their astonishment at his death.

Lieutenant Stillwell says: "We had orders from the first not to fire, but let the Indians bring on the battle. In a short time we heard a drum to the right, then another and another. In a few minutes our front and right was alive with those howling devils." They were lead this time by a chief known as Five-Crows. He and McKay exchanged shots, and Five-Crows was wounded in the arm, a wound which brought about his death soon afterwards.

From this the fight began along the entire line. The Indians massing their forces on our right, the colonel sent the cannon to our relief. The bullets flew around us like hail, but our boys never flinched but loaded and fired like veterans. When the cannon was fired, which was loaded with a log chain, you ought to have seen the Indians scatter. This was the first time they had ever heard a cannon, and were always ready to vacate their position to give room for the chain to light.

The Indians attempted to flank us on the left. Captain Maxon, to protect his left, withdrew his force from the right, leaving a gap in our lines. This was soon discovered by the Indians. Three thousand of them formed in a "V" shape with a chief in the center, came thundering down on us, aiming to enter this gap and break our ranks. Colonel Gilliam, seeing this movement, drove one of our teams pell-mell to the opening. The Indians, taking this for another cannon, wheeled to the right. When I saw this well-formed company of demons charging down on us, my heart stood still.

Life never seemed so sweet as it did when I saw they were checked.

Soon after this strategic movement of Colonel Gilliam, in saving us with the mad rush of a lumber wagon, the Indians adopted a hide-and-go-seek game—crawling to the top of the ridge in the grass and figring at us, then crawling back out of sight. For a time we had a duel in this way at long range. Many of our boys at this time were wounded, but not seriously.

Shortly we saw a white flag approaching, carried by an Indian who saluted Phil Thompson thus: "Hello, Phil, I knew you as far as I could see you. The Captain said: "Well, I don't know you." "Well," said the Indian, "I would have known you had I met you in hell. Boston man make Indian heap afraid. He take ramrod, stand up straight, look Indian in face. Up, up goes gun, head dog down. Boston man stand look. Spite fire smoke come wait." We had a good laugh while listening to this speech and watching the Indian's movements.

In response to a command to charge, we went with a yell, and drove the Indians out of the first and second hollows. Our lines were two deep; their's much longer and twenty to thirty deep. Seeing that we were not able to come up to them on horseback, we sent our horses to the rear and tried it on foot. In this way we drove them from one hollow to another until they turned to the right and ascended the buttes on Butte creek. Here we halted to await the arrival of our teams, which reached us about sundown. Tired, hungry and thirsty, we camped here for the night, without anything to eat or water to drink; in fact, we had nothing in the world in our wagons to eat except flour, and we had no water to make bread with, or wood to cook it with if we had dared to make a fire. One half of our comrades stood guard while the other half tried to sleep two hours on, two hours off. There were only a few tents, and the majority of those on guard had to walk about to keep from chilling to death.

In the morning we moved on, the commissioners were anxious to have another parley with the Indians, but the

colonel said: "You can stop here and talk as long as you like, but we will take our men to water, if we have to fight all the way."

The Indians did everything they could that day to bring on a battle, except firing. We reached the Umatilla river in the afternoon, having been nearly two days without food to eat or water to drink.

The Indians camped one or two miles further up the stream. We had some poor cattle which we slaughtered. We cooked our meat without salt and made our bread of cold water straight. We discovered next day that the Indians had slipped away from their camp the night previously. Where they had gone we did not know. After a day's rest, we took up our march for Fort Walla Walla, which we reached on the afternoon of the day following. Here we dug up a supply of ammunition the Hudson's Bay Company had hidden. There were no provisions, however, to be had.

On March 1st, 1848, we moved up the river and camped a short distance above Peu-Peu-Mox-Mox's village. On March 3rd, moved to the old mission house where Dr. Whitman was massacred, and after gathering up the bodies of those massacred and burying them, we built a stockade, which required some days.

Capt. Garrison's company who were out on a reconnoisance, were out five days without food of any kind, and then, on the sixth day of fasting, they subsisted for two days on the entrails of the beeves we had killed at Umatilla.

In a few days our command started out in a northwest direction in search of the Indians, who were discovered crossing the Columbia river to the north side, two of whom were killed. We gathered up the loose horses and cattle we found on the range, which had the effect of bringing on an engagement which lasted three days.

It has been estimated that fully twenty thousand Indians were engaged in this fight. The volunteers were out of provisions before the conflict began, and after two days' fighting ran short of ammunition. Every moment of all this time, the warwhoop could be heard of the thousands of wild men as they circled about and charged time after time this little army, day and night. The captured horses were finally abandoned, in hopes of inducing the Indians to withdraw, but it had the opposite effect. The Indians interpreted this action to imply that the whites were defeated. They were greatly encouraged and made more daring dashes. After they had delivered their shots with their bodies swinging to the sides of their horses, they passed out of gunshot to reload. Thus a constant fire was kept up. Only a small portion of the Indian could be seen, as he kept his body sheltered by his horse.

One writer who was present says that when the Indians charged on us the earth would shake as if moved by an earthquake. While we were in "Two Canyon," north of Walla Walla the valley was lit up by the constant firing. After getting out into the plain on our retreat to the Touchet, we had many of our men wounded and many of our horses killed. When we came in sight of the Touchet river, the Indians attempted to cut us off from the ford. To prevent this, fifty of our men ran a horse race with about three hundred Indians, to see who would get to the ford first. The Indians dropped into the stream below the ford. They secured a position sheltered by brush where they were enabled to do a great deal of damage. Had it not been for the bravery of Major Rinearson, Captain Thompson and a number of others, a great many more of our men would have been killed than were. As it was, they were not driven out until a number of our men were killed, and many wounded, and a great many of the Indians were left on the field. So many of them were killed at this place that they were discouraged from pursuing the army at this time any further.

This was a great victory for the white man, and the moral effect on the other tribes was good. The guilty Cayuses who had taken part in slaying Whitman,

and others, left the country for safety. The Walla Walla, Cayuses, Spokanes, Flat Heads, Yakamas and other tribes gained a wholesome respect for the white man that they had never before entertained. The Cayuses as a people were financially ruined. Their prestige as a nation was gone, their leaders went into exile.

I have only sketched for you a dim outline of the beginning of the most remarkable warfare that ever white man was engaged in, a warfare that lasted intermittently, until 1856. I have not told you how we had to subsist on horse meat straight, and that when we had flour, we had nothing else.

These men laid here a foundation of civil government which is now firmly established on the North Pacific coast. These were the brave men who crossed a desert and established an empire. They have proved by the valor that while they had courage to take this vast territory west of the Rocky mountains, they also had the bravery, when the uprising came and their right to the possession of the land was questioned, to hold it against all odds.

In the civil war more men were killed in an hour's time, in several engagements than were lost by this colony in establishing civil and religious liberty on the Pacific, but the eighteen hundred who perished by the Indians was ten per cent of the entire population then living west of the Missouri river, and, while we have had wars where more men were slaughtered, there never was a war fought against such odds—without money, with little ammunition and without national support. They were absolutely ignored by the general government—in fact, they have been since, criminally neglected by the United States government.

It was these men who acquired the title of the Northwest territory from the English, adding four magnificent states to this Union, and after fifty-two years they stand today substantially as the only veterans in the United States without compensation and without pension. These men, from the first until the present day, have been criminally neglected by the United States government.

T. A. WOOD.

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Chehalem was a famous Indian chief among the Wapatoo, and the Chehalem valley out in Yamhill county was his il-la-hee or land. He was a sort of St. Patrick. At one time, so runs the legend, the Chehalem valley was infested with rattlesnakes. They were everywhere and very poisonous. They would frequently bite the Indians, thus killing them. Chehalem told the snake king that he must stop this, but no attention being paid to these demands, Chehalem determined to stand it no longer. His people were dying too rapidly; so he called together his medicine men and his warriors. The warriors drove the snakes into their den—a rocky point said to have been on Sam Kinney's donation claim. The medicine men then made medicine by which magic the old chief sealed up the mouth of the den. For a whole moon he watched that none might escape—he neither ate nor slept during the time. He was strong and vigorous when he began his vigil, but worn and wasted, yet triumphant, when he finished. The rattlers were his prisoners forever, and that valley has never seen one of them since.

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The first printing company organized on the Pacific coast was formed at Oregon City, Oregon, in 1845. It was called the Oregon Printing Association. W. G. T'Vault was president; J. W. Nesmith, vice-president; John P. Brooks, secretary; George Abernethy, treasurer; Capt. John H. Couch, John E. Long and Dr. Robt. T. Newell, directors. The first code of laws enacted by the Provisional government was printed by this company.

LEGEND OF NEHALEM.

South of the Columbia, after passing Clatsop Plains, the mountains come down abruptly to the ocean shore and the way is so rough that no wheel has ever traversed it. An old Indian trail followed the sandy beach when the tide was out; at the full, the waves wash precipitous bluffs that buttress the shore line; thence, travelers follow where winding trails creep over the beetling heights.

The shore line of the Pacific is all abrupt, with occasional indentations where streams from Coast Ranges pour down from their summit fountains to reach the sea, or, occasionally, beautiful bays are indented, forming sheltered havens where Indian villages nestled of old and white men make their homes today. Homes and civilized industries are now where the scene of this story is laid: the commerce of a great river invades the solitudes and frowning heights, at the river's mouth, bristle with cannon.

The earliest knowledge the Indians had of other races came by prehistoric wrecks that lined the coast. These extended from Vancouver's Island, on the north, to California on the south. There is evidence that Japanese and Chinese voyagers ventured from their home seas to lay the bones of their junks on this forbidding shore; tradition says that some were saved, made homes here and married, leaving almond-eyed descendants to confirm the legend. Other legends tell of armed boats that landed at the base of stern Necarney to convey treasure chests to its upper benches, killing first a victim to bury therewith, to awe the wondering savages so they never would dare unearth the buried treasure.

Certain it is that the frowning front of Necarney yet overlooks the sea and throws back the breakers; that under its mighty base the sea—or some of Old Neptune's journeymen—have hewn out caves, or grottoes,—the same where the natives say, their fathers told of other treasure being hid away. Yes, Necarney is there, and through its ravines the creduluos white man has dug and delved to find the buried treasure the legends of Tillamook have borne witness to.

This is not a tale of treasure lost or trove, but of shipwreck long before white men were known here or the Columbia was discovered. To the south of Necarney there is a strip of sandy beach, between the Nehalem river and the sea; and at the very base of the mountain there is a pleasant bay where the legend landed that crew and left vessels bedded in the sands. The Nehalem courses seaward, from among the Coast Ranges, for an hundred miles, then, striking the base of Necarney, turns south for three miles parallels the ocean, then enters it and is lost amid the fathomless waters.

The bands south of the Columbia were kindred and this river—bowered in by lofty cottonwoods, ash, alder and maples—was the winter home of the Nehalem band. The Clatsops were not far north, and the Tillamooks lived on a beautiful bay of that name a few miles south. Along the sounding shore fantastic rocks stand, waist deep among the breakers, on which wandering gulls still build their nests and the vagrant sea crab climbs. The predatory seal watches there from convenient ledges for some unwary salmon to enter the river of its birth. When its appetite is sated it may be seen on this same ledge, where of old the native would spear the unwary seal from the vantage of his canoe.

Below Clatsop is Tillamook Head: Its outlying spur—Tillamook—rising from the waves seems to laugh at the impotent rage of the worst the sou'-west gale can do. Summit crowns summit as the wild coast line moves southward, until, at last, bold Necarney inspires the scene with wierdest front of all! The

managed to keep between him and wave breaks at its base but the winding path creeps upward, surmounts the cliff, following a terrace eight hundred feet above. From age to age Necarney has been handed down as the scene of many an episode, for tradition has given birth to legendry that lingers yet in annals of Nehalem. The tribe wintered on that sheltered shore. It was about the winter of 1760 that a sou'west storm raged on this wild coast, tearing the waves to tatters to drench the shore with mingled brine and rainfall. One December night the clamor of the storm was varied by sights and sounds that terrified the natives, for no past had ever known the like. Out on the raging waters lights were seen to gleam and wild cries of human voices were heard above the storm, while cannon sounded the alarm.

Among the villagers was a family of three; an Indian of more than average renown, his wife and daughter. Their home was near the ocean, half hid by vines and undergrowth. We call him Nehala. The mother's name was Wena, the daughter was Ona, a girl whose soul was full of all the fancies that mountain, shore and sea could furnish.

An only child she was made much of, more than was usual if families were large. Ona heard the storm, saw the lights and recognized sounds of distress, which so worked on her that she could not sleep. With the first glimpse of dawn she woke her mother to accompany her to the beach. The storm was yet raging; the winds shrieked and almost tore the mantles of skins they wore from their grasp, and driving rain pelted them fiercely as they pressed on. It was not far and they soon saw that the beach was strewn with all sorts of wreckage, which was left where wave and storm had left them.

They were first comers; as they went on the winds drove the angry sea foam in their faces, as if to warn them to keep away. Looking along the beach Wena exclaimed that she saw a human form amongst the wreckage. Hastening on they came to a bearded man, with bronze face, as dark as their own, lying prone where the waves had thrown it, dead, cold and still!

They came to yet another, also dark and bearded, as silent and dead. By this time others had come; one was a disreputable fellow, who was even by his mates considered a savage. Ona saw him where a third body was overlaid with wreckage; a movement indicated life and she saw with wonder, that it was a model of beauty, for the face was white, and the clustering hair and beard were red. As the ruffian stooped, picked up a piece of wreckage to beat out the life remaining in the victim, quick as a flash, she was at his side, wrenched the weapon from his hand and struck him senseless with it. Then she and her mother bore the white-faced stranger to their home where Nehala told them to lay him face down by the fire, giving him treatment for the drowned. He was alive; we can imagine the strangers of the scene as his blue eyes first saw the anxious faces of they who had saved his life.

Such a wreck was a revelation to the simple natives who never saw a white man or a vessel larger than their canoes; had no idea of such wealth as was strewn on that remote shore. Nehala sought the spoil the sea had sent them, but Wena and Ona watched the progress of their guest as he went on recovering from death to life. They wondered if he was of supernal birth.

In a few days this young man with red beard and white face grew to be so much alive as to accompany them to the shore, where he found a chest partly buried in the sand. When excavated it revealed, to his intense delight, an arsenal of guns, axes, spears and weapons; such as natives of Nehalem had never dreamed of.

Though this stranger left no name or sign of nationality, he was supposed to have been Scotch, so we call him Sandy. Strangest of all, he never learned the Indian language, and must have been mute, as his conversation was by signs. He was one of those silent ones, however, who are potent in action.

Previous to this a brother of the Tillamook chief had aspired to possess Ona;

but she was blessed with so winsome a nature that her parents were in no hurry to part with her. Whatever chance young Tillamook might have had the coming of Sandy left him out of the game. When Sandy showed that he appreciated that she had saved his life, it impressed her warm nature and he seemed to be her personal property. It had been a pleasure to see him come to life; see the blue eyes open to look at her; close again as if to dispel some vision; open again to find her still there. He was a manly fellow and soon won regards of both mother and daughter by considerate kindness no Indian woman expects from any man. He won respect of the father by a brave propensity to hold his own—when necessary. It was natural he should remain with them. Of course the rest of them talked about him and them. Gossip is much the same in an Indian village as in civilized communities. Young Tillamook had supposed his hold on Ona permanent, so was naturally inconvenienced to find the canny Scot so entirely at home in the family. That Ona was rather bound up in him was the worst of all. The child had a romantic nature and the man's history went to her heart. She was used to see women treated as beasts of burden, while Sandy lost no opportunity to do kindness and show courteous attention. Nehala respected the man who was willing to tackle the fierce brown bear, was expert in hunting elk and deer, even in wielding paddle to skim the breezy seas and spear the ocean dwellers.

All this while that Tillamook lover was raging with jealousy and mad with schemes for vengeance. It was a welcome sight to one day see Sandy shoulder his gun and take the trail for the mountains on a hunt for elk. Wena and Ona knew of Tillamook's ill feeling, of which Sandy had little idea. When they saw him and another conspirator make a detour to cut off Sandy's way at this time, Ona took her bow and quiver to follow his trail. She overtook Sandy as he was stalking an elk and tried to telegraph him that he was in danger, but he did not seem to be afraid. She saw the others creeping through the wilds and them, which angered them so that they turned their wrath on her, sending an arrow that struck a tree by her side. She followed as Sandy led and hearing report of his gun, found that he had killed an elk. When it was dressed and quartered he gave her his gun to carry and himself took the quarter of elk meat. To Wena and Ona this was unheard of consideration, for the women carry all the burdens.

One day when salmon were running Nehala went to the Nehalem to spear fish. He was surprised, when Sandy, seeing a lordly fish swim by in the depths, took the spear and pierced the fish. Said he to Wena, "He has done that before." Which was likely true, as salmon run in Scotland's streams.

The hope of young Tillamook was to get rid of Sandy. One winter day young Tillamook and another were trying to spear seals on the rocks when a sudden storm overtook them, overset the canoe and left them in a hopeless struggle with the waves. No one dared to go to their rescue until Sandy launched a canoe and alone went to save them at risk of his own life. This intensified the other's hate; he simply wiped the brine from his eyes and plotted worse than ever.

The chief sided with his brother and matters went from bad to worse. The tribe of course sided with the most powerful coterie. Then Nehala said, bitterly, that he knew his own people no longer, for all were his enemies. Nehala had a summer house on the coast, fourteen miles north; to this he determined to remove and have no further dealings with his tribe. When he made this known Sandy asserted himself: the only condition under which he could remain was to be one of the family and have Ona for his wife. Thus the love of Ona was rewarded.

They were removing to the summer house, loaded with the family possessions, had surmounted Necarney and come to a great rock close to the sea, known as Haystack Rock until this day.

when they were met by two black bears who over threw Nehala. Sandy dropped his load, seized his gun and shot one of the bears, then picked up Nehala's gun and shot the other. Following the bears came a young Clatsop chief and his band, who has attacked the bears, one of whom carried an arrow shot by the young chief. He had heard of the wreck and of the white stranger and was on the way to learn further. He was so satisfied with this meeting that he gave up the journey and returned with them to the summer house, not then far away.

Sandy made a present of the bears to the Clatsop chief, who cached the meat and followed his new friends. Sandy felt sure that young Tilalmook would follow and try to kill him that night, so they stood guard. Sandy, with Ona, sleeping near a tree close by, were some distance back on the trail, where the trail they came by left the beach to come up on the bank. The young Clatsop and Nehala were at the cabin. Just as day was peeping over the ridge a sound was heard from the parted undergrowth. It was the malignant face of the enemy, so Sandy took aim and fired. His followers ran away, but young Tillamook lay dead on the trail.

This tragedy caused a council of war, when Clatsop invited Nehala to become one of his people and move his family to the beautiful Clatsop Plains. This was agreed to and the Clatsop braves helped carry the possesions of their new allies to tribal headquarters, on the banks of the Nicanicum, near where the Seaside House is today. As they were a kindred race the change was not unpleasant. There is every reason to believe they lived happily and peacefully.

The body of young Tillamook was conveyed back on the trail and placed so his friends could find it. The friendship of Sandy and the young Clatsop chief was long and unbroken.

On Clatsop Plains there is a beautiful spot known as Cullaby's Island—four acres overgrown by great forest trees—located between the waters of Cullaby's lake and a marsh, where Sandy's family and their descendants made their homes until Clatsop was settled by whites. Ona became the mother of four children, three daughters and a son. The exploring expedition of Lewis and Clarke wintered near there in 1806, and met there an Indian who must have been Sandy's grandson, with features showing Caucasian origin, a face that was pale and freckled and reddish hair and beard. Forty years later—in 1846—John Minto, so well known in connection with pioneer days, met at Cullaby's lake an Indian who was descended from a white man saved from some prehistoric wreck. Cullaby had tools and was making a gunstock. He was reticent by nature. When asked as to the red-headed Indian seen by Lewis and Clarke his answer was "Okook nica papa" (that was my father). Then speaking Chinook he called his son who spoke English well. He listened to his father for awhile, then said: "My father says he will tell me all of the story of my family tonight and I will come and tell you tomorrow. Early the next morning Edwin Cullaby came where Minto was and took him to the ocean shore, a few miles away, and spent the day telling him the story of the past. Thereafter Edwin and Minto became fast friends. He died young.

Sandy was fond of this island and seldom left it. He was a famous hunter and was universally respected. All this was before the discovery of the Columbia river. Even at this early time the small-pox was among the Indians. One day word came to Sandy that his friend, the Clatsop chief, was down with this fell disease. Then Ona and her children were sent to the mountains, to be out of the way of the pestilence, and Sandy went to the death-bed of his friend.

He charged Ona not to come to him; if he survived he would come to them—she was to take no risks. We can imagine the tenderness of that parting, as well as the strong motive that made him capable of such self-sacrifice. The chief had befriended him in their young manhood, and had befriended him all the

intervening years. He was equal to the strongest test of friendship.

Our story ends with the death of both the young chief and his friend. They each fell victims to the plague. The story has its lesson of human faith and trust, and that perfect love not often equalled among enlightened peoples.

The tenderness with which this man's descendants have treasured his memory, transmitting it from one generation to another, minute details, to repeat them in those early days of Oregon history, assures us that he was well-eloved.

Among the last words of the Christ—told in the gospel of St. John—we find: "Greater love has no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Even among these savage peoples this man was capable of that great love.

SAMUEL A. CLARK.

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WRECK OF THE BARK WILLIAM AND ANN.

HON. SILAS. B. SMITH DENIES, IN HIS ADDRESS BEFORE THE OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY, THAT THE CREW WERE MURDERED.

Much confusion has arisen relative to the loss of the Hudson's Bay Company's bark William and Ann, on the Columbia bar in March, 1829, and the fate of her crew, some writers simply alleging that they were all murdered by the Clatsop Indians. Mr. George H. Roberts, in referring to this event in his notes on early times, furnished to H. H. Bancroft, states: "The crew landed with their arms wet, and hence were defenceless, and all were murdered." Mr. W. H. Gray, on page 191 of his "History of Oregon," in recounting the number of white people in the Willamette valley in 1834, says: "There was also in the country a man by the name of Felix Hathaway, saved from the wreck of the William and Ann." This last is an inadvertence. Had Mr. Gray reflected a moment, he would have seen that had there been a survivor of that wreck, he would, in all probability, have been able to tell just how that crew perished; whether at the hands of the savages, or from the dangers of the sea; and in either instance, how he came to be saved.

The explanation is this: Felix Hathaway was one of the crew of the schooner Convoy, of Boston, Captain Thompson. She was entering the river at the same time with the William and Ann, but some distance behind; she noticed the grounding of the bark, which aided her in keeping the channel, and she entered the river safely. Toward evening the schooner sent a boat in an attempt to rescue the people on the bark, but night coming on, and the weather becoming more boisterous, the boat returned without reaching the ship. That night the bark went to pieces. Mr. Hathaway was next neighbor to my parents while they lived in Chehalem valley, in 1836-40; and they learned the foregoing facts from him while there. From this, Mr. Hathaway's connection with the William and Ann will be plainly seen.

The charge of murder against the natives made by several historians, I believe, will be found to be entirely groundless.

It will be bourne in mind that all the Indians of this tribe, either individually or collectively, at that time, and ever afterwards, have denied that they ever murdered any of the crew of that vessel. And then we have the testimony of Dr. McLoughlin, by his acts and deeds in the matter. He was chief factor at that time of the Hudson's Bay Company's interests on the Pacific coast.

Governor Elwood Evans, in delineating the character of Dr. McLoughlin, and the policy pursued by him in his dealings with the Indians, bears testi-

mony as follows: "With the utmost promptness, he punished with severity every depredation by Indians upon the white race, English or American. The wrongdoer was demanded; if not surrendered the tribe or band were treated as accessories and received merited punishment. Where thefts were committed restitution must follow. Always justly severe when necessary, the Indians knew what to expect." All of which I believe to be true.

Now, when a crew of 15 or 20 men, all British subjects and employes of the Hudson's Bay Company, castaways from a wreck, and whose condition at that time would be loudly calling for assistance, were basely and cruelly murdered by these savages, and British protection for its subjects had been defiantly disregarded and trampled under foot, and that, too, right on the shores of the Columbia river at its mouth, the very gateway into the territory over which Mr. McLoughlin presided.

What is the first thing that this martinet, under these shockingly outrageous and exasperating circumstances, does? Why he sends an ultimatum to these people that they must deliver up, not the murderers, but the goods which they had picked up on the beach. That was all. And upon their refusal to deliver the goods, and their insolent behavior toward himself he sends an armament and bombards their town, and in the fight one Indian is killed, and the rest take to flight. Then the victors quietly loot the town and recover the goods which had been saved from the wreck, and British honor feels itself sufficiently vindicated for the murder of its subjects. The atonement has been sufficient. No demand was ever made for the surrender of any murderers. No murderers of this crew were ever executed, and no pursuit after any was ever made. Thomas McKay, whose rule in Indian warfare was 10 Indians for every white man killed, I presume, was present in this fight, but even he, at this time, failed to observe his rule. Why all this leniencey towards these treacherous murderers of helpless men? Simply this: Dr. McLoughlin, from all the evidence that he could gather, was fully satisfied that these people had not murdered one of the crew of the William and Ann. That they were entirely guiltless of any such charge, and therefore no demand for the surrender of any murderers was ever made. He chastised them because of their insolence and insult to himself when he demanded the return of the goods. I deem it due to impartial history that this correction should be made. The simple fact of the matter was, that the whole of the crew perished among the breakers on the bar. I have nowhere seen that Dr. McLoughlin himself makes the charge of murder against these people. Had McLoughlin believed it, then his subsequent conduct in the matter would stultify himself. I believe that the testimony and circumstances surrounding this matter show that no massacre had been committed. Therefore, in the interest of truth and of justice let this unwarranted charge be expunged from our history.

IN AID OF THE MONUMENT FUND.

In compliment of Mrs. Dudley Evans (Nellie Evans), the author of the poem "In Memoriam," appearing in this issue, the Native Son will give to the Volunteer Monument Fund as follows: 50 per cent of all subscriptions or sales of single copies o fthe magazine, and 25 per cent of all renewals, which are taken in or sold at our office or handed to us by the members of the Second Oregon from now until July fiirst.

PURPLE AND GOLD.

The name of Cabin No. 26, Native Sons, has been changed from Messer Smith's to Joab Powell's Cabin. Uncle Joab was one of the best known men of early Oregon, and as long as time lasts his sermons will not be forgotten. No. 26 did well to perpetuate the memory of the good old minister whom all honored.

A cabin of the Native Daughters was organized at Jacksonville on April 26. It is numbered 20, but as yet no name has been chosen for it by its membership. It seems that the name "Jane McCully" is desired, but at present the cabin at Ashland has that name and negotiations are pending to secure a change, and until the matter is settled the Jacksonville cabin will be known only by its number. The following were installed as officers of the cabin: Past president, Miss Issie McCully; president, Miss Effie Prim; first vice-president, Miss J. Orth; second vice-president, Miss Mollie Barneburg; third vice-president, Miss Genevive Reames; recording secretary, Miss Cora Linn; financial secretary, Miss Lulu Jones; marshal, Miss Ella Orth; inner sentinel, Miss Lucinda Reames; outer sentinel, Miss Kate Plymale; trustees, Mrs. L. Sisemore, Mrs. Hattie Neuber and Miss Ella Young. The cabin starts out with a charter list of over forty names.

Jesse Applegate's Cabin No. 27, Native Sons, was instituted at Drain, on April 14, 1900, with the following officers: Past president, Horace Putman; president, C. D. Drain; first vice-president, Louis Barzee; second vice-president, W. W. Wilson; third vice-president, E. R. Applegate; recording secretary, W. W. Kent; treasurer, Ira Wimberley; marshal, James Cowan; inside sentinel, William Roberts; outside sentinel, Edward Wise; trustees, D. V. Kuykendall, William Roberts, Edward Wise.

Hazelton's Cabin No. 28, Native Sons, was organized on April 19, at Cottage Grove. The following were installed as its first officers: Past president, J. B. Lurch; president, Jerome Knox; first vice-president, J. E. Young; second vice-president, W. L. Baker; third vice-president, C. E. Montgomery; recording secretary, H. H. Veatch; financial secretary, Ralph Whipple; treasurer, Darwin Bristow; marshal, Alf Walker.

Thomas Croxton's Cabin No. 29, Native Sons, was instituted in Grants Pass on May 1, 1900. The following officers were installed: President, E. E. Dunbar; past president, R. K. Montgomery; first vice-president, R. G. Smith; second vice-president, J. A. Blew; third vice-president, P. Clarence Purdon; recording secretary, E. W. Kuykendall; financial secretary, E. H. Listre; treasurer, J. A. Jennings; trustees, C. Purdom, A. Umphlett, L. L. Jennings; marshal, C. C. Presley; inside guardian, Walter Harmon; outside sentinel Clyde Hockett.

Elijah Bristow's Cabin No. 30, Native Sons, was instituted at Pleasant Hill, May 8, 1900. The following officers were elected and installed: Past president, L. C. Hawk; president, P. L. Bristow; first vice-president, F. Drury; financial secretary, G. E. Collison; marshal, C. L. Parker;. The remainder of their officers will be installed at their next meeting. One of the members of the cabin is the first white child born in Lane county. The first dwelling built in Lane county was at Pleasant Hill, and is still in good condition. It was built by Elijah Bristow in 1846. The first school house in the county was also located there, and is now used as part of the log barn on the Bristow farm. In it was the first school taught in the county, and the first church services held. The first Christian church in Oregon was organized in this school house.

NESIKA WA-WA.

LEST WE FORGET.

The effort to build a monument to brave boys of the Second Oregon who fell in the Philippines is most commendable. The dedication of the famous battle fields of the Rebellion as monuments to the heroes who fell in the Civil war was a deserving act. Republics, or even states, however, are not always grateful, or ,at least, often let the opportunity to show their gratitude to pass by in silence. This is the case now. The Monument to the memory of the pioneers of Oregon, those sturdy people of the East, and the North, and the South, and the west, whose migrations across "the plains," in hardship, almost rivaled the Russian campaign of Napoleon; whose battles with the Indians, in '70, ranked with those of Grant, Sherman and Sheridan, has been too long neglected. The bone and sinew of the Oregon of forty and fifty years ago, have dwindled down to a handfull of aged, care-worn and broken-down people. The men who fought the battles of forty and fifty years ago, driving the savages before them, and reclaimed the land for the benefit of this and after generations, are fast passing away. In a few years there will be none left to tell their tales. An attempt should now be made to build a monument to those people—the Pioneers and Indian War Veterans. This magazine purposes to represent the Native Sons and Daughters of Oregon, as well as the sons and daughters of pioneers, and its columns are open to the promulgation of any plan looking to the building of such a remembrance. The Native Son proposes that Park Block No. 7, between East and West Park streets and between Salmon and Main streets, be given to this purpose. This block was dedicated to the public, and we believe all title to the original owners has been extinguished. If not ,there is no doubt but what the heirs of those who made the donation would be glad to give permission that this block be used for the purpose above set forth. It would thus only require an act of the legislature to secure it. Once secured, a large hall, in the form of a log cabin could be built upon it, and it could be used as a meeting place for the pioneers as long as they last, and for a historical museum. It should be under the management of a commission from the members of the societies of the Native Sons and Daughters and the Historical Society, and provisions should be made therein for the archives of these societies. Native Sons and Native Daughters of Oregon, let us arise to the occasion and build a monument, as lasting as the work of our pioneer fathers and mothers will be in the history of the great Pacific Northwest.

The twenty-eighth annual reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association will take place in this city on Friday, June 15. The board of directors held its annual meeting a short time since and outlined plans for the meeting. The annual address this year will be given by Judge J. C. Moreland, of this city, a pioneer of 1852, and the occasional address by Cyrus H. Walker, the oldest native son of American parents. The date of his birth was December 7, 1838. Rev. Robert Robe, of Brownsville, a pioneer of 1846, was selected to perform the duties of chaplain, and John W. Minto, a native son, was chosen grand marshal. The exposition building was selected as teh place to hold the meeting. The

secretary's headquarter's will be in the Historical Society's rooms until June 10, and after that date at 184 Fourth street, the office of the Oregon Native Son, near Yamhill.

The committees appointed are as follows: Arrangements—Charles E. Ladd, George H. Himes, Mrs. D. P. Thompson. Finance—W. D. Fenton, Tyler Woodward, L. A. Lewis, M. C. George, Sol Blumauer. Invitations—President T. J. Apperson and eGorge H. Himes. Reception—Lee Laughlin, William Galloway and George L. Story.

The Pioneer Woman's Auxiliary will give a banquet as usual, but the details have not been fully warked out yet.

The Native Sons and Native Daughters will serve sandwiches and coffee at the tabernacle at 12 o'clock on Pioneer Day, and act as guard of honor in the procession to the Exposition building.

The Grand Cabins of both the Native Daughters and the Native Sons of Oregon will convene in annual session in Portland on June 13 and 14 next, and from the oautlook there will be a large attendance. There are now twenty cabins of the Native Daughters and thirty cabins of the Native Sons in the state, all of which signify an intention of having a full representation present. As any member of either body may attend the sessions, many wil come as visitors. The usual reduced rates will be given by transportation lines.

On the 14th of June next the Grand Encampment of the Indian War Veterans will convene at Grand Army Hall in Portland for the transaction of business. The auxiliary will give these heroes a dinner on the afternoon of that day, and a reunion will take place in the evening. It is a shame that the services o fthese veterans in the saving of the Pacific Northwest to the United States has not long since been recognized by an ungrateful government. No sturdier set of men ever founded a commonwealth; no braver a company ever protected and fought for home, family and flag; no other participants in the defense of this country ever received less consideration at the hands of congress than they. Whe nhats are taken off, there could not be a more appropriate occasion than when these much-neglected veterans, now worn and bowed by weight of years, carry the flag they upheld with honor to themselves and the Union.

The question has been asked the Native Son as to why mention was not made of the dedication of the log cabin erected by Matthieu's Cabin, Native Sons. The artist who took the photographs of the building and of those attending the ceremonies, has been sick and absent from the city, and we have been unable to secure such photographs for illustration as we desired. When we take up this matter, it will be our endeavor to give it the extended mention and notice in way of illustration that it is entitled to. This we hope to do in the immediate future.

REMOVAL.—The office of the Oregon Native Son has been removed to No. 184 Fourth street. The new quarters are one of the oldest landmarks in the city of Portland, being the residence of Capt. Crosby, which was erected by him in the latter part of 1847. It is said by some to be the first frame house built in this city; others say that F. W. Pettygrove built the first one. It originally stood on the southwest corner of First and Washington streets. The doors, windows and weather-boarding was brought around the Horn from the East. Carpenters were paid $15 per day to put it together, and were in no haste, making the building very expensive. Several early mariages were celebrated under its roof, among them being those of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. DeWitt and Gov. and Mrs. Pennoyer. Mrs. DeWitt, formerly Mrs. Polke, was the first occupant, Capt. Crosby's family not coming until sometime subsequent to its building.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

EDWARD J. NORTHRUP.

Among many who have died leaving the world better for having lived in it, the name of Edward James Northrup deserves no mean place.

He was born in Albany, N. Y., July 4th, 1834. His father, Nelson Northrup, was a mechanic in moderate circumstances, and was not able at that early day to give his children a liberal education, but Edward obtained the rudimentary essentials of one, and supplemented it in later years by wide and useful reading, of which he was very fond all his life. His mother was a noble Christian woman and greatly influenced him toward the better life.

His father came to the Pacific Coast in 1849. While going around the Horn he was wrecked on the coast of Chili, but finally managed to reach Oregon. For a short time he traded at the Cascades, but in 1851 came to Portland and opened a little store on the northwest corner of Front and Yamhill streets, that was probably the first hardware store established in Portland.

Edward, in the meantime, had gone to Boston and had obtained employment in a book store there. In 1852 he decided to join his father in Oregon, so came around by way of the Isthums of Panama, meeting with some adventures on mule-back and on the Chagres River. Arriving in Portland, he entered the employ of his father, where he clerked for a few years. In 1856 he bought out his father, in company with J. M. Blossom, the new firm being known os Northrup & Blossom. Portland at that time was a very small town, but as the town grew, the business kept pace. Vancouver was then, as now, occupied by United States troops, and Mr. Northrup often spoke in later years of Lieutenant U. S. Grant who used to come to Portland occasionally and buy from him supplies for Uncle Sam.

Mr. Blossom sold out his interest to J. C. Van Rennslaer, and after a number of years R. R. Thompson bought in, the firm name then becoming Northrup & Thompson. In 1878 Mr. Northrup retired on account of poor health, after 26 years of steady application to business. The firm that succeeded him is now known as Honeyman, DeHart & Co.

After a years' rest Mr. Northrup started up in business again in the carriage and wagon material line. His son Herbert was associated with him for a time but died in San Francisco in 1881. Mr. Northrup then took into the firm J. E. Haseltine and J. G. Chown. The new firm were fitting up quarters in the warehouse, 228 Front street, near Salmon, at the time Mr. Northrup met his death, which was such a shock to the entire city. This occurred on April 9, 1883. A hatchway in the floor had thoughtlessly been left open from the upper to the lower dock, and while absorbed in some business calculations, Mr. Northrup accidentally fell through, fracturing his skull. He died within a few hours at his home. Thus in the prime of life was taken suddenly from his family and friends one who did much to build up his adopted city and state not only in a commercial way, but also in a moral one. He was always found on the right side of all movements for the moral uplifting of his fellowmen, and while for many years an active member of the Taylor-street M. E. church, was also connected with the temperance and Y. M. C. A. movements, and the Sunday school work. His integrity and moral worth were fully appreciated by all who knew him, and he was often asked to run for office, but always refused.

In politics he was a Republican. He was a delegate to the Republican convention in 1880 that nominated Garfield, and the same year was a lay delegate from Oregon conference to the general conference of the M. E. church that met in Cincinnati.

Mr. Northrup was married in 1856 to Miss Frances C. McNamee, daughter of Job and Hannah McNamee, pioneers of 1845. Eight children were born to them, two dying in infancy, and six who grew to years of discretion. Herbert, the eldest, died, deeply mourned by many friends, at the age of 24. The other five children now living are: Ada F., wife of C. A. Morden; Clara E. Northrup, Frank O. Northrup ,Edwin P. Northrup, and Ellen A., wife of J. M. Johnson, of Spokane, Wash. The city authorities about 10 years ago gave the name of Northrup to one of the streets in the north end of the city, in honor of this pioneer, which will forever associate his memory with that of Portland, his home for over 30 years.

CAPTAIN JACOB KAMM.

Capt. Jacob Kamm, characteristically a progressive citizen of Portland and a typical pioneer, was born in Switzerland, December 12, 1823. When eight years of age he came to America with his father, spending his younger days in several of the Western states. He received his education in Illinois and at St. Louis, Missouri. His father, who had resigned

his commission as captain in the Swiss army, came to this country to establish a new home here for his family, all of whom, except the subject of this sketch, were left in Switzerland, but the father died of yellow fever in New Orleans before attaining that object. By his death, Jacob, a mere lad of twelve, was thrown upon his own resources. He obtained work in a newspaper office in New Orleans, but life on the water having a charm for him, he left that situation to accept the position of cabin boy on the Ark, a small Mississippi river steamer.

This calling, however, did not offer to the ambitious boy any inducements for speedy promotion. Being of a mechanical turn of mind, he turned his attention to marine engineering, quickly becoming an expert. Industry and frugality soon enabled him to acquire an interest in the Belle of Hatchie. This he ran almost constantly, so closely applying himself that his physique could no longer endure the strain and he sold his interest in her. For a number of years thereafter he was chief engineer on packet boats plying between St. Louis, Keokuk and New Orleans. His examination for this latter position was most thorough and critical, for Board of Engineers congratulating him for his proficiency.

Health failing him in 1849, his physicians advised him to go to the mountains near by, believing that their purer air would benefit him. He, however, concluded to join an expedition bound for California, several of his friends being among those comprising the party going in that year. After a long and weary trip across the plains, he arrived at Sacramento in the fall of that year. Here he soon secured employment as engineer on the steamers running on the Sacramento and Feather rivers. In 1850, while in San Francisco, he met Lot Whitcomb who induced him to come to Milwaukie, than an important point, situated a few miles above Portland, but now a small hamlet, for the purpose of placing the machinery in the steamer Lot Whitcom, then being built at that place. It would take half of this magazine to detail the difficulties of the task, and such will not be attempted. Suffice it to say that the tools at hand consisted only of a bellows and an anvil. His assistant, a man by the name of Blakesley, was a blacksmith, and tarough the loan of a hammer they forged another, and, after a time, made other tools. The boilers being "knock down" on their arrival from the East and as there were no boiler makers in the country, Mr. Kamm must necessarily attend to their construction and intallation in the boat himself. Without previous experience the ingenious young man surmounted all difficulties, and the Lot Whitcomb steamed away a staunch, safe and solid boat. He was her chief engineer until she was sold and taken to California. He then built the Jennie Clark, the first stern-wheel steamer in Oregon. Messrs. Abernethy, Clark and Ainsworth being associated with him in her ownership. In 1858 he superintended the building of the Carrie Ladd, owned by himself and others. She forming the nucleus of what afterwards became the Oregon Steam Navigation Company, which was organized in 1860. Of this company he was th second largest stockholder, and also, chief engineer until personal attention to private affairs compelled him to resign. Latter his interests were sold to a syndicate, which in turn transferred its stock to the corporation now known as the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company.

He was one of the organizers and larger stockholders of the Willamette Transportation Company, operating upon the upper and lower Willamette river. This company also came into the possession of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company.

At this time he thought of never having anything to do with steamboating again, but having loaned money to a friend engaged in such, he once more became embroiled in its meshes in order to save himself from losses. Since then he has been largely interested as a stockholder, and also as an organizer, of various leading steamboat transportation companies. He is also identified with railroad lines to some extent. He owned at one time the famous steamer Geo. S. Wright, but after running her a year or so, sold her to Ben Holladay. Under the latter's ownership she was wrecked in Alaskan waters, all on board perishing.

Although he has not had occasion to use either his masters' or engineers' papers for a number of years he, however, keeps them alive in case of an emergency which would require his personal attention to one of his steamers in trouble or in need of a captain or engineer for the time being.

In the sixties Mr. Kamm bought, for a nominal sum, fourteen acres outside of the then city limits. Today the tract is almost in the center of the city and entirely surrounded by streets and handsome residences. On this property stands his beautiful home. He owns stock in several Portland banks, being vice-president of the United States National. He is also president of the First National Bank of Astoria, and is one of the largest taxpayers of both cities, as well as San Francisco, where he is largely interested in real estate. The Kamm block of Portland also belongs to him.

For many years he has been a trustee and member of the First Presbyterian church. He belongs to the Masonic fraternity, having attained to the 32nd degree in the Scottish Rite, is a Knight Templer, and a member of the Mystic Shrine.

He is a man of unquestioned integrity, of a generous and philanthropic nature, dis-

tributing his kindness without the knowledge of the world. Well may it be said that he is among the most worthy of Oregon's honored pioneers and leading men.

Mr. Kamm was married September 13, 1859, to Miss Caroline A. Gray, daughter of the late Wm. H. and Mary A. Dix Gray, who were early and honored pioneers of Oregon. They have had one son born to them, Capt. Charles T. Kamm.

MRS. CAROLINE AUGUSTA KAMM.

Mrs. Kamm was born at Lapwai, Oregon territory, (now Idaho) October 16, 1840, and is the eldest daughter of the late William H. and Mary A. Dix Gray, the former of whom was a pioneer of 1836 and the latter of 1838.

When about two years of age her parents removed to Salem, which name had just then been given to what had been formerly known as Chemekete Plain. Here her father superintended the erection of the Oregon Institute, now the Willamette University, of which he was one of the trustees. In 1843, her father was the leading spirit in the formation of the Provincial government, directing the movement, framing the resolutions offered, and closing the debates. Had it not been for his endeavor what was accomplished at that time might have been delayed and the course of events greatly changed.

From Salem the family removed to Oregon City and then to Clatsop Plains, thence in 1854, to Astoria.

In 1855 and 1856, Miss Gray attended the Pacific University at Forest Grove, and in January, 1859, came to Portland to attend school, entering the old Portland Academy, Rev. Mr. Kingsley, principal. Here she made the acquaintance of Mr. Jacob Kamm, and they were united in marriage on September 13 of that year. The fruit of the union being one son, Capt. Charles T. Kamm, who is associated with his father in his various business enterprises, and active manager of the Vancouver Transportation Company, and the Lewis River Transportation Company.

Mrs. Kamm is a most tender wife and mother and a woman of generous impulses. Her charities are such that the public seldom hears of them, though many have received both financial aid and sympathy in time of need, and her marked business instincts are often sought for when financial clouds gather or trubles come to them, never allowing her left hand to know what her right hand doeth.

With her husband she has traveled considerably throughout the Union, and being a keen observer, has acquired such a practical knowledge of the land of her nativity as to render her a most charming entertainer and conversationalist. Her parents have both paid nature's debt. Their Christian characters will ever be a model for rising generations; their work in the upbuilding of Oregon never to be forgotten; its history could not be written without giving them very frequent and commendable mention. Mrs. Kamm has four brothers and one sister living, namely, Hon. John H. D. Gray, Mrs. Sarah F. Abernethy, William P. Gray, Albert W. Gray and James T. Gray, all of whom are well known and a credit to the state. A sister, Mrs. Mary S. Tarbell, is deceased.

FRANCES C. NORTHRUP.

A woman whose influence for good is still widening though her earthly life went out some seven years ago, was Frances C. Northrup. She was born in Ray County, Missouri, November 9, 1837. Her parents, Job and Hannah McNamee, were people of moderate circumstances, but possessed of sturdy, moral character and good common sense, and although many children came to their home, each was given every advantage possible at that early day on the frontier. Mr. McNamee lost a valuable farm and all his property during the "hard times" of 1840-5, so decided to cross the plains with his family and make a new start out in Oregon.

They started from St. Joe in 1845 and were nearly six months making the trip, experiencing the usual hardships of the pioneer, and arrived in the Willamette valley in the Fall of the same year. The winter was spent at Springville, about six miles below Portland, on the St. Helens road. The following spring (1846) the family came to Portland, then but a hamlet fringing the Willamette river. Mr. McNamee built a home, and became a permanent and honored resident of Portland until his death in 1872. His wife, a much beloved pioneer mother, died the same year.

Frances was the eldest child, and as a girl was a general favorite with all who knew her. Those friendships she retained all through her life, and around her coffin gathered friends of the pioneer days as well as hundreds of later years.

Her early education she obtained at the old Portland Academy and Female Seminary and also at the Tualatin Academy at Forest Grove. She used to ride back and forth on horseback, a favorite pastime in those early days.

She met Edward J. Northrup soon after he arrived in Portland, and a few years subsequently they were married. This occurred in 1856. As her family grew up around her, she instilled into their lives the principles of right living and thinking and early directed them in the ways of righteousness. For over 30 years she was an active member of the Taylor-Street M. E. church, visiting the sick and poor, and comforting the distressed and unfortunate. Like her Master, she "went

about doing good." Many is the humble home that has been brightened by her kindly ministrations of love and mercy.

She taught a young mens' Bible class in the Sabbath school for about 25 years. This she especially enjoyed and her old scholars can today be found all over the Northwest, many of them occupying positions of great trust, whose lives were moulded for good by this noble Christian woman.

After her husband's sudden death in 1883, Mrs. Northrup, by whom his loss was very severely felt, lived for her family and her church. Her death occurred October 10, 1893, surviving her husband a little over 10 years. From a little girl of 9 years, in 1846, Mrs. Northrup spent almost 50 years in Portland, and at her death was considered the oldest continuous resident of the city. When she fell asleep her family lost a loving, devoted mother, her church an invaluable agency for good, and the community a ministering angel of mercy.

RALPH WARREN HOYT.

Ralph W. Hoyt was born in the City of Portland, Oregon, July 9, 1864, his parents being Captain Henry L. and Mary L. Hoyt. His father was a pioneer of 1850, coming here on the bark Tulon, of which he was part owner, the first vessel to discharge cargo at Portland. His mother was a pioneer of 1852, and was formerly a Miss Millard.

The education of Mr. Hoyt was obtained in the public schools of Portland, graduating from the High school in 1882, after which, he was offered a situation with the O. R. & N. Co. Accepting this, he remained in that employ until 1883, whn he became identified with the Merchants National bank as messenger boy. From tnis humble beginning he steadily advanced until he was promoted to the position of cashier. A position he has held for several years with credit to himself and the utmost satisfaction to the great financial concern employing him.

In 1896 the nomination of treasurer of Multnomah county was tendered him, which he accepted, and his popularity in the community was at once shown by the majority which he recived In 1898 he was re-nominated again for the same trust and again elected. It is not a usual thing for one to hold office without some one finding considerable fault with the person who is responsible for the manner in which it is conducted. In the case of Mr. Hoyt, however, this has been an exception. None can claim that he has not been courteous and obliging; noen can say that he has not administered his office for the best interest of the taxpayers, and all know that he is competent and honest.

For several years he has been a familiar figure in the leading church choirs as organist, and very frequently is seen assiting to make the entertainments given by fraternal societies not only pleasureable but a success. Whenever called upon in the latter case, he has always responded where it was at all possible for him to do so, at times, too, inconvenient for him. These services have been gratuitous.

Mr. Hoyt is an honored member of several fratenal societies, being a 32nd degree Scotish Rite Mason, a member of the Mystic Shrine, the Elks, the Woodmen, the Red Men and by no means least the Native Sons of Oregon. Of the latter, he is a charter member of Abernethy's Cabin, No. 1, of Portland, and was one of the organizers of the Grand Cabin.

On January 24, 1894, he was united in marriage with Miss Edith M. Neilson, also born in Portland. Her parents were Captain W. W. and Jane Neilson, pioneers of the early fifties. Two children have been born to them, only one of which, a daughter, three years of age, is now living.

W. A. WHEELER.

Among the many native sons born within the present limits of Portland, not many of them saw the light of day prior to the time Mr. Wheeler came upon the stage of action, the date of his birth being March 3, 1852.

His father, Jacob Wheeler, was a pioneer of 1845, and his mother Jemima Jane Wheeler, daughter of the late George and Sarah Wills, of Willsburg, came in 1847. They were married in the spring of 1849, and reared a family of nine children, the subject of this sketch being the second child and eldest son.

Mr. Wheeler received his education in the public schools, the first one was a log cabin affair, and at Pacific University, Forest Grove. Since 1872 he has been engaged almost continuously in the publishing business in this and other states. His first venture in such line was the establishment of the "Forest Grove Independent," which he ran for a time and sold it. The new proprietors removed the plant to Hillsboro, changing the name to "Hillsboro Independent." For several years subsequent to this he was in various sections of this and other states, but finally returned to Portland and again settled down on the old homestead where he has since continued to reside. His present occupation is that of editor and publisher of the "Pacific Odd Fellow," a monthly magazine devoted exclusively to the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, and is the only publication so devoted in the state.

In connection with the publication of his magazine, he conducts a job printing office from which he derives a handsome revenue. He has always been much interested in fra-

ternal societies, and, though he did all he was able to contribute towards their welfare, he never sought to hold office in them. His activity, however, brought about preferment without solicitation, and at times against his wishes. His associates made no mistake, for, in him they found a competent and faithful officer. He is a Past Grand of the Odd Fellows; a P. C. P. of the Encampment, I. O. O. F., a Past Sachem of tne I. O. R. M., and a Past Master of the United Artisans. Besides the societies named, he holds membership in various others, among them the Native Sons of Oregon, being a charter member of Abernethy's Cabin, No. 1, of that order.

The old homestead upon which he was born is now one of the more thickly settled residence portions of the East Side of the river. Mr. Wheeler, however, owns several lots, upon which his home is located, as well as his printing establishment.

His family consists of two sons and one daughter, all of whom are grown, and the eldest son and the daughter are married. Mr. Wheeler is a widower.

HENRY JAGGER CORBETT.

Henry Jagger Corbett was the eldest son of Henry W. and Caroline E. Corbett, the former of whom was a pioneer of 1851 and the latter of 1853. His father is one of the best of Oregon's citizens. He has represented the state in the senate of the United States, is one of her most influential business men, and interested in many of its prominent financial and other enterprises which has and does now, contribute greatly to the welfare of Oregon.

The subject of our sketch was born in Portland, Oregon, on November 6, 1857, and died at Colorado Springs, Colorado, March 2, 1895.

He received his education in the schools of Portland, at Pacific University, Forest Grove, and at Lawrenceville Academy, Lawrenceville, New Jersey. On his return from the East he became connected with the First National Bank of Portland, as one of its officials, remaining with that great financial institution until a short time prior to his death, when he resigned his position.

For some years he was interested in the Portland Academy, and from 1892 to 1895 was one of its Board of Trustees.

He was united in marriage on September 7, 1880, with Miss Helen, daughter of Wm. S. and Caroline A. Ladd, who survives him. The fruits of the union was three sons, Henry Ladd, Elliott Ruggles and Hamilton Forbush. The father of Mrs. Corbett was the well-known banker and philanthropist. He was a pioneer of 1851. He is now deceased. Her mother came to Oregon in 1854. She is still alive and resides at the family home.

Mr. Corbett was in poor health for several years prior to his death, and thinking that the mountain air of Colorado Springs would be beneficial, removed there. He, however, grew worse and the grim reaper cut him down in the prime of life, at the age of 34 years and four months.

RUSSELL E. SEWALL.

Among the young men of the State of Oregon who have, within the past few years, entered the ranks of the legal profession, none have brighter indications of continued success than the above-named gentleman. While industry, energy and ambition are characteristic of him, they are so linked with pleasant word and courteous demeanor, that all who meet him at once become his friends. These qualities, combined with the advantages derived from an excellent education, unusual natural capacities, and high sense of honor, place him to the fore in the ranks of his profession.

Mr. Sewall was born in Portland, Oregon, September 26, 1870. He is a graduate of the High school of that city and of the Law Department of the State University of Oregon. His father, William R. Sewall, came to California in 1853, and to Oregon in 1862. His mother was a Miss L. L. Elgin, to whom his father was married in 1869 at Salem.

In 1898 the Republican party was looking for a candidate who could fill the office of district attorney of the Fourth Judicial district with satisfaction to the taxpayers and public at large, and, though there were many candidates for that responsible position, the office sought the man, the nomination going to Mr. Sewall. On the succeeding election he received one of the largest majorities cast for any one on the ticket. During the time of his incumbency of the trust which he holds, he has made an unenviable reputation as a capable and conscientious public servant, and at no time has he shown a disposition to neglect or diverge from honesty of purpose in the administration of his office. So well satisfied has the public been that he has been chosen a standard-bearer the second time by his party; the result is a foregone conclusion.

Mr. Sewall is an honored member of several fraternities, among them being the Masonic, the Red Men and others. He was also a charter member of Abernethy's Cabin, No. 1, Native Sons of Oregon.

Mr. Sewall's wife was a Miss Maie E. Williams, of The Dalles, daughter of Griffith and Mary Williams, who were among the earlier pioneers to the state. One child, Russell Williams Sewall, now three and a half years old, has been to them.

MISS LILY E. WHITE.

The talented artist whose name forms the caption of this brief sketch, is the daughter of Captain Milton and Nancy M. White. Her father was a pioneer of 1845, and her mother came to Oregon in 1852.

Miss White was born at Oregon City and received her education in the public schools of Portland. Her inclinations being towards art, she went first to San Francisco to study the same, and from there to Chicago to finish her education. Her teachers, who were among the best in the United States, all highly commended her work, and the evidences of her art is to be seen in the many tasteful homes of the city and elsewhere, attest the correctness of their statements in relation to her proficiency. In addition to portrait painting, she acquired a thorough knowledge of photography. The Oregon Camera Club of Portland has had many instructors during its existence, but was never satisfied with those employed to teach its members more about their chosen hobby, until they secured the services of Miss White. All of its members have made great progress under her instructions, and its membership is now rapidly increasing in numbers.

Her father, Captain White, died October 1?, 1891. Her mother resides in Portland, Miss White making her home with her.

REUBEN F. ROBINSON.

Pioneer conditions generally deprive youth of the advantages of "much schooling," but thy develope the qualities of sturdiness and stimulate self-activity so well, that the youth, through his own continued exertions may secure by individual effort the training and mental dicipline which is required for success in any chosen vocation.

An education secured in this way fixes upon youth, habits of industry and self-denial, which are in themselves determining factors in the bringing about of efforts fruition, be it what it may. These facts are well illustrated in the life of Reuben F. Robinson.

Professor Robinson was born in Lane County, December 9, 1861, his parents being Geo. D. and Sarah C. Robinson. His father crossed the plains to California in '49, but came on to Oregon in 1851, settling in Lane County. His mother was a Miss Richardson prior to her marriage to his father, and came across the plains with her parents, Wm. and Sarah Richardson, in 1852. They were married in 1855. In 1865 the family removed to Polk County, remaining there until 1880 when the farm was sold and they removed to Spokane County, Washington. Reuben did not, however, go with them, but entered the La Creole Academy in Dallas, earning his way through school by his own efforts. He had been in school but two years when his teaching abilities were recognized, and from teacher of district school and assistant teacher in the academy, he rapidly rose, through merit, to the position of principal of the academy. He so ably conducted this institution that "an office sought the man," that of county superintendent of schools. While he was the nominee of the republican party, one which he has always been identified with, the large majority given him was evidence that all parties interested in education voted for him. Through his election, he was obliged to resign as principal of the academy, much to the regret of its patrons and directors. At the close of his term of office a renomination was tendered him, but this he declined, preferring to accept the principalship of the Central school and East Portland high school.

Consolidation of the cities taking place, the high school on the East Side was merged into the one on the West Side, and the Central school was utalized as a grammar school. Professor Robinson is now closing his 12th year as principal of this school. He also served as a member of the County Board of Examiners of Multnomah county for five years, and is at present a member of the State Board of Examiners. In 1896-97 he attended the Law Department of the State University and received therefrom the degrqe of LL. B. Though admitted to the bar, it has not been his intention to practice, taking the course only to be better able to understand the principals of law so as to enable him to more ably carry out his school-room work.

The professor belongs to several fraternal societies, in which he is recognized as one of their best members, among them is Clinton Kelly's Cabin, No. 23, Native Sons, of which he is president.

He was recently nominated for the office of school superintendent of schools of Multnomah county, by the republican party, the election to take place in June next. His qualifications eminently fit him for the position, and the schools will be the gainer through his being chosen to fill that office.

The wife of the professor was formerly a Miss Ella E. Hallock, daughter of one of Polk county's early and well-known pioneer families.

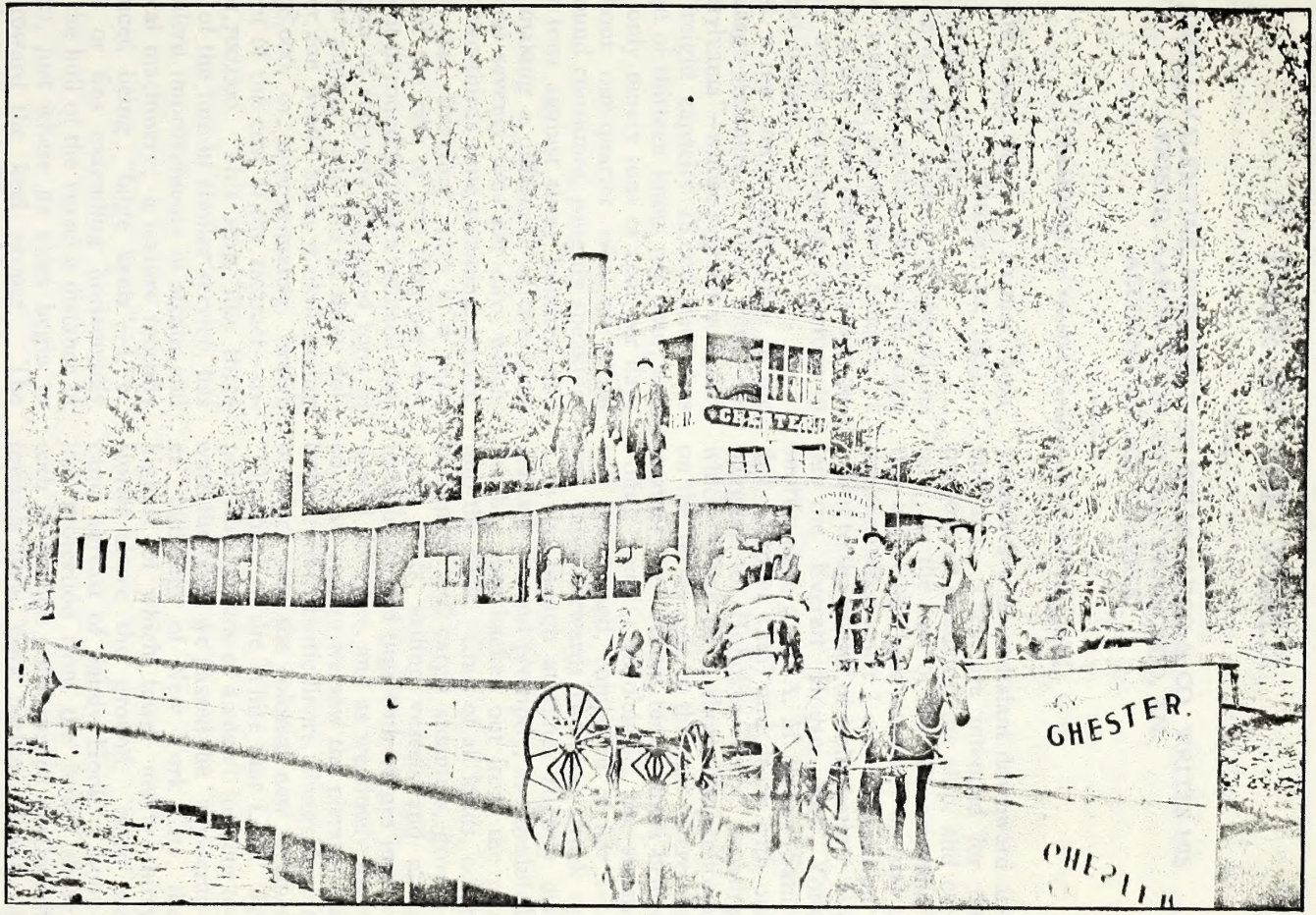
THE PRESS.

Thoughts flit and flutter through the mind,
As o'er the waves the shifting wind;
Trackless and traceless is their flight,
As falling stars of yesternight,
Or the old tide-marks on the shore
Which other tides have rippled o'er.

Yet art, by genius trained and taught,
Arrests, records the fleeting thought,
Stamps on the minutes or the hour
A lasting, an eternal power.
And to mind's passing shadows gives
An influence that forever lives.

But mightiest of the mighty means,
On which the arms of progress leans,
Man's noblest mission to advance,
His woes assuage, his weal enhance,
His rights enforce, his wrongs redress—
Mightiest of mighty—is the press.

Oregon Free Press, Oct. 7, 1848.



A STEAMER THAT RUNS ON A MIST.

A TOUR OF THE WORLD.

JOHN J. VALENTINE, PRESIDENT OF WELLS-FARGO & CO., WRITES HIS FRIEND, AARON STEIN, OF SAN FRANCISCO, AN ACCOUNT OF HIS TRAVELS.

(Published by Special Permission of Mr. Valentine.)

On Board the S. S. Pennsylvania,
October, 14, 1899.

DEAR UNCLE AARON:

While we have nothing of special interest to narrate at this, the initial stage of the voyage across the Atlantic, I thought a few lines relative to our departure would serve as introductory to the next budget.

First, a few words descriptive of the big cargo-steamers: This one—the "Pennsylvania"--whose register is 14,000 tons, freight capacity 18,000 tons—has a speed of thirteen knots per hour, and burns only ninety tons of coal per day; or, about one-quarter what an ocean greyhound consumes, roughly speaking, ninety tons against three hundred and sixty, making a difference of two hundred and seventy tons per day; which, say at two-thirds time steaming service, or for 244 traveling days in a year, would at the rate of 270 tons per day, represent in round figures a reduced consumption of sixty-six thousand tons of coal per annum; and this at three dollars per ton would make a cash saving of $198,000, or, approximately, twelve per cent of the cost of the steamer—to-wit, $1,700,000. This ship,. like three others of the line in similar service, has all modern improvements in steam and electrical machinery; a feature recently introduced being "bilge keels"—i. e., flanges or fins extending horizontally along the hull of the vessel a distance of 300 feet, just where its sides begin to curve toward the keel proper. The ship's bottom, possibly with a view to saving harbor dues by lessening the draft of the vessel, is unusually flat. These flanges or "bilge keels," are about 12 inches wide and slant downward and outward. They are intended for the purpose of steadying the ship, and certainly in the case of the "Pennslyvania" this object has been attained, for she is the smoothest sailer I ever traveled on.

But to the matter of embarkation: We left the Everett House, New York, shortly after 10:30 A. M., today (Saturday, October 14th) and drove with our baggage to Hoboken ferry, crossing which we had but a short distance to go on the Jersey side to the pier where our steamer lay. About ten minutes before sailing hour (1:00 o'clock), the steamer's brass band, composed of her second cabin stewards (waiters) struck up a lively, though at times slightly discordant air, and promptly, as scheduled, the big ship backed out from the pier into the river. Craft of all kinds, ocean passenger and cargo steamers, government boats, sailing vessels and many ferry boats and tugs with barges in tow, dotted the river, and as we slowly moved down stream we saw the piers of the large trans-Atlantic liners, alongside one of which was the colossal new steamer "Oceanic," of the White Star Line. To port (the left side of a vessel, looking toward the bow) we passed the "sky-scraper" buildings of New York City, the highest of which tower nearly thirty stories above the ground. Soon we came abreast of Sandy Hook, a hook-like projection from the Jersey shore, with its barbed point turned northward towards New York harbor. Inside of this anchorage the "Columbia" and "Shamrock" — "skimming dishes" — were moored just off shore, and plainly distinguishable. But for the landmarks

that were passed we were scarcely conscious of any movement, so silently and without perceptible vibration did the huge leviathan glide through the smooth water.

All told, in first and second cabin and steerage, there are probably two hundred passengers on board; though of the first cabin there are not enough to occupy one-half the table and stateroom accommodations for such. At 2:00 P. M. the bugler gave the luncheon call, and we were served with a very acceptable meal, some dishes of which were characteristic of the German culinary art. A glance at the wine-card impressed me with the moderate charges for beverages; for example, the bottle of soda which I ordered was listed at 20 pfennigs, or say 5 cents U. S. currency.

After a very excellent dinner, with good music meanwhile, a smoke and a chat with the Captain, a salt of forty years' nautical seasoning, I "turned in," and so ended our first day.

Shortly after retiring last night we ran into a dense fog. As a result of this, the sleep-disturbing fog-horn automatically tooted every few minutes during the hours from 10:00 P .M., to 3:00 A. M. After that there was "rest for the weary."

At 7:00 o'clock this (Sunday) morning, the band played two pieces of sacred music, stationed first on one side, and then on the other side of the vessel. During the day, at different times, other suitable numbers were rendered; and although the sky was grey, the soothing strains of music and tranquil sea made the day quite enjoyable. With nightfall came a clear sky and bright moonlight.

We have nothing of note to chronicle but report for the forenoon a bright sky and brisk northerly breeze. Everything connected with the conduct of the steamer, from the Captain downward, promises auspiciously. Evidently the ship's agents in New York commended us to the officers, who are according us every consideration. The Captain, with whom we sit at table, is a typical jolly skipper. The passengers are sufficient in number to avoid ennui, but yet not numerous enough to crowd and cause inconvenience. The Captain tells us that during the summer season—May to September, inclusive—the extensive passenger accommodations are "chock-a-block"—a congested condition of humanity which is not conducive to individual comfort.

Another fair day. Temperature cool, but not chilly; sea smooth; latitude about 43 deg. N.; longitude near 52 deg. W. We have passed Cape Race and are running over "The Banks," approximately 1000 miles from New York. As I understand it, "The Banks," several hundred miles in extent from west to east and north to south, are so called from the sandy shoal character of the bed of the sea, and this in turn, I suppose, is due to the wash—moraine—of glacial bodies, and furnishes matter for the fish to feed upon; practically a sandy bottom, as is said to be the case in the North Sea, upon which is based the claim that North Sea fish are of a superior quality. But I have been to few places that such claims are not made. At Honolulu the mullet was alleged to be extra good—but as served at the Hawaiian Hotel, it was not to my notion all that was claimed for it.

One day goes as another. Weather still mild, and sea comparatively calm. We are now in the sweep of the Gulf Stream, which somewhat tempers the atmosphere. Up to this date (the 21st, P. M.) we have traveled some 2,100 miles eastward. As we make the entry, the musical "talent" amongst the passengers are practicing for a concert tonight, and a young gentleman has just sung, "The Holy City"—"Geerusalem! Gee-rusalem!! Gee-rusalem!!!"

Last night's entertainment, which was made up of recitations, vocal and instrumental music, interspersed with selections by the ship's orchestra, was quite an enjoyable diversion. The program terminated with a cake-walk.

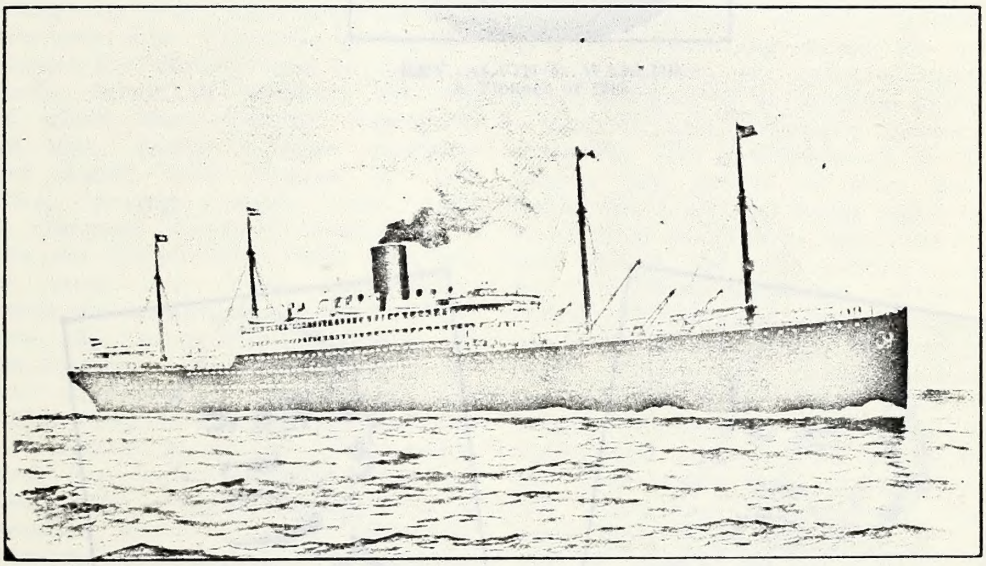
We are nearing Plymouth, our first port, and expect to land a number of passengers there tomorrow, Tuesday, morning. On that occasion these notes will be mailed. We expect to pass the

Scilly Islands, a little group of three, ninety miles west of Plymouth, this evening. With good wishes to all we start this budget to its destination

At Plymouth (England), we passed over to the tender, early this morning, a very considerable mail, including a budget for you. The English newspapers received here today tell us of the defeat of the "Shamrock," and report severe fighting in the Transvaal, but beyond mention of the yacht races they contain nothing of interest particularly relating to the United States. After about two hours' stay at Plymouth we again put to sea. Before 6:00 o'clock Eddystone Light was passed; and now we are on our way to Hamburg. The sea, as hitherto, continues smooth, but the approach toward land is marked by a lower temperature. At this writing we have steamed up to the Isle of Wight, the outline of which can be seen through the haze.

For a moment I will digress to say that, after we are once more ashore and there engaged in sight-seeing, we may not write in so much extenso as we have done on ship board, where reading and writing were my chief resources for disposing of time.

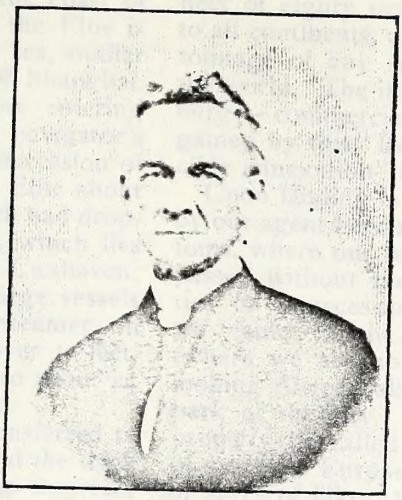
From 9:00 to 10:00 o'clock last night, we ran through successive fog banks, and the presence of many shipping craft was plainly and uncomfortably indicated by the number of variously-pitched marine whistles, above the din of which rose the wailing shrieks of a "Siren." After that hour, it having become clear again, we saw the town lights of Folkestone, and by midnight were in the Straits of Dover, whence the many lights of the City of Dover and the flashes of the electric beacon at Calais, France, were clearly visible. Early this morning the new steamer "Kaiser Frederick," which sailed three days after we did, hove in sight, and by 9:00 o'clock overtook us. At the present hour (noon) the weather is still fair, sky bright and sea smooth, and D. V., we shall reach Cuxhaven tomorrow morning; thence we take tender up the Elbe, to Hamburg.



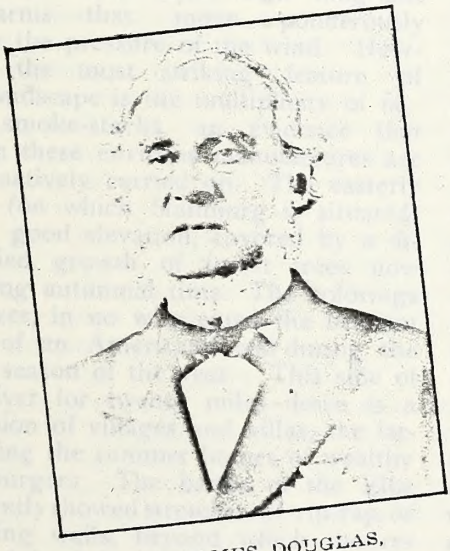
S. S. PENNSYLVANIA.

Hamburg, Oct. 29, 1899.

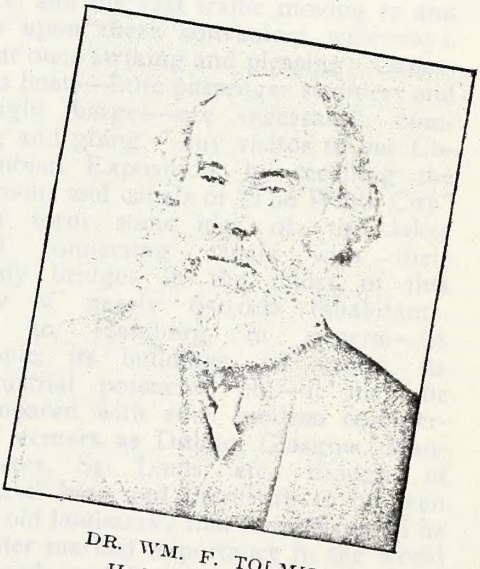
Our last notes were jotted down on the



REV. ALVIN F. WALLER.
A Pioneer of 1840.



SIR JAMES DOUGLAS,
Hudson's Bay Co.



DR. WM. F. TOLMIE,
Hudson's Bay Co.

the 25th, as we ran along the coast of Holland. The approach to the Elbe is over a long reach of shallow sea, similar to that of the China Sea, off Shanghai. For seventy-five miles before entering the channel of the river the navigator's course is marked out by a succession of lightships. We entered the Elbe about 4:00 A. M., and at 8:00 o'clock had dropped anchor at Brunshausen, which lies further up the stream than Cuxhaven; at which latter place most large vessels have to be lightened. Our steamer, on arriving there was drawing over 31 feet, and required to be lightened to about 24 feet 'ere coming to Hamburg.

At 9:00 A. M. we were transferred to a large tug-tender and reached the dock two hours later. The ride up the river showed the westerly bank to be a low sandy stretch of meadows the soil of which was evidently impregnated with alkali. These meadows are dotted with clumps of willows, among which are seen, at frequent intervals, windmills of the old Dutch style, with long fans or arms that move ponderously under the pressure of the wind. However, the most striking feature of the landscape is the multiplicity of factory smoke-stacks, an evidence that within these environs manufactures are very actively carried on. The easterly bank (on which Hamburg is situated) has a good elevation, covered by a diversified growth of forest trees now showing autumnal tints. The colorings however, in no wise equal the brilliant hues of an American forest during the same season of the year. This side of the river for twenty miles down is a sucession of villages and villas, the latter being the summer homes of wealthy Hamburgers. The banks of the Elbe frequently showed stretches of rip-rap, or retaining walls, beyond which the reclaimed land is highly cultivated. The river itself was alive with shipping craft of all kinds, indicating the diversified character of the traffic of Hamburg, the largest commercial center of Germany. Here I may state that the Hamburg-American Packet Co., having a fleet of eighty ocean steamers running to all continents, utilizes the largest ship tonnage of any steamship company in the world. The immense trade of Hamburg — commercial expansion — was gained by this "free city" without "forcible annexation" of tropical islands.

Upon landing in the city we were met by our agent here and driven to the Customs, where our baggage was promptly passed without the slightest technicalities or unnecessary scrutiny. Thence we came to the Hotel de l'Europe (where we are now sojourning), overlooking Alster Lake, the beautiful water park of the city. Hamburg may very properly be called one of the Venices of northern Europe, for it has hundreds of acres of lakes, that in turn are connected by miles and miles of canals, which are spanned by countless bridges —some of them particularly handsome structures. The combination of fine residences and groves of trees which border the lakes, the swans and other water fowls which skim upon their surface, and the vast traffic moving to and fro upon these convenient waterways, is at once striking and pleasing. Countless boats—little passenger steamers and freight barges—are incessantly coming and going. Any visitor to our Columbian Exposition, by recalling the lagoons and canals of "The White City" can form some idea of the lakes and connecting canals with their many bridges in the midst of this city of nearly 650,000 inhabitants. As to Hamburg in general—its people, its buildings, its streets, its industrial potencies, etc.—it may be compared with such modern commercial centers as Dublin, Glasgow, Manchester, St. Louis, etc., though, of course, here and there are to be seen the old landmarks that remind one of its earlier marked importance in the world of trade and finance. The modern appearance of its commercial buildings is doubtless due largely to the great fire of 1842.

Before speaking of it politically I shall refer briefly to its early history: In the 11th and 12th centuries the growing

commercial activity of the cities of northern Europe was greatly hampered by the disorder and insecurity which prevailed throughout the continent. To protect themselves against robbery and piracy these cities formed leagues for mutual defense, which in 1360 culminated in the establishment of the Hanseatic League, from which year the political power of that celebrated organization dates. Originally it comprised eighty-five towns, all of which assumed to exercise sovereign power. This awakened the jealousy of other cities and of reigning monarchs, and with what followed by withdrawals and revocations of charters by kings the league weakened, and about the middle of the 17th century it was formally dissolved. As the offspring of the Hanseatic League and once prominent members of it, there remain at this day the three city-republics ("free cities") of Hamburg, Bremen and Lubeck. They each continue to exercise sovereign power in all that relates to their local affairs. Each city has an upper and a lower house; at the head of the former stands the Burgomaster, or mayor, and as head of the latter there is a representative whose position corresponds to that of our "Speaker" in the lower House of Congress. These cities are represented in the Reichstag, and have equal voice with any other member of the imperial federation at Berlin. In their local government the members of the Upper House (or senate) hold office for life; while those of the Lower House (the "Burgerschaft") are elected by the people for six years.

LUBECK

As that old city is only an hour's distance by fast train from Hamburg, we spent a day there. It is situated on the River Trave, a few miles from the Ost (East) Sea, as the Germans call the Baltic. It has a history of a thousand years, but is of little concern to us, and its medieval status is sufficiently indicated by the sketch of Hamburg. Its present population is said to consist of 70,000 clean, tidy, comely people—terms which fitly describe the city itself. One of its chief antique features is St. Mary's church—Catholic before the Reformation, Protestant since—a grotesque detail of which is part of the mural decoration to one of the inner vestibules—a sort of all-hands-round procession of Popes, Cardinals, Bishops, Priests, Emperors, Kings, Princes, Dukes, etc., and people of every walk of life, with a grinning skeleton clinging to the arm of each. 'Tis a gruesome subject, gruesomely treated. And this is Holbein's famous "Dance of Death." In point of antiquity the Rathshouse comes next, and is well worth a visit. Then Shipmasters' Guild Hall, 1535. Friedenhagen's study, elaborately decorated in carved oak, with many panels of chiselled alabaster, etc., is in a building a few doors beyond. A modern structure is the Museum. The contents are similar to all good collections. An amusing feature of the collection are the paintings representing Napoleon's taking of the city, in 1806—evidently done by a special artist on the spot. The drawing, colors, and execution of these paintings are not greatly dissimilar to those of a Sioux Indian's delineations on the tanned side of a buffalo robe.

From Hamburg we visited Bremen, and Friederichsruh, as well as Lubeck, and I expected to make some general observations thereon, but have been prevented from doing so. During the past two days (November 3d and 4th) we enjoyed glimpses of Kiel, Schleswig, and Flensburg—all these in Schleswig-Holstein. Again I have been too constantly occupied getting around and viewing these interesting Old-World localities to find space for jotting down impressions.

♣

Christiania, Norway, Nov. 8, 1899.

My last budget, signed at Flensburg, Germany, the 4th, was but a hasty and very imperfect outline of the much we had seen in the ten days it covered—hence I will recur here to some things connected with Germany.

We visited the docks in Hamburg; and, utilizing a tug, made the circuit of the harbor. The activity of that mart is something astonishing—the number and

variety of floating craft constitute a bewildering maze to a visitor from other lands. While on this feature I will call attention to the magnitude of Western Europe's (Nor' sea ports) ocean steam marine. First, the French line from Havre; second, the Red Star line—Netherlands—from Antwerp; third, the Holland-American line from Rotterdam; fourth, the North German Lloyd line from Bremen and Bremershaven; fifth, the Hamburg-American line from Hamburg and Cuxhaven; and sixth, the Danish United line from Copenhagen. The latter company has a fleet of 120 steam vesels sailing the seas over.

From Hamburg we visited Bremen, and through the kindness of friends there were shown most features of special interest to visitors, but we have not the time to record a tithe of the many interesting things observed day after day. However I must mention one notable instance of reckless extravagance indulged in. The "Rathskeller" (municipal cellar) of Bremen contains "butts" or hogsheads of Rheinwein (Rhudesheimer) stored there since away back in 1653—and the custodian furnishes an official estimate of the appreciation in value of said wine, at stated intervals, on the basis of allowing for accrued interest on original cost. Here is the document itself in plain English:

Rose Wine in the "Rathskeller" of Bremen.

A calculation of the value of Rudesheimer stored there since 1653, (on basis of 3 decimals).

In the year 1653 the cost price for "ein stuck" Rhein wine (288 gallons) was Goldthaler 300 ($229.17 about). At the expiration of five years, that is in 1658, the price for the same, calculated with 10 per cent compound interest (being 5 per cent interest and 5 per cent leakage), Goldthaler 483. After the year 1658, allowing only 7½ per cent compound interest (5 per cent interest and 2½ per cent for leakage), the cost price of the same quantity of this wine would be:

In the year 1708	Goldthaler....	17,968
In the year 1758	Goldthaler....	668,243
In the year 1808	Goldthaler....	24,851,913
In the year 1858	Goldthaler....	924,240,000
In the year 1868	Goldthaler....	1,904,889,400
In the year 1878	Goldthaler....	3,926,040,500
In the year 1888	Goldthaler....	8,091,700,000
In the year 1898	Goldthaler....	16,677,264,000

In Marks, 55,392,341,000—Goldthaler 28—Mark, 93.

The present value, in the year 1898, would be for:

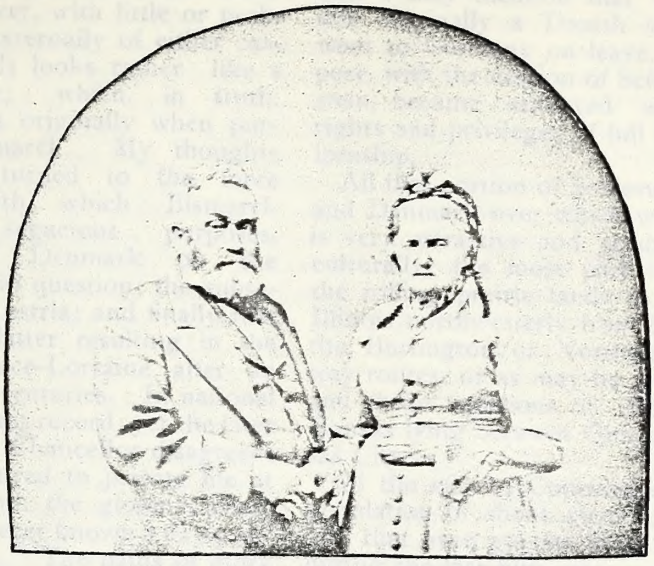
		—Marks.—
1	Stuck (8 Ohm).....	55,392,341,000
1	Ohm	6,924,042,625
¼	Ohm (45 bottles)	1,731,010,656
1	bottle (8 glasses)	38,466,903
1	glass (1000 drops).....	4,808,362
1	drop	4,808

Bremen, 1898.

Of this precious nectar I imbibed, say, half an ounce. As there are 20 minims per scruple, three scruples per dram, and eight drams per ounce, I disposed of say 240 minims or drops. As the official estimate rates it at 4,808 marks per drop, I figure these 240 drops to represent 1,153,920 marks swallowed at one gulp. And what shall I say of this priceless nectar? It is possibly as palatable as poor vinegar, but by no means so good as hard cider.

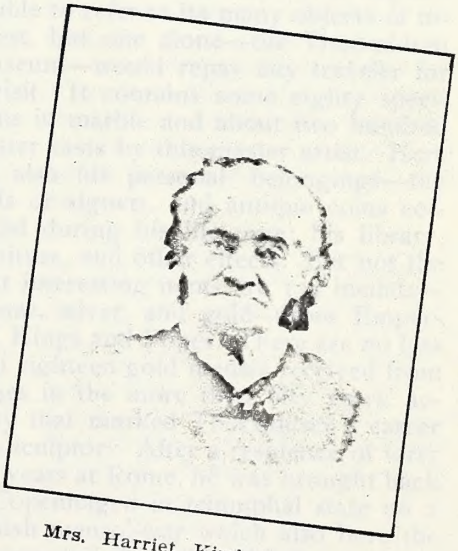
I may mention also that the commercial activity and steamship enterprise of the North German Lloyd Steamship Company, whose vessels run to and from this port, is similar to that of the Hamburg-American Company, already referred to in my last letter; and there is a similarity to Hamburg in public improvements such as urban parks, lakes, etc. Referring to two of the public monuments here—one of them a colossal statue of Gustavus Adolphus, is striking and characteristic, suggesting the dash and vigor of the man as he swept down from the North to aid struggling Protestant Germany. Of the other, a more modern production — the equestrian statue of Emperor William I, The Great —I have no words of commendation, being heavy and expressionless in almost every particular.

It is an easy transition from Emperor William to Prince Bismarck, whose "Castle" at Friederichsruh, we paid a visit, and, by the courtesy of Count Herbert Bismarck's secretary, were admitted to the grounds and mausoleum—the latter recently erected to the "Iron Chancellor." The village of Friederichsruh is small and devoid of interest, and the so-called "Castle" is an aggregation



Mr. and Mrs. Wm. D. Canfield,
Pioneers of 1847.

Mrs. Mary Sanders-Husted,
A Pioneer of 1847.



Mrs. Harriet Kimball-Jewett,
A Pioneer of 1847.

WHITMAN MASSACRE SURVIVORS

of plain and unpretentions brick buildings plastered over, with little or nothing suggestive externally of either castle or palace. It looks rather like a boarding house; which, in truth, the building was originally when purchased by Bismarck. My thoughts here naturally turned to the force and ability with which Bismarck achieved his sagacious purposes. The defeat of Denmark on the Schleswig-Holstein question; the subsequent defeat of Austria; and finally that of France; the latter resulting in the recovery of Alsace-Lorraine after an alienation of two centuries. In national affairs this is a great record; yet the later Emperor and the Chancellor disagreed; and the latter retired to private life at Friederichsruh with the gloomy assertion that he had never known a day's unalloyed happiness. "The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

Leaving Hamburg for our northern journey we stopped, as already mentioned, at Kiel, Schleswig and Flensburg, in Holstein, ere proceeding to Copenhagen, which city we reached by crossing over from Fredericia on the mainland (jutland) to Strib, on the island of Fune, and from the easternmost extremity at Nyborg we again ferried over to Korsor, some fifteen miles distant on the island of Seeland; thence by rail to Copenhagen on the east shore of Seeland.

Returning for a moment to Schleswig Holstein, undoubtedly one of the impelling motives to the acquisition of that duchy was the importance to Germany of a ship canal between the Baltic and the Elbe, and the assurance to Germany of such ports as Lubeck, Kiel, Schleswig, and Flensburg, etc. The death (about 1863) of the King of Denmark, who held Schleswig Holstein the same as in years gone Hanover had been held for England, afforded Bismarck comparatively cogent and plausible reasons for his course. The three chief actors, William I, Bismarck, and Von Moltke, are all dead and gone; but the Danish King with whom they warred still lives and reigns. By the way, in this connection I may mention that Von Moltke was originally a Danish soldier, who went to Germany on leave, and I suppose, with the cession of Schleswig-Holstein, became endowed with all the rights and privileges of full German citizenship.

All that portion of Schleswig-Holstein and Denmark over which we journeyed is very attractive and productive, agriculturally; the most part looking like the rolling prairie lands to be seen in Illinois northwesterly from Chicago, on the Burlington or Northwestern Railway routes; or as may be seen in Iowa, and those portions of Nebraska and Kansas lying between Omaha and Kansas City.

Of the city of Copenhagen, with its population of about 450,000, it may be said that over 350,000 have been added during the last fifty years, within which period its great commercial growth has taken place. In 1849, constitutional rights were demanded and obtained by the people. The general aspects of Copenhagen are in the highest degree attractive—commercially and economically, politicially and socially. It is impracticable to refer to its many objects of interest, but one alone—the Thorvaldsen Museum—would repay any traveler for a visit. It contains some eighty specimens in marble and about two hundred plaster casts by this master artist. Here are also his personal belongings—the seals or signets, and antique coins collected during his life time; his library, furniture, and other effects. But not the least interesting items are 134 medals—bronze, silver, and gold—from Emperors, Kings and Popes. There are no less than eighteen gold medals received from Popes in the more than fifty years' activity that marked Thorvaldsen's career as a sculptor. After a residence of forty odd years at Rome, he was brought back to Copenhagen in triumphal state on a Danish man-o'-war which also bore the statuary and the personal belongings already referred to.

As of current interest I may mention the opera house, a massive and becoming structure with a large auditorium in-

cluding four galleries, all of which I had the good fortune to see filled by an audience that apparently in point of intelligence, dress and good breeding would rank with any in the world, and this was on a Sunday evening. At 4:00 o'clock P. M., of the same day, I attended the "Circus Varieties," a large amphitheater, presenting an entertainment similar to that of the Orpheum in San Francisco or Los Angeles, or Keith's, in Boston or New York. Previously I had lunched at one of the most popular restaurants, frequented by the notables of the city. In the forenoon I visited the Church of Our Lady, one of the oldest and most impressive structures in the city. After the opera, I said to my courier, an intelligent and well-bred man, educated,—"Do these people who attend the opera and "Circus Varieties"—all go to church in the forenoon?" to which he replied that Copenhagen people are not very devoted church-goers.

I have already indicated the commercial importance of Copenhagen by mention of the Danish United Steamship Co. running a fleet of 120 ocean steamers. The regular packets of Denmark go out of the Baltic from Copenhagen via Goteborg and even up to Christiania, thence south or west, via Christiansand, the extreme southerly port of Norway, from which no less than eight steamship lines diverge, to Hamburg, Antwerp, Leith, Hull, London, Grangemouth, New York, etc. A curious circumstance connected with the trade of Denmark is that corn is brought from the United States to fatten hogs, and the cured bacon shipped to South American ports. England with a milder climate and more fertile soil, is one of Denmark's largest customers for poultry, eggs, butter, and other dairy products.

Possibly a brief reference to the two "castles" near the city of Copenhagen may be acceptable. The elder one, Fredericksborg, dating from 1630, is in a state of perfect restoration, and is now used as a museum, containing pictorial mural work illustrating the development of Scandinavian civilization, along with the portraits, armor, furniture, etc., of past generations. The other so-called castle—more properly palace—is at Fredensborg, and was built in 1720 to commemorate, as it were, the peace between Denmark and Sweden. Leaving Copenhagen we traveled due north over the island of Seeland, to a point some thirty miles distant, where we crossed another arm of the sea to reach the mainland of the Scandinavian peninsula. In doing this we passed Helsingor the "Elsinore" of Shakespeare's "Hamlet." In driving by carriage, as we had that afternoon between Fredericksborg and Fredensborg, our way lay through splendid forests of birch and oak, and I thought of the exchange of compliments between Hamlet and Horatio about the "eager and the nipping air" while on the watch to see the kingly ghost appear on his solemn march, but our courier disposed of this romantic trend of mind by sententiously remarking, "Hamlet did not exist." Passing on from Elsinore to Goteborg we came down to more modern and prosiac times. The founding of this thriving city, some 100,000 people, possibly dates back several centuries, but, like Copenhagen, Hamburg and Bremen, its great growth has been within the present generation. From this point a canal of about 350 miles cuts across Sweden to Stockholm, reaching in its course an elevation of nearly 400 feet, which is overcome by a succession of locks.

The general appearance to a traveler by rail of Denmark, Sweden and Norway, is very prepossessing. The people are tidy-looking without exception; and if there be no multi-millionaires in these parts, there is no poverty, in the sense of destitution, apparent to the tourist—on the contrary, everything indicates a condition of wholesome thrift and comfort. I confess to my surprise at the mildness of the climate and the variety of foreign farm products flourishing here. For example, in Norway at 60 degrees north latitude, we found excellent apples and pears of home raising, and such vegetables as sweet carrots, cauliflower, cel-

ery, turnips, beets, etc.—all, in my opinion, equally as good as those of California. In season, green peas, beans, strawberries and other small fruits and vegetables abound. As to the temperature: So far in our journeyings from Hamburg to Christiania we have not experienced any weather colder than we encountered at Bar Harbor, Me., the second week in September, and in New York the first week of October.

As to the eating houses and cooking: The food is invariably good; not always the kind that foreigners are used to, but always good. I have yet to taste poor coffee since sailing from New York, October 14th; and bread is invariably good. The railway cars are after the English style, though the accommodations are better than were those of Great Britain or Southwestern Europe, when I last traveled there. They are lighted by incandescent lamps, and heated by steam —temperature and ventilation subject to regulation by convenient appliances within easy reach of the traveler. As to train service: We have found the railway employes invariably courteous and painstaking in their duties and attention to the comfort of passengers. All conveniences to be had in the United States are found in the cars of North Germany and Scandinavia—not so lavish or elaborate, yet everything that is necessary, and some Americans might even prefer the style of sleeping-car which is similar to that known in the United States as the Mann Boudoir car.

Owing to our very brief stay at different points and the inconvenience and mental abstraction sure to be occasioned by attempting, when sight-seeing, to jot down notes on the spot, our budgets thus far have lacked somewhat in regular continuity, which probably those to follow may also lack.

Our journey from Goteborg, Sweden, to Christiania, Norway, was made under most favorable circumstances. The day was fair and the atmosphere mild, affording an excellent opportunity for observing the country, which had presented a practically uninterrupted agricultural aspect up to Goteborg, and continued so for some distance north of it; but upon nearing the frontier appearances changed to what we have been wont to think of as the "rock-bound coast of Norway" —fewer farms, frequent rocky tracts, and more forests coming into view. In general birch, maple, oak, mountain ash, as well as pine fir and larch or tamarack, were visible, though the firs along the line of the railroad were not large as compared with American timber of the same variety—particularly Pacific Coast pine and fir. I noticed during the afternoon four saw mills close by the railroad, and they were turning out good lumber from timber cut near contiguous lakes or streams, whose waters I noticed had an amber tinge, indicating that hemlock grew in the forests along their banks.

The atmosphere at this time was brilliant, and up to five o'clock P. M., we had passed three inlets or fjords, all strikingly beautiful in their picturesqueness and each having a thriving town situated at the head of navigation, fronting on bays literally alive with trading craft. These vessels for the most part, were probably engaged in transporting lumber; but a number of electrically lighted manufacturing plants on shore indicated the presence of other industries besides lumbering. All these factories showed unmistakable signs of recent origin. Approaching night shut off further observations, and at 7:55 we reached Christiania. The following morning, the weather being propitious, we began early to take in the city; and here again the modern appearance of the place impressed us. A little German guide-book indicated that the population of Christiania has grown from 25,000 in the fifties to about 200,000 at the present time, and its general appearance confirms the statement. The excavations of the hills and the presence of whole blocks of solidly constructed handsome, symmetrical, modern buildings, give ample proof of the rapid growth of the city. We were told that during the present year 800 new buildings have been

erected, or are now in course of erection; and their architectural appearance is without exception effective and harmonious.

The public buildings (especially the palace of King Oscar II), are well situated and grand in general outline. From the top of the palace, from the tower of the water reservoir on St. John's Hill, and also from the old fortress, we had a fine view of the city. The waterways winding about in these Scandinavian cities give them a special charm. The retaining walls between which they flow, all of massive well-finished masonry, present a neat and attractive appearance, in no wise resembling the ragged, soiled and unkempt facings of the wharves or quays of most American seaport cities. The statutes, too, in the little public squares and parks adorning the city are not the least of its attractions; for, in the main, they are highly meritorious. The equestrian statue of John Charles Bernadotte, one of Napoleon's "Marshalls of France," graces the open plaza in front of the royal palace, situated on a commanding eminence overlooking a fine, broad avenue called John Charles street.

And here a few words regarding Bernadotte. It will be remembered that after the political upheavals of the French Revolution, Bernadotte, a Frenchman by birth, was one of the many men whom Napoleon singled out for preferment in the army and eventually helped to a throne. The reigning King of Sweden, Charles XIII, being without a lineal successor, the Swedish Diet, at the King's suggestion and in recognition of the superior valor and wisdom of the man, elected Bernadotte as Crown Prince and heir to the throne (1810), whereupon, with Napoleon's consent, he accepted the proffered honor, and at once became the active colleague of Charles in administering the government; and on the death of that monarch (1816) succeeded to the crown, under the title of Charles XIV. He reigned for twenty-six years, when he died (1844), and was succeeded by his son, Oscar I; who in turn was followed by his own son, Charles XV (1859). The latter died after a brief reign of thirteen years, leaving the throne to his brother, Oscar II (1872), who now occupies it with great ability and credit. I believe it is a fact that of all the kingly arrangements contrived or connived at by Napoleon that of Sweden and Norway alone remains in the same dynastic line which was thus established.

Christiania, like Copenhagen, has all the notable features of interest inseparable from a European capital—the royal palace, state university, national museum, grand opera house, medieval churches, etc., etc., each of which is worth a visit, on account of the many interesting objects it contains. In this category I will mention but one—the old Viking ship, discovered by chance a few years ago in a clay bank on the Norway coast not far from Christiania. This genuine relic, in complete form, has been set up on stocks, under a shed in the University grounds, and all its belongings, sailing equipments, cooking utensils, and even the bones of its owner and master—are there for the inspection of the curious. The vessel is eighty feet long, with a sixteen feet beam. A counterpart of it was constructed and exhibited at the Chicago Exposition of 1893. A full description of the original is impracticable in a letter, as may be inferred from the fact that one published by a professor of the Christiania University occupies no less than fourteen 8vo pages. The beholder, in looking over this sturdy specimen of boat building of a thousand years ago, can very readily understand that Lief Ericsson, or any other bold Viking rover, could easily have made a voyage to America in such a craft, as history claims was done.

The through trains between Christiania and Stockholm being run only at night we were prevented from seeing the country lying between the two cities, but were told that it is largely sterile, with much rocky and water surface, and forests such as have already been mentioned herein. We reached Stockholm at 7:00 A.M., and devoted two days to that city and its environs, and feel justified in say-

ing that it is one of the most beautiful capitals in the world. The city is built on seven islands (holms)—and thereby hangs a tale. The story goes that in days of old, when the capital of Sweden was in the interior, Birger Jarl, a Swedish chieftain, believing that the capital should be a seaport city, threw a stock (stick) of wood into one of the fjords, declaring as he did so that wherever it might wash ashore there should be located the capital. The stick went ashore at the seven islands; hence the founding of Stockholm, attributed to him.

It is impossible to enter into details, but probably the chief object of interest in the city is the Church of Ridderholmen, in which ordinary religious services are no longer held. Many notables have been laid to rest within its sacred walls, but now only the remains of royalty are placed there. In it are to be found the tombs of Gustavus Adolphus, Charles XII, Charles XIV (Bernadotte), and many others—the three of special eminence referred to occupying transepts on the main floor. The massive red granite sarcophagus in which lie the remains of Bernadotte, hewn as it is out of one solid block, is if anything more imposing than that of Napoleon in the Hotel des Invalides, Paris. The royal palace, containing four hundred and eighty rooms, is regal; but what interested me more was the Swedish Museum, particularly its collections of implements, utensils, etc., of the Stone Age. The Stockholm and Copenhagen collections of this kind are said to equal any in the world, and they are certainly by far the finest I have ever seen. The variety and finish of all sorts of stone utensils, implements, weapons, ornaments etc., is most impressive. Next to this in interest is a museum (or "cyclorama," an exhibition viewed form the center of a circular area) which is by far the best arrangement and presentation of a bird and animal collection I have ever met with anywhere.

As already stated regarding Christiania, not the least of the numerous attractive features of Stockholm are the usually fine and meritorious statues. Taking them in chronological order I will name Birger Jarl, founder of Stockholm; Gustav Wasa (or Vasa), liberator of Sweden; Gustavus Adolphus, the hero of the thirty years' war, and Charles XII, the intrepid warrior and adversary of Peter the Great of Russia; and Charles XIV (Bernadotte). Also Linnaeus, the famous botanist; Berzelius, the renowned chemist; Nils Ericsson, railroad constructor and brother of John Ericsson, of American Monitor fame. One of two exceptionally good groups of statuary in bronze is found adjoining the museum—The Wrestlers, by Molin—two athletic youths, rival lovers, lashed to each other by a sash encircling both, and engaged in a fierce and deadly struggle. The pedestal supporting this impressive spectacle is of granite, upon each of the four sides of which is a sculptured panel in bas relief; three of these are in bronze and tell the story of the ill-starred lovers, while the fourth, as it suggestive of the main design, is a reproduction from an old Norse tombstone carved upon the granite itself, rudely representing two figures similarly posed in a death struggle, and a kneeling maiden, grief-stricken over her anticipated loss. The second group is a fountain in one of the Squares, the series of figures composing it being very perfect in form and finish.

However, this budget is already too long, and I will end it by reiterating that Stockholm, on its seven islands and with its innumerable waterways, is one of the most charming and interesting cities I have yet visited. It has approximately 300,000 people, about four-fifths of that number being the growth of the last fifty years.

Jno. J. Valentine

THE LEGEND OF CHIN-TIM-I-NI.

HOW CHIN-TIM-I-NI CAME TO BE THE ANCIENT NAME OF MARY'S PEAK.

By John B. Horner, A. M. Litt. D.

A thousand snows have fallen, and the hills have blossomed again and again since lived the Indian maiden Chintimini. This mysterious personage was one of a tribe that inhabited the tributaries of the Yaquina and hunted far south of the Alsea. The people who were tall, and lived principally by the chase, despised the low clam-diggers whose hatred they had wantonly provoked.

The tribe was but a handful; so to protect themselves against their foes, the women and the men went alike to war; and it is said that the presence of woman in these conflicts fired the warriors to such courage and deeds of daring that they never lost a battle. These were the Spartans of the ancient coast nations.

After many desperate, but futile efforts to conquer them, the neighboring tribes, who had long been at the mercy of these heroes, formed an alliance to exterminate the little nation.

Warriors danced until the night became hideous, while preparations were being made for the onslaught. Chintimini, who knew these things, told her people; but the chiefs would not believe her. When, however, the pursuers fell upon her surprised tribe, killing many of the bravest, the maiden stood out in the midst of the battle, like Joan of Arc, and turned defeat into victory. At the close of the day, she addressed her warriors thus: "Many of our braves have fallen. These we honor, for they were not cowards; others have only disappeared to join us in the night when the moon shall rise. Then there will be no women, for we are men in battle." With one voice her people said: "O, wise Chintimini, the sun-god hath touched thy shield. We will wait till then that we may meet the foe."

A messenger came from the greatest sachem of the opposing nations promising protection to the tribe if only the beautiful Chintimini would give her hand in marriage. But his offer was spurned, for he was at heart an enemy to her people; and the messenger departed unmolested and unrewarded to his chieftain.

When darkness hovered over the mountain retreat, and the missing warriors returned, Chintimini said: "I will go upon yonder mountain and direct you with a great cloud of smoke by day and with fire by night, that you may escape the enemy until they weary of the pursuit and return to their land down beside the sea."

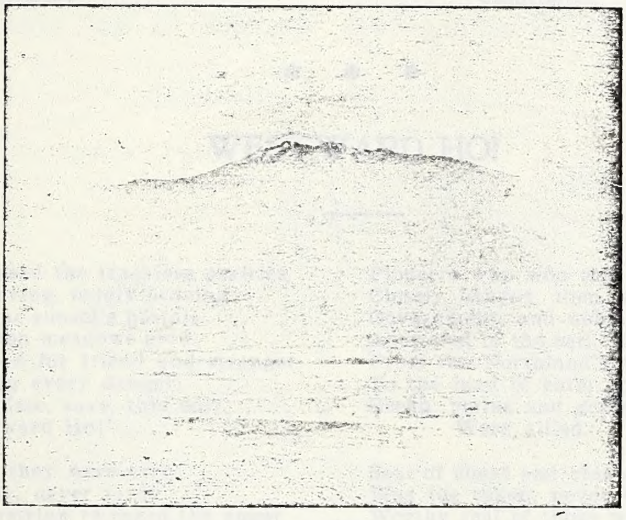
The tribe obeyed the mystic wand upon the mountain height, and when the sun was hid and the moon had gone down into the waters and all was darkness the lone light directed them hither and thither between the enemy's lines. The alarm was given by the scouts, and both pursuing tribes coming from opposite directions appeared on the scene at the same time, and mistaking each other for the pursued, gave terrible battle midst the darkness of that awful night. Chiefs fell upon chiefs; and warriors yelling like demons were speared to death by their own allies, for their weapons had turned traitors. Thus carnage went on until the bravest of two nations lay, the dead and the wounded side by side, and many was the warrior who died and never knew the slaughter of that night.

Were Chintimini's people in the struggle? No! Just at the vital moment the queen from her mountain

height had directed them by a zig-zag route into a dense forest where they remained out of danger till the approaching dawn. Witnessing the evidences of carnage, they fell upon the vanquished; and the enemies perished in a day. The wisdom of Chintimini was the secret of victory; and the victory was such that no nation ever molested her people again.

The enemies were slain; peace was restored; and rejoicing begun; but where was Chintimini who kept her watch by day and by night from the mountain top. Warriors brave, warriors true, sought her; but they sought in vain. Suns and moons and snows went by, but they never found the maid again. Some said her shield took wings, and that she floated down to the great waters to guard the sea banks; others, that she went into a mountain cave, taking with her the deadliest weapons of her enemies; others believed she perished from long fatigue while sentinel for her oppressed people; while others said she was a goddess, and that at the close of the battle they saw her spirit ride away on a white curling cloud. Then silence reigned; and the oldest chief of the tribe spoke, saying: "We can build no funeral pile that will rise like her wisdom and valor which reach the heavens; so we will name the mountain Chintimini to remind our children that wisdom in battle is more precious than spears and shields and arrows.

Since then the white man came and named the mountain Mary's peak, in honor of one of his own people; but so long as the memory of the heroine and the valor of her people have been recited, the sons and daughters of the primeval forest have called the mountain Chintimini in memory of the Indian maiden who rose grandly above her environments, and, like a goddess, rescued her nation from untimely destruction.



This legend has also been told in verse, by one of our Native Sons, and in a manner worthy of space on historic page. It is as follows:

CHIN-TIM-I-NI.

Sentinel for untold years!
Silent Peak that, tow'ring, hears
The mystic music of the spheres,
Chintimini.

Guarding there for human weal,
Lurid lightning bolts reveal
Thy smile when leaping thunders peal,
Chintimini.

Sentinel, thy age-lit ken
Compasses the mighty span
Since God wrought universe for man,
Chintimini.

Summited in snowy sheen,
Garmented in living green—
Thy robing's craft of Hand unseen,
Chintimini.

Towering to meet the stars,
Helmeted in sun-made bars,
You baffle Time, and scorn his scars.
Chintimini.

Spartan-like, rock-girt and grand—
Silent, massive, stern you stand
And guard the pass, 'tween sea and land,
Chintimini.

Standing, loft on mountain wall,
Near to God, and watching all.—
Thou bidest time till mountains fall,
Chintimini.

Watching still, hough tempest-torn,
Watching still, though struggle-worn;
Thou'lt watch till resurrection morn,
Chintimini.

Silent let thy ward go on;
Steadfast now as when begun,
Thou'lt duty do till time is done,
Chintimini.

Sentinel, oh would that men
Might of thee one lesson gain!
Then, human life were ne'er in vain,
Chintimini.

♠ ♠ ♠

WESTWARD HO!

They who crossed the trackless prairies,
Pathways grooving, boldly proving
That beyond the sunset's portals
Morning's golden meadows glow,
They who cared for friend and stranger,
Firmly meeting every danger,
Knew no mandate, save, this only,
"Westward Ho!"

Titan-hearted, they were ever
Fearless, hardy, never tardy
When the bowstring twanged the anger
Of the treacherous hidden foe;
Though the sunset's gates before them,
And the bright stars shining o'er them,
Were their only guides, they uttered:
"Westward Ho!"

Pioneers, who fought that battle
Never ended, till were bended
Many forms by age and toiling,
Or, else laid in slumber low,
Gave a country to a nation,
Formed our state for its high station,
By their firmness, as they answered:
"Westward Ho!"

"Westward Ho!" Across the ocean,
Nothing heeding, daring, speeding,
Argonauts passed tides uncharted,
Till they saw Multnomah flow;
Pioneers, who knew each other,
Tried and true, and like their brother,
Who had made the plains re-echo,
"Westward Ho!"

Pioneers who won that struggle,
Closely banded, then demanded
Government, and noble manhood
Answered to the call, "Divide!"
From the Northland's snows and ices,
To the land of balm and spices,
Ocean, plains and golden Rockies
Were allied.

Seal of sheaf and chinook salmon
Was the token, never broken,
Worthy seal of those who framed it,
Sovereigns of that country wide;
"Beaver money" was their measure,
Sterling worth their only treasure,
And with rifle at the call they
Did or died.

When the eagle spread its pinions
Gently over home and rover,
In its beak it caught the emblem,
"With our own strong wings we fly."
Freedom's children gave that token,
Pioneers, whose hearts were oaken,
Built for time an empire money
Could not buy.

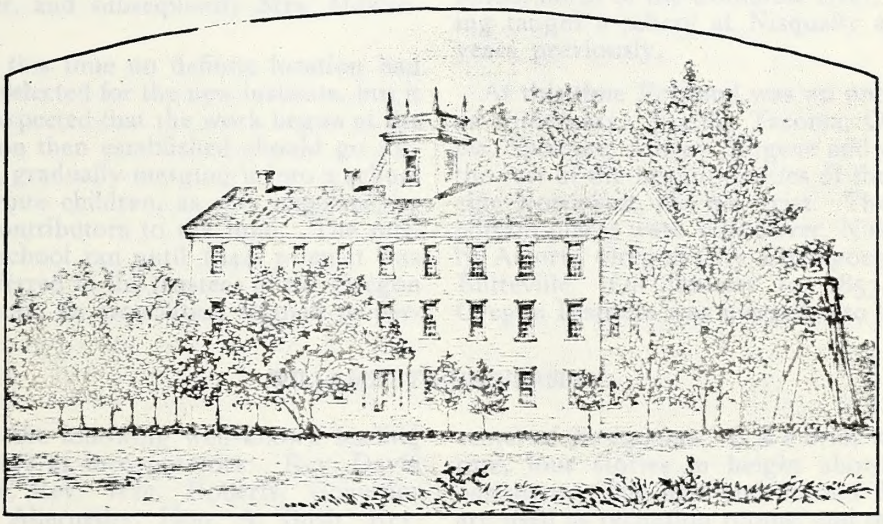
"Westward Ho!" Forgotten never,
Still is gleaming, still is beaming,
Like the star of evening, burning
Where the golden meadows glow;
Like an echo is our yearning
For the loved ones unreturning,
Calling from the unseen portals,
"Westward Ho!"

—Valentine Brown.

PIONEER EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

The first school taught west of the Rocky mountains was begun at Vancouver, Washington, on January 1, 1833. John Ball, one of the Weyth expedition of 1832, being the teacher. His scholars could not undertsand him, nor each other, as they were made up of Indian children coming from widely separated localities, all speaking a different dialect. After a three months' trial Mr. Ball gave up the undertaking, when Mr, Solomon Smith, another member of the Weyth party, was installed as teacher in his stead, beginning on the first of April of the same year. He had much better success than his predecessor, continuing to teach several terms during the next eighteen months. Upon his removal to the Willamette valley the school was discontinued. Soon after the arrival of Revs. Jason and Daniel Lee, who established the Methodist mission on the Willamette, another school was began by them. But little was acomplished, however, until Cyrus Shepard, one of the missionary band, assumed charge and the education of children began in earnest. The students were, in the main, children of settlers by their native wives, only a few being of full-blood Indian descent.

In the interim Jason Lee went east and on the return trip the institution now known as the Willamette University, of Salem, was conceived. On October 25, 1839, while the ship Lusanne was plowing its way through the Atlantic with reinforcements for the mission, the question came up as to how they would celebrate the centennial of the Methodist church, which occurred on that date, when Jason Lee said: "We will have our centenary on ship-board and apply the funds raised towards the starting of a school in Willamette valley." The fund subscribed on that memorable date amounted to $650.00. The contributors



THE OREGON INSTITUTE.

to the fund were Rev. Jason Lee and wife, Rev. A. F. Waller and wife, Rev. Gustavus Hines and wife, Rev. L. H. Judson and wife, James Alley and wife, Rev. Wm. W. Cone and wife, Rev. Josiah L. Parrish and wife, Ira L. Babcock, M. D., and wife, Hamilton Campbell and wife, W. W. Raymond and wife, Rev. J. P. Richmond M. D., and wife, Rev. Joseph H. Frost and wife, H. B. Brewer and wife, George Abernethy, David Carter, Miss Chloe A. Clark (afterwards Mrs. W. H. Willson), Miss Elmira Phelps (afterwards Mrs. W. W. Raymond), Miss Almira Phelps (afterwards Mrs. Joseph Holman), Miss Maria T. Wan (afterwards Mrs. Daniel Lee), and Miss Orpha Lankton (Afterwards Mrs. Carter, and subsequently Mrs. McKinley).

At this time no definite location had been selected for the new institute, but it was expected that the work begun at the mission then established should go forward, gradually merging it into a school for white children, as was expected by the contributors to the fund. The mission school ran until 1844, when it was transferred to the trustees of the Oregon Institute, an association formed to perfect the plans born on the high seas in the pears previously. At this time the old mission was abandoned and a new location selected for the furtherance of effort further up the river, the spot being now the present site of Salem. Soon the school building was erected and its doors opened for the reception and instruction of children. This was in October, 1844.

Upon one of our pioneer mothers devolved the honor of opening this institution and conducting the first school taught therein. This honor was reserved for Mrs. W. H. Willson, who came here as Miss Chloe A. Clark, on the Lusanne. She was also the first woman to teach school north of the Columbia river, having taught a school at Nisqually a few years previously.

At this time Portland was an unbroken wilderness. Seattle, Tacoma, Olympia, Spokane, Albany, Eugene and all of the rest of the beautiful cities of the Pacific Northwest, did not exist. The important places were Vancouver, Nisqually, Astoria, Oregon City, Champoeg and Butteville. On January 12, 1853, the Oregon Institute was merged into the

WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY.

With the following well-known leading pioneers as incorporators: Rev. David Leslie, Rev. Wm. Roberts, Governor Geo. Abernethy, Hon. A. Bush, Rev. J. H. Wilbur, W. H. Willson, Alanson Beers, Thos. H. Pearne, F. S. Hoyt, C. S. Kingsley, John Flinn, E. M. Barnum, Governor L. F. Grover, Hon. B. F. Harding, Sam'l Burch, Francis Fletcher, Jeremiah Ralston, J. D. Boon, Joseph Holman J. R. Robb, Cyrus Olney and Sam'l Parker.

Since such time several buildings have been erected, all of which were builded with an eye to futurity, expecting that Oregon would grow and thrive as it has, and to meet the progress made, action was taken acordingly.

The university building occupies the center of the campus. It is a brick structure, four stories in height above the basement. The first and second floors are used as recitation rooms, and on the third one of the finest libraries and most complete laboratories can be found. The fourth floor is devoted to museum purposes.

In the southwest corner of the campus stands the Woman's College, which is also four stories in height. This is one of the most imposing buildings in the capital city, and every convenience known to modern times is embraced in its furnishing.

The Medical College is located near the others and its good work in the line of its purposes attest its worth and prosperity.

The number of educators who have had charge of or embraced the faculty of the university and its branches has been quite large, and among their number can be noted the very best in the United States.

What Willamette University has done for the education of those attending it can be done again. Go where you will upon this coast, and when you find the brainiest and best educated people you will find many who attended this historical and leading seat of learning.

PACIFIC UNIVERSITY.

Pacific University stands as a monument to the faith and missionary spirit of the earliest immigrants to the Willamette valley. It represents the will and perseverance of a class of persons who dared to cross a continent to conquer a wilderness. Its origin is unique among the educational institutions of the Northwest.

The first name we reach in our historical research is that of a woman, Mrs. Tabitha Moffatt Brown, or "Grandma" Brown, as she was familiarly called. Early in the year 1848 she opened a school in a log house on the plat of ground now occupied by Dr. D. W. Ward's handsome residence. Rev. Harvey Clark, an independent missionary from Vermont, settled upon the land constituting the present site of Forest Grove. His generous donation of 200 acres as a foundation fund, to which was afterwards added another large tract, the proceeds of the sale of which were to go to the payment of teachers, dates the beginning of Tualatin Academy and Pacific University.

Rev. Geo. H. Atkinson, with his wife, arriving from New England in June, 1848, improved the first opportunity, in September, at an association of ministers, to foster higher education. The result was a series of resolutions looking to the establishment of an academy. To him belongs the credit of securing the first president of Pacific University, Sidney Harper Marsh, a teacher by inheritance, and environment, and careful training.

The history of this school reads as a romance. For 25 years President Marsh stood faithfully at his post, often in severest trials, encouraged by a host of noble souls, among them Deacon Hatch, one of the first trustees; Deacons T. G. Naylor, Alvin T. Smith, Henry Buxton, Hon. A. Hinman ,and many others. In 1859 we find him in the East, where $20,000 was secured as a permanent endowment fund; six years later he added an equal amount, and again in 1870, while East looking after the general endowment, thoughtful friends provided an endowment of $20,000 for the presidential chair. During this time 5,000 volumes were secured, to which many others have since been added, making this easily the peer of any university library in the Northwest.

Among its teachers we have space for the mention of but a few. "Grandma" Brown, whose work was a "labor of love," Mrs. Elizabeth Miller Wilson, a teacher of 1851; Hon. E. D. Shattuck, now one of Oregon's wisest jurists, and not least, Rev. Cushing Eels and wife, pioneer missionaries of 1838, are among those whose courageous and self-sacrificing work left a deep impress upon the work of this pioneer institution. No sketch would be complete without the mention of Rev. Elkanot Walker and wife, devoted missionaries, who settled at Forest Grove after the Whitman massacre and in many ways assisted in promoting the welfare of the school. Prof. Marsh remained as president for 25 years, closing his heroic labors with his death, after an interim of one year.

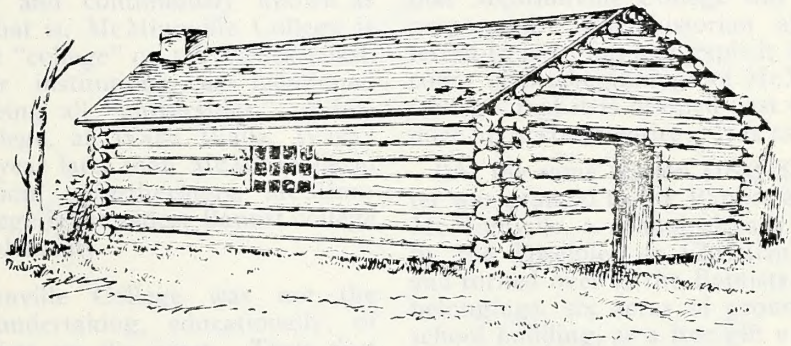
Rev. John R. Herrick succeeded to the presidency, retiring three years later. Prof. Jacob F. Ellis was the third presi-

dent, from 1883 to 1891, when Rev. Thos. McClelland, D.D., of Mt. Tabor College, Iowa, was chosen to guide the further destiny of this growing scion of the Pacific. Under his able management the present buildings have been erected, the permanent endowment fund has gone forward with leaps and bounds, and the standing of the university has become more fixed and permanent.

Many changes have taken place in the university since its foundation. The little log church, standing near the west side of the campus, long ago disappeared, more substantial buildings succeeding it; its site is marked now by a petrified stump, placed there as a monument by the class of 1867, while today, the type of the more prosperous present, early days of this school has many modern features and conveniences for the student.

Pacific University is particularly fortunate in its location. No town of its size can compare with Forest Grove for natural beauty and picturesque situation, and also for the intelligence and high moral tone of its citizens.

Forest Grove, set in one of the most favored spots in the Willamette valley, with the college campus of thirty acres in the very heart of the village, adorned with giant oaks and tall firs of wondrous beauty, is an ideal spot for the student, for the scholar, for the quiet, tender contact with those more enchanting revelations of the scenes with which the Creator has enriched the great West. From



OLD LOG CHURCH AND SCHOOL HOUSE.

the main building, Marsh's Hall, named in honor of the first president of the institution, is a stately and commodious structure, unsurpassed in the state for beauty and utility.

Herrick Hall, the young ladies' dormitory, is a large four-story building, conveniently arranged for the accommodation of ladies who desire the comforts of a home in the immediate precincts and atmosphere of a college. It has all the latest conveniences, heated by a furnace and lighted throughout by electricity.

Science Hall was completed in 1899, and while preserving the memories of the

these precincts are beheld the snow-clad peaks of St. Helens, Adams, Hood, while near at hand, with gentle slope, rise the green ridges of the Coast range, and directly to the east is shown the break in the Cascades through which pours the waters of the Columbia, and along which, in ever-increasing volume will pour the wealth and culture and dominion of a people, whose forefathers, with rare wisdom and prudence, planted in this west land such educational centers as Forest Grove. The university, with its wealth of history, its charm of natural surroundings, its acquired ad-

vantage in appropriate buildings, its ample and increasing endowment, and its wide-awake and able faculty, stands easily among the first in the advantages offered the student for a complete course of training and the acquirement of a thorough education.

The graduates of Pacific University are an honor to the institution and to the state. In 1862 Hon H. W. Scott, editor of the Oregonian, received the first degree conferred, and it is just to say that many more like brainy men will be sent forth to fill the various professions and callings of life as the years go by.

McMINNVILLE COLLEGE.

The history of McMinnville College covers a period of more than forty years. It ranks fourth in age among the institutions of higher learning on the Pacific coast, Willamette and Pacific Universities in Oregon, and The University of the Pacific, in California, antedating its organization. McMinnville College is the oldest institution on the coast which was incorporated under the designation "college" and continuously known as such. That is, McMinnville College is the oldest "college" on the Pacific coast, the older institutions, as mentioned above, being all "universities." Whitman College, at Walla Walla, Wash., was one year later than McMinnville in organization. Furthermore, McMinnville College is the oldest Baptist college west of Missouri.

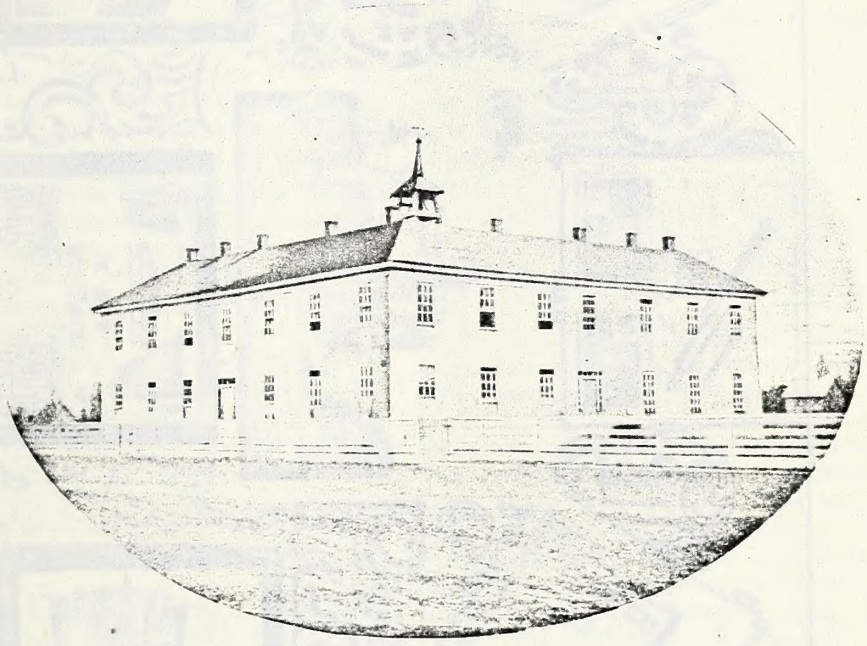
McMinnville College was not the earliest undertaking, educationally, of the Baptists on the coast. Their first attempt at founding a college was that made at Oregon City, Oregon. There Oregon City College was established in 1849, the prime movers in the enterprise being the pioneer Baptist missionaries, Rev. Hezekiah Johnson and Rev. Ezra Fisher. This school maintained a struggling existence for some five or six years. Ultimately it suspended, its property was sold and the money acquired was paid into the funds of McMinnville College. The attempt at Oregon City seems to have escaped the notice of Bancroft, who states in his History of Oregon that "the first Baptist school attempted was Corvallis Institute, which seems not to have had any history beyond the act of incorporation in 1856-7."

Bancroft refers to another act, "passed the following year, establishing a Baptist school under the name of West Union Institute, in Washington county, with David T. Lenox, Ed. H. Lenox, Henry Sewall, William Mauzy, John S. White and George C. Chandler as trustees." This school seems also to have had no history. It was at the same session of the legislature, that of 1857-8, that McMinnville College was first incorporated. The historian above referred to is so full and explicit in his account of the beginnings of McMinnville College, that it is deemed best to reproduce his account entire: It is as follows:

"At the same session (1857-8) a charter was granted to the Baptist college at McMinnville, a school already founded by the Disciples or Christian church, and turned over to the Baptists with the belongings, six acres of ground and a school building, as a free gift upon condition that they should keep up a collegiate school."

The origin of McMinnville and its college was as follows: In 1852-3 W. T. Newby cut a ditch from Baker creek, a branch of the Yamhill river, to Cozine creek, upon his land, where he erected a grist mill. In 1854 S. C. Adams, who lived on his donation claim four miles north, took a grist to mill, and in the course of conversation with Newby remarked upon the favorable location for a town which his land presented, upon which Newby replied that if he, Adams, would start a town, he should have half a block of lots and select his own location, from which the survey should commence. In the spring of 1855 Adams

deposited his lumber for his house on the spot selected, about 200 yards from the mill, and proceeded to erect his house where, as soon as it was completed, he went to reside. Immediately after he began to agitate the subject of a high school as a nucleus for a settlement, and, as he and most of the leading men in Yamhill county were members of the Christian church, it naturally became a Christian school. Dr. James McBride, William Dawson, W. T. Newby and S. C. Adams worked up the matter, bearing



OLD McMINNVILLE COLLEGE.

the larger part of the expense. Newby gave six acres of land. The building erected was large and commodious for those times. Adams, who was a teacher by profession, was urged to take charge of the school, and taught it for a year and a half. But there had not been any organization or any charter asked for, and Adams, who found it hard and unprofitable work to keep up the school alone, wished to resign, and proposed to the men interested to place it in the hands of the Baptists, who were about founding the West Union Institute. To this they made no objection as they only wished to have a school and were not sectarian in feeling. Accordingly, Adams proposed the gift to the Baptists and it was accepted, only one condition being imposed and agreed to in writing, to employ at least one professor in the college department continuously. It was incorporated in January, 1858, as The Baptist College at McMinnville, by Henry Warren, James M. Fulkerson, Ephriam Ford, Reuben C. Hill, J. S. Holman, Alexius N. Miller, Richard Miller and Willis Gaines, trustees.

Such was the beginning of McMinnville College. Its subsequent history and development have been contemporaneous with those of its own city and the great country around it. Rev. Geo. C. Chandler, D.D., was the college's first president. He represented a very high type of scholarship and ability as an educator—a most rare man for that early day, and an illustration of the oft-repeated truth that the pioneers of the

McMINNVILLE COLLEGE.

BENNINGTON COLLEGE

West were, in very many cases, of the finest stock of the older East. President Chandler gave the college character and standing as an institution of good learning from the very first. Associated with him in the first sessions was Mrs. N. Morse, in charge of the preparatory department. Among those who taught under President Chandler, or in the years immediately following him, were C. H. Mattoon, John Hall and Professor Robb, all of whom are well remembered by those who were students of those early days. Dr. Chandler was president for some three or four years. John W. Johnson assumed control of the college in 1864 and continued at the head for four years. The work saw large advance under his administration. He subsequently became president of the University of Oregon.

Scores of those who have been prominent in public and private life in Oregon and the Northwest received their educational preparation in McMinnville College in its early days, and the number graduating therefrom in more recent years, who have taken foremost place in avocations of the higher order, are legion. The old building, a cut of which accompanies this article, is held in very tender recollection by many now in middle and later life, as the scene of associations, pranks and wholesome endeavor which filled the years of study with lively interest.

Those who carried the load of the college's financial and business interests in the early part of its history, and who made possible the larger things of the present, were many and well known. W. T. Newby gave the original site and was always a strong supporter of the college. Hon. Henry Warren, Albert Kinney, Dr. R. C. Hill, Rev. A. J. Hunsaker, Hon. W. C. Johnson, Hon. Henry Failing, and many others, were vitally associated with the college's progress as members of its board of trustees and as shouldering its finances in the years when its resources were most limited.

Early in the seventies Mark Bailey, Ph.D., became president, and remained until 1876, when he became professor of mathematics in the University of Oregon. Following him for two years Hon. J. E. Magers was at the head of the school. Then, in 1878, Rev. G. J. Burchett became president. Under this administration the fund was secured for the erection of the new and beautiful building. Rev. E. C. Anderson, D.D., became president in 1881, remaining for six years. Under him the new building, a cut of which appears herewith, costing $25,000, was built and occupied in the fall of 1883. It stands on the fine Campus, twenty acres of which was donated by Samuel and Mahala Cozine, a part of their donation claim, lying south of the city of McMinnville. This gift was supplemented by Mrs. P. W. Chandler's donation of five acres and the purchase of over five more, making a total campus of more than thirty acres. The securing of this campus and the occupancy of this building mark an epoch in the history of the college, and bring its history down to recent times.

The history of McMinnville College is similar to that of all similar institutions growing up in new countries. Great obstacles were to be overcome. Many discouragements were to be met. The college's growth was necessarily slow. Today the institution has material resources in lands, buildings and equipments worth $50,000, and endowment funds of $40,000 more yielding income. Rev. T. G. Brownson, D.D., followed Dr. Anderson as president for nine years, his administration being marked by large advancement. The present incumbent, the writer of this article, has been president now four years and has seen encouraging progress made. With a faculty of seven instructors, good buildings and equipments, a growing endowment, an increasing attendance of students from year to year, facilities for thorough work and an established reputation for doing the same, the college has taken its place with the more substantial institutions of the state and the great Northwest. A good future seems assured for McMinnville College.

TALES OF THE MINES.

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By the middle of January snow had fallen to the depth of two and a half feet, and a very heavy sleet had formed on top, rendering it impossible for stock to get anything to eat on the ranges. Cattle died by thousands and not more than one per cent of the vast herds north of The Dalles were alive when spring came. The thermometer went down until the mercury congealed, and many persons were frozen to death. Johnson Mulky, of this county, laid down to his last rest in the snow between Willow creek and the John Day river. He was trying to make his way to The Dalles on foot and carrying 60 pounds of gold dust. I am told that not one ounce of that dust was recovered by his relatives. Some one robbed his wife and children of the wealth which the poor old man had lost his life trying to carry to them. I hope the Lord will cross-examine that thief and robber in the judgment day. An old man was frozen to death near Dry Creek. He had walked to town through the snow, and on his return lay down within three hundred yards of his own house and was found dead the next morning by his two little girls. He had gone to town on a loving errand for them, to buy them shoes, and the two pairs were found hanging upon his frozen arm. Cattle and horses in good condition froze to death and even foxes and coyotes were found dying of cold. I came near losing my feet in the snow, and came to the conclusion that a cold sheol would be quite as unpleasant as a hot one. Ministers refrained from speaking of that place during the cold spell, well knowing that any place described as being warm would present no terrors to freezing transgressors.

About this time we had a marriage in high life. Dave English, of this county, a noted desperado, forgetting his young wife, and not waiting for a divorce, married a woman of ill-repute. The ceremony took place in a dance house and was considered one of the social events of the winter. The weather was too cold to think of executing the laws, and he was allowed to go unpunished for the crime of bigamy, but was hanged at Lewiston a year after for highway robbery.

As but little has been said in these sketches about the ladies, I may mention a young actress about whom the boys raved that cold winter. Susie Robinson, the star of the Robinson troupe, which played in Corvallis during the winter of 1860, was a beautiful girl who sang divinely and set the masculine hearts palpitating wherever she went. She was at the height of her fame and in all her glory at Walla Walla, and more admired and petted than any queen. Her form and voice were praised by all, and her virtues extoled, while her father gathered at the door of his theater willing tributes enough, each day, to have made her a golden crown. Was ever a queen so fortunately situated? We know now that she was not a great actress or singer, and my roving eyes have since discovered that she was not a remarkable beauty, but at that time many Oregon boys had never seen the gay tinsels of a stage costume; never been thrilled by the rich tones of a cultivated voice, or seen a beautiful woman poised on one toe, and she took the frontier heart by storm. Nor were the Oregon boys her only admirers. Men of mature years left their families at home, and came to see what the boys were all talking about. A German surgeon of high repute lost his reason entirely while contemplating her glories.

And I verily believe she could have married any man in the upper country, not excepting the mayor of the city of Walla Walla.

Two companies of troops were stationed at the fort, and the soldiers were as much infatuated with Susie as were the citizens. They came to the theater by companies, and seated themselves in platoons before the stage. Then came trouble. The citizens would not allow the favorites to be monopolized by soldiers, and after several slight encounters drove them from the theater, telling them not to come again or civil war would certainly follow. They had enlisted for three years of the war. The stirring news from the Southern states was overcoming the influences of the fort, and they felt combative. Moreover, they wanted to see Susie, and probably thought if Uncle Abe was going to march their brethren down to take Richmond, they ought to be able to take Robinson's theater. They came fuly armed and determined to insist upon their rights. We all knew a fight was coming, and divided our sympathies according to our political opinions. Susie came upon the stage, and the sight of her for a time quelled even the turbulent feelings of the two contending factions. A hearty round of applause greeted her, and she acknowledged it as only a favorite can, and commenced to sing. One of the soldiers who had been drinking, continued to cheer and the marshal attempted to take him from the room, but he resisted and felled the officer with a blow of a dragoon pistol. Instantly the house was in an uproar. Susie screamed and ran from the stage. Navy Colt's pistols leaped from their scabbards and bellowed like the roar of artillery. Cherokee Bob sprang upon his seat and fired straight and fast, dropping a soldier at every shot. He stood above most of the crowd, and was a fair mark for all who wanted a shot at a desperado and murderer. The soldiers were intoxicated, and missed their mark, but Bob received several shots from one who did not often miss, the last one knocking him from the seat where he stood, and yet he was unhurt. It was known afterward that he wore mail beneath his clothing, and this had saved his worthless life. The firing continued from all parts of the room, and a terrible stampede commenced, every one but those engaged trying to get out of the house. More than fifty shots were fired, and the room was filled with smoke out of which pistols blazed, fired at supposed enemies, though several times friends fired upon each other. Three men were fiilled and many wounded, besides a great many who were nearly scared to death. I helped to carry a man to the surgeon who said he had a death shot, and was really falling when we caught him. He had the slightest flesh wound, though the ball had struck a purse of coin in his pocket, which turned its course and probably saved his life.

No one was arrested, and the theater went on as usual, but Susie never seemed quite the same afterwards. A slight commotion in the audience would attract her attention in the midst of her best song; and in her best play she always looked as though she was just a little afraid some one was going to shoot. Twenty-four years have passed and Susie, if among the living, must show the hand of time.

"The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure — her triumphs are by."

Yet she no doubt remembers and tells her children, if she has been so blessed as to be a mother, that she once held sway over a country large enough for an empire, and ruled her subjects with a royal will. But sometimes thoughts of sadness will steal upon her as she remembers that in trying to please she once raised a storm she could not quell, and that men have fought and died contending for the right to hear her sing.

I spent the latter part of the winter with Thomas on the Touchet, about 20 miles from town. He felt as much distressed at the loss of my oxen as I did myself, and together we discussed fu-

ture operations and laid plans for the next summer's campaign. Thomas was in favor of buying another team, which he would drive, but I declared I would never invest in anything so slow as an ox again. This was a splendid resolution, and had I but adhered to it I would have been spared much vexation of spirit, and have avoided the loss of several thousand dollars. But we do not like to be beaten, even by Providence, and I chafed sorely over that winter's defeat. Several years after I purchased another team of oxen and the Indians shot them full of arrows on the Malheur river. Then I bought another, and, remembering past experience, sold it at a profit, and took a note for $1,000 in payment. The man ran away and never paid me a dollar. Still I did not take warning. I bought my fourth and last ox team.

Determined not to be outdone by cold weather, Indians or rascals, I took all possible precautions, and drove forth to war and destiny. Not a man on earth could have bought those oxen without paying cash down; and I guarded them so closely that the Indians could not have stolen them without taking my life. I fully believed that I was equal to the emergency of taking care of my property, but it was not to be. On a beautiful day, near the Farewell bend of Snake river, I was driving along, counting the profits on my load, and believing the goal already won, when suddenly a cloud appeared veiling the sun and obscuring the designs of the outraged heavens. A moment later the cloud had parted, a bolt of fire shot forth, and three of my oxen lay dead in the road—my best ones too, killed in different parts of the team, by forked lightning; and, as the thunder pealed and then went chuckling off towards the north, I realized that I was in the minority, and fought no more.

This is a digression in which I have passed over several years of which I wish to speak, and I will turn to Thomas and take up the thread of my narrative. We separated again, and before the snow was gone from the hills, I was on my way to the mines, carrying my blankets on my back, while he remained at Walla Walla. I concluded to try my luck at Oro Fino for a couple of months until the snow was sufficiently hardened to allow me to reach my claims at Elk City. We found Lewiston had grown during the hard winter, and many tents had given place to more substantial buildings. The big saloon was changed to wood, with walls thick enough to stop a pistol ball, and the town was comparatively safe.

From this place the trail was over the snow, but it was settled hard and was no inconvenience to traverse. Oro Fino was almost buried in snow, it having been shoveled from the streets and banked up on either side higher than the tops of the low houses. Throughout the winter the people had been penned up without communication with the outside world. Flour, bacon, beans, coffee and sugar were plenty, but there was no fresh meat or vegetables in camp, and that dreadful disease, scurvy, was not uncommon. It is said to be induced by eating too much salt meat. Fresh meat or vegetables are preventatives, and all were waiting anxiously for the trains of pack mules to come and bring those much needed articles.

I found some old friends and went to work with them in a small gulch which empties into Moore's creek.

The snow was several feet deep, but had thawed away near the streams. We took out about $8 per day, per man, and it was a pleasure to me to once more commence to lay up a fortune, for I had by no means abandoned the idea of making one. One day I took a near cut across the hills to town; about half a mile from our camp I came across a little cabin among a cluster of fir trees. Curiosity led me to enter it. The door was closed, but opened easily at a slight touch, and I saw before me on a miner's cot, what caused my heart to stand still—a dead man. He was lying on his side, covered, except the head and neck, with blankets, and had apparently been dead

some time. I made but a cursory examination and hurried back to camp. Gathering a few men, we returned to bury the body and discover, if possible, the cause of such a lonely and strange death.

There were no marks of violence, and his last act seemed to have been to compose himself as if to sleep. Beside his head, on his straw pillow, lay a small book, in which he had kept a diary of his doings since coming to the cabin. He had found it deserted, and, being tired and sick, had concluded to go no farther until spring. He had his blankets, a coffee pot, frying pan, and small stock of provisions.

His writing showed that he was insane when he arrived at the cabin, or became so soon after, and had deliberately concluded to starve, when his slender stock or food was gone. Each day he had made an entry, noting the condition of his mind and body, and sometimes moralizing on the depravity and selfishness of mankind. He declared that money was all men cared for; that he had once had money, and was loved by all. Now he was poor and no one cared whether he lived or died; but that he thought too much of himself to ask for charity.

He had fastened strings to the door so that he could open and shut it while he was lying in bed. His name, if given, has escaped my memory, and I do not know whether anything more was ever known of him than was gathered at that hurried inquest.

The body had been frozen stiff for two months, and was lying within a quarter of a mile of plenty of provisions, and of generous men, who would gladly have relieved him had they known of his distress.

It was sad to know a human being had died for want of food—sad to contemplate his rash resolve to starve rather than ask a crust of bread of men who gave as free as air. Yet all felt it was his own fault, and nothing but the belief that he was insane prevented a tinge of censure from mingling with the sorrow felt, as he was laid to rest beside the cabin where he died.

Meantime spring was coming on, the streams were swollen by the melting snow.

The town awoke to shout for joy to see the mule trains coming in, and all gave promise of returning life and activity. Again the merchant opened up his wares. Again saloons were filled, and pistols popped about their doors, or bellowed within their walls. It was a blessing that there were many poor shots, or else the town would have been depopulated by its own business activity. It was strange so much shooting was done and with so little malice. Sometimes shots were fired by Californians at Webfeet, just for fun.

Jerome, a blooded Irishman, being more closely crowded in a saloon one day than suited his taste, drew a dragoon pistol, and, laying it over his shoulder, fired four shots at the packed crowd behind him. The first shot hit a man in the temple, but the ball glanced around the skull and did not kill him. The other three were avoided by men who were in range by dropping down, while the bullets passed over their heads.

The saloon was quickly emptied, and Jerome, after breaking all the bar fixtures and re-loading his pistol, walked into the street and defied arrest. Tom Can, the deputy sheriff, placed his pistol to Jerome's ear, and told him to surrender. He refused, and Tom did not shoot, but wound his arms around him and held him fast. He was taken to Lewiston for trial, but was never punished, and came back to camp. He was well received in town, the sports declaring it was quite a joke, that he had shown no malice; but fired among the crowd quite promiscuously, and just for sport.

Our little gulch claim was soon worked out and, the snow having disappeared from the hills, I again set out for the old camp at Elk City, in company with a friend, carrying our blankets and provisions on our backs. Following the old Lolo trail, a day's tramp brought

us to the stream of that name. Here we found an enterprising Nez Perce Indian. He had built a large bridge on which pack animals could cross and was collecting toll. He charged one dollar per head for mules and horses, and insisted on making us pay the same, declaring in the best Chinook he could command that we were heavier loaded than any animals which had ever crossed his bridge. How we all love praise! We paid that dollar more cheerfully because an Indian had said we were very strong young men and our loads felt lighter when remembering that word of praise. The second day we stopped at noon among the spruce trees. My companion decided to have some spruce tea. He said it was very good—superior, in fact, to the best China teas. We filled our coffee pot with the green boughs, covered them with water and while our bacon was frying, made our tea. It had a greenish color and did not taste well, but by using plenty of sugar we managed to drink about a pint each; my friend declaring that whether we liked it or not, it was good for our health. How shall I tell the sequel? My friend grew deathly sick, and I was soon unable to render him any assistance. He rolled and tumbled, gnashed his teeth and swore, while I was half beside myself with fright and pain. I fully believed we were poisoned unto the death and that a few moments would end our sufferings, and we should die and be eaten by the coyotes.

It was not a pleasant thought, and I commenced to think of remedies. We had no medicines except a small box of anguentum intended only for external application, and I was afraid it would prove another poison if taken into the stomach. I had once doctored a sick cow with lard and concluded to try bacon grease on my sick partner. If it did not kill him, I would try some myself. He declared it was of no use; that he was dying and only begged me, if I should survive to tell his girl that he died thinking of her, and to ask her not to marry Lige Howard. He would not take my medicine and I placed the cup to his lips and forced him to drink half a pint of warm grease. The effect was magical. He was relieved instantly, and I proceeded to fry a little more bacon that I might relieve my own suffering. I am not a chemist or a physician and do not know whether we made a great discovery or not. I simply point the physicians' telescope to this portion of the medical horizon, believing there are stars there of the first magnitude awaiting discovery. After two days' convalescence we were able to travel, but during our entire journey our loads felt heavier from the effects of spruce tea.

Elk City has already awoke from its winter nap. Crowds were in the streets and unsuccessful miners from Florence were opening up their old claims with something of the resignation a man feels when he again pays court to his old sweetheart, after having wasted his substance in riotous living, while vainly pursuing some dashing belle. Florence had proved an ignis fatuus to the greater number who had gone there, and we returned to our little camps resigned to our lot, determined to work industriously and roam no more.

About this time I met B. W. Wilson, of Benton county. He was then in the vigor of youth, and one of the most agreeable of men. In fact, time has changed him but little, except that the affable expression worn by him now during his campaigns in the Burnt Woods was then a settled look; and he shook hands with a bummer or desperado with the same gusto which he now exhibits when reaching for a democrat or prohibitionist.

My journey through the mountains had given me a taste for travel, and I soon tired of mining and sold my claim for $1800, and concluded to try packing. As all supplies were brought on pack animals, this was a lucrative business, and I figured my profit by the thousands, and again expected to be able to go home in the fall, and exhibit my gold and tell of my adventures and quietly settle down among my Webfeet brethren there. Thoughts cheered me

as I enlisted a few vicious mules and sinful cayuses under my banner and endeavored to discipline them to the art of carrying flour and bacon, picks, shovels, etc., upon their backs.

It so happened that none of them had ever been packed and all of them were determined they never would be. The antics they cut when turned loose with packs upon their backs was a menagerie worth seeing, but after tiring themselves out they submitted and were driven along quietly, but wearing a very dejected look. There is something pathetic in seeing a fine horse reluctantly yield his sovereignty and submit to a life of drudgery. I made several trips from Lewiston to Elk City, and Oro Fino, realizing fair profits but falling far short of my expectations.

The mining season was again drawing to a close and when the mountain tops were whitened by the early snows, the miners began to leave the chilly gulches and seek more comfortable winter quarters. For the last time I bid adieu to Elk City, the place of my first mining operation, and again started on my way to the land where red apples were being gathered and red-cheeked girls were watching from rude doorways for the return of the gold hunters. At the Cold Springs, on Camas Prairie, we intersected the line of travel from Florence. Some were loaded down with gold, but many were poorer than when they came. Several of whom we met had been robbed by highwaymen, having gone through the trying ordeal of looking into the open end of a shotgun while their pockets were being sifted.

This species of speculation was carried on by day and by night, and had become so common that it was difficult for one to get through from Florence with gold dust unless accompanied by a strong guard of armed men. As we arrived at Lewiston, the Walla Walla stage drew up, guarded by six horsemen, and carrying as prisoners Dave English, Nelson Scott and Billy Peoples. They had been taking purses right and left along the road between Lewiston and Florence, and were considered three of the worst men in the whole mining region. Their latest exploit was to rob an old friend by the name of Berry. They were not masked and Berry knew them quite well, and protested against their robbing an old acquaintance. They took about six thousand dollars from him. Dave English remarked that "dead men tell no tales." Berry thought his last hour had come, but owed his life to the generosity of Scott, who said, "No, he is a good man; we will not kill him, although we may hang for taking his money.

They bid him good bye and trusted to the fleetness of their horses to escape the pursuit which they knew would be made. The robbery took place on White Bird creek. The three men rode together until they were some distance below Lewiston when they separated, Scott and Peoples going to Walla Walla, while English headed his now tired horse toward Wallula. Meanwhile Berry was not idle, and this time revenge was swifter than self-preservation, for when English, in the early dawn, rode across the sand hill to Wallula, Berry looking from a window saw him coming, and quickly made preparation for his reception. He dismounted and entered the saloon where his victim and others awaited him. He was asked to take a drink, and as he reached the bar, he was confronted with a shotgun. Glancing around he saw a pistol at each ear, while the muzzle of another gun touched the back of his head. Resistance would have been certain death, and all men shrink from that.

He smiled as he said, "Well, boys you played it pretty fine, but let us have a drink before the irons are put on me." The irons came first and then the drink, in which Berry joined, in honor of the occasion, no doubt remembering his prisoner's significant remark when last they parted. Scott was taken at Walla Walla and Peoples was taken somewhere in that vicinity.

English, with his parents, was for many years a resident of the lower part of Benton county. He devoted his time

to drinking, horse-racing, fighting, etc., and was known as a reckless man.

Scott lived in the upper part of Linn county. He was a generous, light-hearted man. He was married to a beautiful girl, but became addicted to drinking and went steadily down until the irons were upon his wrists.

Scott and English were both large, handsome men, but Peoples was a little black imp about four feet high, who looked the villain that he was. A little chip cast off in nature's mint just large enough to receive half the stamp of man. He came to Oregon with Marshall's circus, the first one which had ever exhibited here, and had been a drunkard all his life.

As had been said, they came under guard to Lewiston on their way to Florence for trial. But they had many friends who determined to set them at liberty without the ceremony of trial. The whole whisky element of the town was enlisted in their cause. It is strange how drink will level rank and bring the high-born down to stand with thieves and robbers. Marshall, the old showman, was there, and headed the crowd to take the prisoners from the guards. Then the better element of the city arose to throw itself around the jail and stand between the prisoners and their reckless friends.

It was a dark and chilly night, and those who stood with arms in hand and listened to the frenzied shouts of the wild mob, as it ranged the town, firing shots and drinking on to wild insanity will not soon forget their impressions nor the temperance lecture thundered forth by those wild orgies.

From time to time reports of the coming of the reckless crowd of revelers were brought to the guards, who were lessening in numbers, as timid men crept away to avoid what seemed to be an inevitable conflict. Still, about fifty determined men stood around the little shanty where the prisoners were anxiously awaiting the coming of their friends, who, they felt sure, would release them.

One half the night had worn away, when Marshall, growing impatient, came down upon the guards alone. It was pitch dark, and on the damp ground his footfalls made no sound. Suddenly a bright flame shot forth, followed by an other, and two men lay wounded on the ground.

Although the men had stood for hours with pistols in their hands, peering through the darkness to find a foe, they seemed to be taken by surprise, and for a moment no one returned the fire. Then, as Marshall's outline was discovered in the darkness, a single pistol cracked, and he fell, but recovered himself and ran away before another shot was fired. Then all the latent fury of patient men broke forth. The prisoners were told that they must die. English and Peoples begged for mercy, but Scott made no appeal. Taking a ring from his finger, he quietly asked that it might be taken to his wife, and then, doubling up his chains, he dealt blows right and left, with desperate might and almost superhuman energy.

The night wore on, and still the robbers' friends were drinking. And when morning came the guards were gone and stillness reigned about the jail. All but the revelers knew what this meant, and when they ventured to look they found the three men hanging to the low joists of the little building which had served as their jail the night before. Marshall and the men he shot recovered. The roughs sought other scenes, and for a time Lewiston was quiet.

Many people are opposed to hanging men under any circumstances, except after due process of law, but this action of the Lewiston people was induced by peculiar and aggravating circumstances, and was applauded by the best element of the community. As for myself, I was thankful that I had escaped being robbed, shot or hanged, and went on my way rejoicing that it was my Webfeet brethren, instead of myself, over whom a post mortem examination was being held. This reminds one that our opinion of mob law is likely to be somewhat influenced by the question of who is to be hanged.

G. A. WAGGONER.

LANE COUNTY

FROM ITS EARLIEST SETTLEMENT IN 1846, UNTIL ITS COUNTY ORGANIZATION IN 1850 AND 1851.

Reminiscences of Its Early Pioneers, Etc.

Until 1846 no pale-face, so far as known, had settled within the present boundary lines of Lane county.

Elijah Bristow, the first white settler, here cast his lot in June, 1846, from which time until the naming of the county most of the facts and most of the incidents of its early settlement are intimately connected. He was born in Virginia, and in early manhood moved to Kentucky, and from there to Illinois. In 1845 he once more started westward, arriving in California, but being dissatisfied came on to Oregon. He seems to have been a man of roving disposition, with a love for frontier life.

In June, 1846 he, in company with Eugene F. Skinner, William Dodson and Capt. Felix Scott started up the Willamette valley in search of locations suitable for homes. This route was up the west side of the valley and after passing the Luckiamute river no white man's abode was found thence going south to the end of their journey. On arriving at a point between the Coast Fork and the Middle Fork of the Willamette river, on a low, rolling ridge sparsely covered with oak, fir and pine timber, they simultaneously exclaimed, "What a pleasant hill!" And Pleasant Hill it will remain, at least in name, so long as time shall endure.

Mr. Bristow was attracted by the beautiful panorama in the form of distant mountains and valleys and surrounding hills, forest and vales, and which reminded him of similar landscape in far-off Virginia where he was born. In the refreshing breeze, free of all miasma, of civilization, he raised his hat and gazing with delight, exclaimed, "This is my claim, here will I live, and when I die, here will I be buried!" Prophetic words that the future fulfilled.

Many Lane county people are familiar with the Pleasant Hill spring and grove where the annual May-Day picnic is held. It was near this spring, in the beautiful fir grove that the party of homeseekers camped. Here they cut logs and erected what was in those early days known as a "claim cabin, and which stood as a sign to all comers that here had a white man filed his intentions of becoming a citizen upon the public domain.

This was the first cabin erected within the present limits of Lane county. And within this first cabin I have partaken of hospitality, since it stood less than two miles from where my earliest childhood days were spent, and there 'tis still standing, though with improvements added, and at present is occupied by a family as a dwelling. I have also stood beside the graves of this early pioneer and his wife; for true to his exclamation, only a short distance from where he built that first cabin, in the little graveyard he gave to his people, under the friendly shadow of the firs he cherished, side by side, they sleep the sleep that awakens only at the resurrection morn.

After Elijah Bristow staked off his claim and laid the foundation of his cabin, William Dodson next stepped off his claim, southwest and adjoining that of Mr. Bristow's, and which also adjoined the home of my childhood on the east, lying between the Bristow farm and Whitaker farm, at that time unclaimed

but located and settled upon later by John T. Gilfrey, a pioneer of '52, and which he disposed of to John Whitaker in '59. Many a time I have crossed the threshold of the Dodson cabin, second built in the county, as it stood about one mile from our home. And none who have ever met this aged pioneer, "Uncle Billy," as he was familiarly called, will, while memory remains, forget the kindly, rugged, unkempt old pioneer. For if ever a white man tried to live up to the saying, "When in Rome do as Rome does," he certainly did by trying, when in Oregon, to do and live as the "natives" did.

He lived to be an octogenarian and through this long life of fourscore years he most emphatically objected to the use of the modern button, and eschewed its existence on all his garments, adjusting his wardrobe by means of small wooden pins or pegs, and one of these was all that "Uncle Billy" deemed necessary to a garment. Yet, despite his eccentricities, and peculiarities, the latchstring to his cabin door ever hung outward, inviting the stranger and less fortunate to the hospitalities afforded within.

A short time after these cabins were commenced, Mr. Bristow and Mr. Dodson were aided in completing them by Wesley Shannon, who had crossed the the plains with Mr. Bristow, and was his life-long friend and admirer. Mr. Shannon at this time was a young man and fond of hunting.

One day on a deer hunt he chanced to ride a young horse which, having been ridden but a few times, was considered unsafe to fire from. He had not proceeded far when he spied a deer; he well knew that if he dismounted, the deer, seeing him, would become frightened and take to the brush. He was also fully aware that to fire while mounted meant to be heaped without ceremony, save a few aerial flourishes, on the illahe. He hastily decided to have venison for supper, let it cost what it may. Removing his feet from the stirrups, he prepared to execute a few pirouettes in the air and alight on the illahe as gracefully as circumstances would permit. He then took deliberate aim and brought down his game, when lo, the animal never moved; while he quickly fell off according to programme.

Capt. Scott staked off his claim northeast of Bristow's, but afterwards abandoned it and went to California. After a year or two he returned to Lane county, and settled permanently on the south bank of the McKenzie river, opposite the mouth of the Mohawk. As the four returned, Eugene F. Skinner took up a claim where a part of Eugene, the present county seat now stands. In the spring of 1847 Mr. Skinner built his cabin at the foot of the butte which now bears his name. It was built just north of the railroad track at the west end of the butte, near Second and Lincoln streets. Later on, in the summer of the same year, Mr. Skinner brought his wife and child to his new home, and to this lady, Mrs. Mary Skinner, justly belongs the honor of being the first white woman to make her permanent home in Lane county.

When the town was first laid out she it was who had the honor of naming it, which she did, after her husband's first name, Eugene. Some small recompense, possibly, for the lonely and isolated life necessarily led for some time by this noble pioneer woman to feel that through the ages to come the butte bearing his surname and the town his Christian, would stand as living monuments attesting the name and worth of her honored pioneer husband, Eugene Skinner. Little did she then dream that the day was not far distant when the iron horse would snort past the place where his cabin stood and the electric lights flash where once the torch of pine was chief illuminator of the darkness; and that other hands and other brains would soon complete what he and a few others so earnestly, unceasingly and untiringly began—"To make the wilderness blossom as the rose."

In the year 1847 quite an emigration arrived in the Willamette valley, many of

them remaining in Lane county, and were welcome neighbors to the original and solitary four above mentioned. Neighbors they were indeed, and of the Good Samaritan type, notwithstanding the fact that in many instances miles intervened. In sickness, hunger and distress humanity's cry was quickly heeded. The hardy pioneer, inured to hardship and toil, had few of the necessaries and none of the luxuries of life, but he who had little divided with him who had less, and the spirit of true brotherhood prevailed. Burns wrote, "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless millions mourn," but the early pioneers were not of the sort of men of whom the Scottish bard sang. They were destined to live in another age, and at present are peering above the horizon, and the wail of the oppressed is heard throughout the land.

Of these latest arrivals Isaac and Elias Briggs, Prior Blair and Charles Martin with their families, took up claims on Pleasant Hill near Mr. Bristow's, while Benjamin Davis, John Akin and H. Noble, with their families, settled near Mr. Skinner. Cornelius Hills, Charnel Mulligan and Wickliff Gouley, single men, settled on the north side of the Middle Fork.

Abram Coryell and son Lewis settled at Coryell Point, a place about midway between Bristow's and Skinner's near where the Coast Fork and Middle Fork unite to form Sam Simpson's "Beautiful Willamette."

During this year Abram Coryell kept the first weather record of the county, and said record is still in existence, the prized paper of a native grandson. This same year, October, '47, Jacob C. Spores and John Diamond located claims near the McKenzie river, their nearest neighbors at that time being at Pleasant Hill and the cabin of Eugene Skinner. "Uncle" Jake Spores located his claim at a point on the east bank of the McKenzie river, afterward's known as Spore's ferry, between where the railroad bridge and wagon road bridge now stand, and this place, during the remainder of a long life, was his home.

Before being called upon to lay down the burden of life, he had reached his 96th milestone. And to one of his daughters, Martha Spores Mulligan, an honest, true-hearted pioneer woman, do we daughters of Cabin No. 3, owe the honored name of our cabin.

John Diamond, from whom the celebrated peak in the Cascade range takes its name, located his claim where Coburg now stands. In the early 50's John Diamond, in company with four other men, started to view a road from Eugene to the summit of the Cascade mountains, via, the Middle Fork of the Willamette river. On the way over they experienced many difficulties, being the first white men to cross by that route. On that trip Mr. Diamond ascended a snow peak to the left of the road, going east; the others were unwilling to attempt the ascent. He reached the summit, and on turning told his companions that he wished it distinctly understood that he claimed that mountain. However, he has never made final proof. But the snow-mantled peak, which towers so majestically in the Cascade range on the east boundary line of Lane county, has since borne the name of Diamond's peak. Two miles east of Coburg, only a short distance from where he settled in '47 to carve out a name and fortune in the far West, he still resides, at the advanced age of eighty-five years, hale and hearty, one of nature's noblemen—"An honest man, the noblest work of God."

M. Wilkins, who is still living at the good old age of 82, also located a claim in this vicinity during the year 1847. M. Wilkins is well known as having been an earnest worker in behalf of the Oregon State Fair, and insists on being present at each annual meeting, although enfeebled by age and rendered almost helpless by paralysis. About this time Wm. Stevens arrived in the county, seeking a modern Garden of Eden for his large family. He decided to settle in the Willamette Forks, locating the first claim therein, and the following year raised a

garden that made him famous the county over for size, quality and quantity of Oregon products. He was a near neighbor of Captain Felix Scott, who, as before stated, had abandoned his claim on Pleasant Hill and chosen one near where William Stevens had located.

One and one-half miles south of Cottage Grove there is living an aged pioneer of '47, the first to permanently locate a claim on the South Fork, "Uncle" Jimmie Chapin, as he is familiarly called, and is at present possessed of an active body and reliable memory, although time has bowed his form and dimmed his vision.

During 1848 immigration swelled the population of the county to more than double its former number. In the fall of this year Mr. Bristow's family arrived, together with James and Caswell Hendricks, Robert Callison, Michael and Harrison Shelley Abel Russell, Wm. Bowman, Calvin Hale, their families, and others whose names I fail to secure. The majority of these took claims on Pleasant Hill.

About this time a claim was located where Cottage Grove now stands by a Mr. Wells and family. They remained on the place only a few years when they moved to Southern Oregon and permanently located. In the year 1848 the Fergusons, Richardsons, Browns and Hintons took claims on the Long Tom.

The first cabin in that locality was built by John B. Ferguson, and stood on the banks of that classical stream, the name of which is supposed to owe its origin to the exploits of a pioneer of Herculean size and strength, who, while crossing this stream of wonderful cognomen, on the back of a cuitan, was precipitated therein by that native steed swimming from beneath him, while he, towering above the rushing waters, boldly waded ashore, amid the plaudits of his companions, who christened the stream "Long Tom."

"Uncle Bennie" Richardson and family of four sons and two daughters took up the next claim and built the second cabin in the Long Tom country this same year.

Webfoot, the Oregon pseudonym, seems to have originated near the banks of the Long Tom. As the story runs, a commercial traveler, a rara avis, I presume, in those days, was spending the night at the home of a farmer. It had been raining very hard, as it frequently does yet in the Willamette valley, and most of the Long Tom soil was submerged, which caused the traveler to sarcastically remark, "The children living around here ought to have been born web-footed." The farmer's wife replied, "We had thought of that," at the same time exhibiting to the astonished tourist her baby's feet, which had webs between the toes. The story lost nothing in telling, and we still remain webfooters.

The year 1849 brought quite an influx to the county population. The Robinsons and Riggs settled on Camas swale, east of Spencer butte. The swale was named from the plant scilla esculenta, or the camas of the natives, which grew there in abundance and formed one of the principal ingredients of the red man's muck-a-muck. Christy Spencer settled near the Scotts at this time and Elias Briggs located his claim where Springfield now stands. Here they discovered a spring that bubbled up clear and sparkling, from which weary pioneers ofttimes quenched their thirst. As years rolled by that portion of the claim from which the spring gushed forth was fenced off for a field, hence, in after years, the name of the village, Springfield.

Wm. Smith, in 1849, located a claim where Fairmont now stands, and there he lived and prospered many years.

In the year 1850 Stephen Jenkins and Martin Brown and wife took claims on Coyote creek, so named from that hilarious little animal which was very much in evidence there at that time. A little later on James Heatherly, Dr, Richardson, Milton Richardson, Philip Cantell and J. C. Conger, with their families, located near by. Rev. J. C. Richardson, of Eugene, relates that as a child he well

remembers being permitted the pleasure of accompanying his father from their cabin on the Coyote to their neighbor Bristow's, on Pleasant Hill, a distance of twenty miles or more, stopping to take dinner at their neighbor Skinner's on the way, that being the only cabin between the two places.

In the spring of 1850 Mr. George H. Armitage came to Lane county, and settled near Mr. Stephens, on the McKenzie. He was a zealous worker, and untiring in his efforts to assist in every undertaking for the development of county interests and institutions. To him belongs the honor of having first hoisted the Stars and Stripes within the present limits of Lane county, the banner being the handiwork of himself and wife, and was first unfurled to the breeze from the summit of Briggs' Butte during the election that settled Eugene as the county seat.

In 1851 John Bailey and Lewis D. Gibson settled on claims on Spencer creek. This creek takes its name from the butte of the same name, in which it has its source, and the butte derives its name from Indian tradition.

A young Englishman by the name of Spencer, in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company, who, in company with others, was sent through to California on a trading expedition with the Indians and Spanish, camped one pleasant afternoon on an old Indian trail that crosses Spencer creek. Young Spencer announced his intentions of going hunting and sightseeing and proposed climbing the large butte to the eastward of camp in order to obtain a view of the surrounding country. This was the last seen of him alive. Failing to return, a search was instituted, which resulted in the finding, half way up the butte, of his nude and lifeless body shot full of arrows, which told the story only too well, which silent lips could not divulge the cruelty and treachery of the uncivilized red man.

"Uncle" Sam Baughman, another pioneer of this year, is still living at Pleasant Hill, although at quite an advanced age. Presley Comegys also located in Lane county during 1851. Hon. D. M. Risdon, who was a conspicuous figure in the early history of Eugene, located here at this time and was for many years closely identified with the early legislative county history. In the year 1851 John Cogswell settled in the Mohawk valley, remaining one winter, after which he permanently located near the McKenzie river. At present he is living in Eugene, at the home of a daughter, and can be met on the streets most any pleasant day, his white hair and aged form proclaiming the fact that the Oregon pioneers of the 40's and early 50's will soon all be called to explore another and to us an unknown shore, from which no tidings ever come.

During those early pioneer days the first native white son born in the present limits of Lane county, was James Madison Hendricks, who was born at Pleasant Hill in June, '49, and died in Eugene a few years ago, leaving a family of two daughters. The first native daughter, and who was also first native white child born in the county, was Mary Spores, at present Mrs. Mary Bogart, who was born during the year 1848. The first death was probably that of a traveler from California in 1849, who, becoming ill on his journey, stopped at Elijah Bristow's.

And there, beneath the roof of that first cabin, the stranger in a distant land, bereft of the presence of home and loved ones, found willing hearts and ready hands to administer to his last earthly wants. He died within a few days after reaching that first cabin and was laid to rest in the Pleasant Hill graveyard, his being the first grave in the oldest cemetery in the county.

Educational matters were not neglected during pioneer days. The first school house was built in the fall of 1849 on Pleasant Hill, not far from where the first cabin was located. It, of course, was made of logs and a huge fireplace occupied or adorned the greater portion of one end. It was built by Elijah Bristow, assisted by his sons and two sons-

in-law, Robert Callison and James Hendricks. Grandsons also lent a helping hand, among those being Hon. T. G. Hendricks, of Eugene. School opened the next spring, the first taught in the county, with W. W. Bristow as teacher.

Some three or four miles southeast of Pleasant Hill is Clover Dale, the little village district where in after years, on a pioneer bench, I sat many weary hours, my time fully occupied and my mind about evenly divided between lessons and mischief. But Clover Dale is now like Goldsmith's Deserted Village, or. rather, it has been taken by the Dutch. In the early '50's there was located at Clover Dale what was termed the first high school in the county, known as Cascade Academy. Martin Blanding was principal educator and physical director, but the only apparatus in the gymnasium at that time was the switch of hazel. He was a man of liberal education,—

"The village all declared how much he knew,
'Twas certain he could write and cipher too;
But past is all his fame, the very spot
Where many a time he triumphed is forgot."

But the good work he accomplished yet lives, and many of our active men of today in the county received their high school training at his hands.

Among those Hon. E. P. Coleman, of Coburg, and our respected fellow-townsman, Hon. T. G. Hendricks. Neither were ministerial affairs overlooked in those days, but the Word of God was not proclaimed in gilded temples to richly robed people in cushioned pews, and where traces of man's pomp or pride are to be seen,"-but in the open air, beneath the stately Oregon trees, where the humble pioneer worshiper, in all the simplicity of childlike faith, could hold communion with his Maker.

The groves were God's first temples,
Ere man learn'd
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them—
Ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems—in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offer'd to the Mightiest, solemn thanks
and supplication.

So were the first meetings in Lane county to worship God conducted under the trees. The first of these were held at that primeval starting point of Lane county civilization, Pleasant Hill, by Rev. John Rigdon. And for more than a score of years the annual protracted meeting and big basket dinner, in the fir grove at Pleasant Hill were the much talked of and prepared for events by the good people generally throughout the county. "Uncle" Philip Mulkey was first traveling missionary in the county. T. J. Conner was first minister to hold services on Spencer Creek, which he did under the trees. Noah Starr was one of the early preachers of the county. Joab Powell was an early day Baptist minister and many are the rich, rare and racy yarns of this reverend gentleman related by the pioneers.

The first house built within the corporate limits of Eugene was built by Charnel Mulligan, husband of Martha Mulligan, for whom our cabin is named, and was built near where J. S. Luckey's handsome residence now stands. After several years it was moved to the Elias Stewart place, where a portion of it is still standing. It was about this time that the county was organized and named, and I shall go back a year or so in my narrative by way of explanation.

In 1848 President Polk, the true and tried friend of Oregon, the man who had been elevated to the chief office in the nation amid the universal shout of "Fifty-Four Forty, or Fight!" was eager to have the territory of Oregon created before the expiration of his term on the 4th of the ensuing March. To this end he appointed Meek Marshal of the new territory, and delegated him to convey a governor's commission to Gen. Joseph Lane, then residing in Indiana, and unaware of the honor to be conferred, or the sacrifice to be required, in whichever light it may be viewed. With that promptness of decision and action which was Gen. Lane's distinguishing characteristic, he accepted the commission on the spot, and in three days had disposed of his property, wound up his business

affairs and begun his journey to the far-off fields of Oregon, reaching Oregon City on March 2, 1849. The following day Gov. Lane issued his proclamation and assumed the duties of his office, being but one day before the expiration of President Polk's official term. In the following year—in accordance with an act of the territorial legislature, passed January 24, 1851, entitled, "An Act to create and organize Lane county," it was ordered that "All that portion of Oregon lying south of Linn county, and south of so much of Benton county as is east of Umpqua county, be, and the same is hereby created and organized into a separate county by the name of Lane county," so named in honor of General Joseph Lane, the Marion of the Mexican war, and the first governor of the territory of Oregon.

The first election held after its organization, occurred on the first Monday in June, 1851, at which time but fifty-one votes were cast, proving conclusively that the population of the county was quite limited with but little interest manifest in the political question. Perhaps the entire campaign talk indulged in months previous to the election at that time amounted to not so much as one afternoon's button-holing of the subject on the streets of Eugene at the present time.

From 1840, the time when "Uncle Bristow laid the foundation of that first cabin, until sometime in the 50's communication by letter with relatives in the "States" was limited. The early pioneer knew little of what was taking place in the outside world. Letters were generally sent across the plains by emigrants, and frequently failed to reach their destination. The first postoffice was established at Oregon City. Soon after there was one at Salem, and from this point the mail was first carried up the Willamette valley, horseback, by a Mr. Allison, who heralded his coming when in a mile or so of a cabin where he was to deliver mail, by the sounding of a tin horn or trumpet, which he carried for that purpose. As the tones reverberated through the Oregon woods the inmates of the cabin would assemble outside and feverishly await the arrival of a letter from a distant home and loved ones, which in many instances was six months or more enroute.

Contrast this with the different facilities of transmitting news to all places in the Union today, and lo, a new era has dawned, while not a few hardy, hoary-headed pioneers remain to witness the same.

Then may not we well say, "All hail to the pioneers of Oregon!"

ANN WHITEAKER.

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THE STEAMER CHESTER.

A BOAT THAT DRAWS ONLY FIVE AND ONE-HALF INCHES.

The stern-wheel steamer Chester, owned by the Joseph Kellogg Transportation Company, is a wonder in way of light draft boats. She was built in 1897, is 100 by 20 feet and drew at the time of launching, with all her machinery and equipment on board, just five and one-half inches. After two years of use she draws but seven and one-half inches. She was built for the Cowlitz river run, that river being very shallow in the summer season. The Chester will carry sixty tons of freight and plow her way readily along from place to place as easily as if there were water enough to float a Great Eastern. The illustration shown on another page will set doubters' ideas concerning her lightness of draft when they look upon the farm wagon drawn up along side and in the middle of the stream unloading feed for transportation elsewhere. The water-mark on the horses' legs show the shallowness of the water and that the steamer is not in the middle of the stream.

HOW JIM FLOATED IN.

With the dropping of the sun into the sea, and the coming up of the big, round-faced, smiling moon on a hot, sultry August night, Captain Hezekia Tugg, who had sat for an hour or more in meditative silence on his back porch, suddenly smote the floor with his cane and started up. "By the bones o' the Prophet, I've got it.! Things like this will slip the mind, though, easy as the slippin' of a cable; so I'll just meander down to the hotel and put it into words to my little Beam o' Sunshine."

As the captain hobbled down the trail and thence across the intervening stretch of shingly beach and approached the big hostelry aglow with light within, it was to see a slight girlish figure silhouetted against the sky ,as she walked slowly back and forth on the wide sweep of the veranda.

"Goody! Captain Tugg," cried the young lady, as he crow-hopped up the stairs a step at a time, "Good! you have come down to tell me another charming story, have you not?"

"Yes, Miss," replied the captain, as he seated himself in the shadow of the portico, "you've hit the nail square on the head. It was sorter lonesome up there in my little shack on the hill," he apologized, "so I thought I would come down this evenin' and spin you the yarn of how Jim floated in."

"And who was Jim?" questioned the young lady, as she placed an ottoman at the captain's feet for him to rest his rheumatic foot upon.

"A green young countryman, whom we will call Jim for short, who landed in New York years ago, without a cent in his pocket; whose worldly belongings was a good mother's blessing and an old-time morocco family Bible, in which Jim pinned his faith.

"Like many another country lad, Jim had never been to sea, but he had read a good deal about it, and, boy like, he had hopes of some day bein' master o' a ship. But o' that, Miss, I will speak later on. When his mother died and the home went to swell the shekel-sack o' the holder o' the mortgage, which clings closer than an octopus and eats away like a teredo, Jim was bound out by the selectman to a skin-flint farmer, whose mind was so narrow and heart so calloused with sin and greed, the meanest thing that crawled would pass him by with contempt.

"Early and late, day in and day out, through sunshine and rain, and sleet and snow, little Jim milked and churned, and hoed and plowed, with many a curse and kick thrown in, till he was sixteen years o' age. O' nights he would limp up stairs to his attic bed-room under the roof and watch the stars through the little window, where his angel mother no doubt looked down with pitying eyes.

"The day Jim was sixteen he received the drubbing o' his life, for droppin' his hoe and slippin' away to the circus, come to town that day. Yes, Miss, it was a drubbing, sure enough, the skin-flint gave him, beatin' him black and blue with a bridle stall, the cruel bits raising welts and lumps on his tender skin, ten times worse than any cat-o'-nine-tails you ever heard of. Then Jim woke up. Lying there on his measly pallet that night, a new-born resolve crept into his heart—he would run away and become a sailor.

"To think with Jim was to act. When all was still at the farm house he chucked his earthly belongings—the Bible and a threadbare suit o' clothes, into a carpet-bag that opened up like the yawnin' jaws o' an alligator; then he tip-toed softly down the stairs, and thence out into the starlit world, and journeyed down to New York.

"His path was not strewn with roses, Miss, by any means; they come nearer being thorns. People were leary o' him

—not that he was onnery or vicious lookin' and all that—but the bulged-out carpet-bag told the story, and they were not always joyful in helping a runaway boy along. Sometimes Jim slept in barns, cuddled up in the hay; at other times he slept in fence corners, with only God's big starlit sky for a coverin'. Some days he went hungry, and some days he went fed, all owin' to whether some kind-hearted farmer gave him a boost in the right direction with eatables and drink, all of which he paid for in work with his strong young arms.

"In this manner he at last reached the city; footsore and worn he clumped it along, his heavy cow-hide shoes makin' the pavement ring, an object of pity, truly. The city was strange to him, and as he worked his way further and further into its heart he soon became dazed, and as utterly lost as if on the great plains of Sahara.

By and by the little countryman was spied by a band of street arabs, and Jim's troubles began in earnest. Without warnin' he was set upon and his much-prized carpet-bag jerked from his hand. Then up one street and down another, and thence into an alley, surrounded by high tenement walls, ran the bully o' the crowd, little white-faced, terrified Jim in hot pursuit. Once in the alley the bully gave Jim to understand that he might fight to regain his possessions. So Jim, since he had to, puts up his props, and at it he goes, strikin' regular sledge hammer blows, his fresh young face covered with brine as tear drop after tear drop rolled down his cheeks.

"The battle, Miss, was short and decisive. In less time than it takes to tell it Jim came out o' the fray with a bloody nose and a badly swollen lip, the victor, by right o' might; and I might add, the hero o' the hour. My, how those street arabs cheered him when he laid the bully out! At that Jim's feathers went up like a banty rooster's and his own downcast spirits began to rise.

"But Jim was treadin' on dangerous ground. Just as he laid hold o' his carpet-bag his newly-made mob howlin friends all at once darted away. Then up goes a window across the street and a frowzy-headed woman yells 'Run, country, run! The cops is comin'!' Now Jim didn't know the meanin' o' 'cops' any more than a cannibal. Turnin' 'round he saw a big policeman, with club on high, bearin' down on him like a schooner on a nor'west tack. That scairt him and he fled for his life.

"You ought to have seen him when he got out of the alley, the old carpet-bag a knockin' and a bangin' against the legs o' the passers by. I tell you he showed a swift pair o' heels!

"As Jim ran down the street people turned and gazed at him in amazement. Then cabmen began to yell at him, and another policeman made a grab for him, but Jim avoided his clutch and kept on. As he turned a corner he banged his head into a big-stomached man wearin' a plug hat, with the force o' a batterin' ram, knockin' him galley west. Jim never stopped, though, but kept on runnin' till he brought up at the water front way down on East River.

By and by, after he had rested a while, he went down to the river and washed his face; then he began to look around for honest employment. But New York merchants, likewise captains o' ships, didn't want a green country clodhopper for errand or cabin boy; so he wandered around like a ship without a rudder, too proud to beg, until darkness fell over the city.

"In his wanderings Jim passed a little shop built on piles out over the river, the owner o' which was a despised son o' Israel. Something in his make-up attracted the Jew's attention, and as Jim limped past the door, the merchant called him back. Why he did this I don't know. Perhaps Jim reminded him o' himself when he first faced the world in far-away Bavaria. Anyway he called Jim back and heard his straightforward story. And the Jew believing him, for he saw truth written in the clear brown eyes o' the lad before him. 'Rest here with us, my son,' said he, kindly placing his hand on Jim's curly head;

'we will see what the morning will bring forth.'

"So Jim, nothing loth, went in, and there by the side o' pretty little four-year-old Gustina, the Jewish couple's only child, he ate his full. After supper he went to bed under the counter o' the shop; and, as the city clock chimed ten, silence fell over the house o' Israel.

"Thus for the first time in his life Jim slept in the city, his head pillowed on the old family Bible, in which were inscribed on its pages in his mother's shaky hand, the names of all he held dear who lay sleepin' in the everlastin' hills way up in Vermont. As the hours passed Jim dreamed of green fields and runnin' streams and birds singin' in the trees, the guest o' his good Samaritan friend, whose race was banished from the Promised Land.

"As the city clock struck twelve, Jim's dreams passed from green fields and such, to other channels. He dreamed he was in another world where he fairly gasped to get his breath. It seemed as if great clouds o' smoke was bearin' him down; he could hear cracklin' flames and smell burnin' wood. Then as the clang, clang, of a bell floated over the city, and a hissin', sputterin' fire engine thundered down the street as fast as horseflesh could draw it, he awoke to find his dream a reality. The shop was on fire!

"When Jim got out from under the counter he found a sea o' fire between him and the doorway, reachin' clear through the ceiling, shutting off his escape. The door stood open. Through it and the wall o' fire he could see a great crowd gathered on the street in front o' the great snake-like hose, the coughing engine fairly showering them with sparks. A rope was stretched in front o' the engine. Behind it were policemen beatin' back the crowd, as they pressed closer and closer into the dull red glare. Inside the fire line were the half-dressed frantic Jew and his wife implorin' the firemen to save their little Gustina, whom they had forgotten in their haste.

"Now Jim was no hero, Miss, but into his head there came a resolve to rescue the little girl or perish in the attempt. So, graspin' his carpet-bag—it would never do to part with the family heir-loom—he worked his way along, foot by foot, the dartin' flames comin' up through the floor, blisterin' and blindin' him, till he reached the family sleepin' room in the rear o' the shop. And there he found her, Miss, 'midst the dartin' forked tongues o' fire fast asleep, with one little bare arm under her head, a smile on her pretty face.

"From where he stood Jim could see a window that overlooked the river. To reach it and make a leap for life was the thought that came into his brain. To this end he hastily awoke the child, then he wrapped a blanket around her; and, as the ceiling in the front o' the shop dropped in, he started for the openin'. His intentions were good enough, Miss, but he never reached the window. Just as he groped his way to the foot o' the bed, the badly fire-eaten floor gave way; and, with a yell from himself and a scream from the little girl, Jim dropped like a sack o' coal into the sullen waters o' the river, far below.

"Now, as you know, Miss, the Bible has been the life buoy o' many a poor sinkin' soul, and in this case the one in the carpet-bag was destined to be the means o' Jim's and the little girl's earthly salvation; for, as he came to the surface, the buoyant, air-filled bag naturally swung under his left arm, makin' the best o' buoys. Then as the current struck him, bearin' him from the firelit scene, half strangled Jim and his charge floated away into the darkness o' the piers.

"On, and on, block after block, floated Jim with chattering teeth. Luckily he could swim, so holdin' the little child on his shoulder he began to tread water, all the time a yellin' for a rescuing hand. As the current swept him out from under the shadows o' the pier, straight under where now swings the huge span o' the Brooklyn bridge, he floated into the track o' a white, dazzlin' light that shone

we will see what the morning will bring forth.'

"So Jim, nothing loth, went in, and there by the side o' pretty little four-year-old Gustina, the Jewish couple's only child, he ate his full. After supper he went to bed under the counter o' the shop; and, as the city clock chimed ten, silence fell over the house o' Israel.

"Thus for the first time in his life Jim slept in the city. His head pillowed on the old family Bible, in which were inscribed on its pages in his mother's shaky hand, the names of all the kindly dear who lay sleepin' in the cool-tastin' hills way up in Vermont. As the hours passed Jim dreamed of green fields and runnin' streams and birds singin' in the trees, the grace o' his good countryman friend, whose face was banished from the Promised Land.

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"When Jim got out from under the counter he found a sea o' fire between him and the doorway, rushin' along through the ceiling shutting off his escape. The door stood open. Through it and the wall o' fire he could see a great crowd gathered on the street in front o' the giant brass-like hose, the coughing engine lustily shooting them with sparks. A rope was stretched in front o' the engine, behind it were policemen beatin' back the crowd, as they pressed closer and closer upon the dull red glare. Inside the fire line were the half-dressed Jewish fire and life wakin' implorin' the firemen to save their little Gustina, whom they had forgotten in their haste.

over the water like a great fiery eye. On the heels o' this the chug and roar and beatin' o' paddle wheels fell on his ear, and he knew he was in the track o' a steamer.

"At that he set up another yell, for he could see men movin' about on the steamer's lower deck. That yell saved him, Miss, for strangely enough, it was heard on board above the pound and roar. When he yelled a head was thrust out o' the pilot house window and then hastily withdrawn. Then the clang o' a bell echoed over the bay, there sounded a hoarse cough, cough, a million fiery sparks belched from her stacks, the huge walkin' beam began to walk the other way; and as Jim floated past the bow, straight under the larboard wheel, so it seemed, the great sound flyer came to a stop.

"Jim did not see the giant negro, who lay with half his body hangin' over the gunwale, but he felt his hand as it clutched his coat collar with an iron grip, and the next minute he and the little girl were landed safe and sound on the great wide deck. When he came to, Miss, Jim was layin' in the Ajax's warm cabin, a score o' sympathetic passengers bendin' over him. 'Why bless me, captain,' a big stomached man wearin' a plug hat, was sayin', 'it's the little country lad I was just now telling about who ran me down today, God bless him!"

"It is not for me to tell, Miss," concluded the captain, his eye resting on his little cabin on the bluff, "how the Jewish couple took on when their little girl was returned to them none the less for the plunge. This I will say, though, looks are deceivin' sometimes, and though he looked poor and onnery, as far as this world's goods go, the Jew was immensely wealthy. Now, he didn't adopt the little countryman exactly, but he came pretty near it. When Jim got out o' the hospital good Captain Coffee took him in charge and sailed away for Australia. The cruise lasted five years and when Jim got back he knew all that was worth tellin' about a ship. Then the Jew sent him across the water with a well-filled pocket-book and when Jim again saw the United States he floated into port on a four-master, named the Dilbony, which was his for keeps."

"Why, Captain Tugg!" exclaimed the young lady, peering into his face as he drew farther back in the shadow of the portico, "you have let the cat out of the bag. I know now who Jim was. It was you, bless your dear old heart, for you have told me about the Dilbony before! So that was why you waited until after dark to tell me the story of your life, for fear I might see the tears in your eyes, eh?"

"Mebby," said the captain, as he rose to go; "mebby. Anyway, that was how Jim floated in."

THOS. H. ROGERS.

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Most all of the tribes of Indians in the Pacific Northwest subjected the members of native tribes captured in war to a state of servitude, and there were instances where the trappers, who intermarried with the Indian women, did likewise. The custom was not done away with until long after the advent of the pioneers, and its downfall no doubt saw its beginnings through the actions of Rev. Jason Lee in 1834. Through him, it is believed, the first slaves were emancipated. It seems that in September, of that year, a French settler by the name of Louis Shangarette suddenly died from the bursting of a blood vessel, leaving three half-breed orphans and five Indian slaves without a home. Dr. McLoughlin desired Mr. Lee to take charge of this family. The proposition was accepted with the understanding that the slaves receive their freedom. This was decreed in-so-far as the word of the doctor could make a law, and in those days he was sole autocrat of this section of the country, and when he gave orders they were implicitly obeyed.

ANECDOTES OF EARLY DAYS.

Anything of interest pertaining to the early time will always have interest. Not long since, when visiting my old friend, Col. Jas. K. Kelly, at his Washington home, we were talking of the olden time and he gave me the following incidents: Jo Meek was always full of his adventures and had a rare appreciation of the humorous. One story he told on himself was, that while he was U. S. marshal he had some trouble in keeping his cash account. He was apt to get behind. Dr. McLoughlin was on his bond; hearing that he was behind in making returns, the doctor accosted him with: "Wh-wh-what is this I hear, Jo, that you don't pay up as you should?" Jo studied a moment and then answered, "If any one bothers you about me, you can tell them not to worry, as Jo Meek has given a good bond." "Tut, tut, tut," said the doctor, "That means that I shall have to pay if you are delinquent, for I'm on your bond." "Of course," said Jo, "that's what you signed the bond for."

Another of Jo Meek's tales was, that when O. C. Pratt was U. S. judge and he was marshal the court house at Oregon City was a small concern with a loft and stairs going up to it from the court room. The marshal wore a regulation uniform, of which he was very proud. One time, when there was a trial for selling liquor to Indians, there were five or six Indian women as witnesses. While the court was sitting the grand jury occupied this loft, and when a witness was wanted the word was passed down. Not understanding, when the marshal called one they all started to go up. Jo stopped this in a very unjudicial way, by catching her down again. This was too much for his honor: "Marshal, come within the bar," said he. Jo marched inside the railing and made a profound bow. "Marshal, if ever I see you do such an act as that again, I will fine you $50." To keep the majesty of the court in proper shape the marshal used to escort the judge to his dinner. As they were on the way, Meek asked, "Did you really mean to fine me $50, judge?" "Yes," was the response, "I shall certainly fine you $50, if I have to pay it myself." "Good enough," said Jo, "I can stand that as long as you can."

When Yamhill county was organized, in 1846, A. A. Skinner was judge and John G. Baker, sheriff. The court house was a plebean sort of affair with one room. There was not even an attic, as was the case at Oregon City. In those days the grand jury was a conglomerate of any number from thirteen to twenty-three. There had to be more than the number of a petit jury and not twice that number. When the sheriff asked where he was to establish his grand jury, the judge scratched his head in a contemplative way, then said: "Take them out under that broad-spreading oak. Stake out the foreman and the rest will be apt to range near by." It was the leafy month of June and the shade of the oak was grateful. The stock interest was paramount and illustrations taken from it were classical.

Jim Fruit was another of the characters of the early time. Jim came from Missouri and was proud of that origin. One year, when emigration fell off from

ed Jim what ailed the Missourians. He was apt at repartee, and rejoined that the crop of "buck bock" was so short that year that they hadn't enough to dye their clothes, so couldn't go west; that no self-respecting Missourian would go away from home without his regular color.

Another curious feature of that time was Jim Ware, of Clackamas. One year Ware was sent to represent Clackamas in the legislature. He was fond of addressing the chair. His attitude was to lift his right foot upon the chair he sat on and then say: "Mr. Speaker!" One time he was descanting on the great advantages of Oregon. He came from Sangamon county, Illinois, and thought that was God's country—except that it could'nt compare with Oregon. He was descanting on this favorite topic one day and illustrated his theme in a way that became historical. He said there was a Yankee, direct from Connecticut, who came to Sangamon and was infatuated with the region. Once, when he had written to a brother, in Connecticut, to tell his opinion, he came to see him (Jim Ware) to ask how it suited. His letter read: "Oh, Brother, come to Sangamon! If you do, you'll find bees into every hollow tree; you'll find four squirrels up three trees; you'll find hoop-poles without end; rattlesnakes—oh, ——! Brother, come to Sangamon!" The Connecticut man was a cooper. To add effect to this harangue, Ware delivered it in the nasal Yankee tone.

SAMUEL A. CLARKE.

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DAVID McLOUGHLIN.

David McLoughlin, the only son of the late and honored Dr. John McLoughlin, is said to be still living in Northeastern Washington. He was born in Clackamas county over seventy years ago, and was educated in London. After the death of his father he retired to the solitudes of Northeasten Washington, where he has resided for many years. A year or two ago a Spokane paper gave an account of his first visit to that city, when he experienced his first ride in a hotel elevator, and acquired his first personal knowledge of electric street cars. A few of the older settlers here remember David McLoughlin as a young man over six feet in height, finely formed, erect, but lacking the energy and executive ability of his father. On his return from London, he lived an apparently easy life, assisting his father in the office and store, and occasionally figuring accounts for an early merchant, Mr. LaForest. Mrs. LaForest, who still lives, remembers that David McLoughlin lounged around her husband's store a great deal of the time, and was notably quick in mathematics. After his father's death David was apparently dissatisfied with life in Oregon City, and one day informed Mr. LaForest that this was no place for him, and left, losing his identity in the Western wilderness. A story has been handed down from pioneer days that he woed and won the daughter of the captain of an English tea ship, who was in Portland temporarily, but that Dr. McLoughlin would not consent to the marriage on account of religious scruples. It is a fact, however, that David McLoughlin has spent the greater part of his life away from advancing civilization, and it is not believed that he ever married.

KEELER H. CARBERT.

*PIONEER DAY AND PIONEER ERA.

Again June 15 and again "Pioneer day" has come and gone. But yesterday, as it seems, these words were last written and spoken, and following them a eulogy upon those—living and dead—who laid strong and broad and deep the foundations of our state in the near and yet distant past. Proof of the number of these vanished days was seen in the white-haired men and women who passed up and down our streets yesterday, called hither by this historical occasion. Elbowing their way gently through the crowds, wearing badges that tell how many years of their lives have been spent in Oregon, smilingly appreciative of the attention they receive, ready to relate incidents of the commonplace life of the long ago and to express satisfaction at the improvement upon primitive methods that the years have brought. These men and women come among us with yearly dwindling ranks, honored guests of the occasion, and receive the welcome that is their due. Brave men and heroic women! Distinguished in the battle of life for the effort that failed not, though its fruition was not always in sight—the full fruits of the victory which civilization has won in the state are for your descendants and successors—its glory belongs to you.

It is true that hardship and privation in the sense that these terms were applied to the settlement of the Middle West were in a degree unknown to the pioneer of Oregon. In the first place, the relative mildness of the climate forbade the suffering from cold which pinched the bodies and congealed the energies of the pioneers of the Ohio valley; and again the supply depots of the Hudson's Bay Company preceded actual settlement in the farming districts of the state by some years, while the occasional ship that felt its way successfully across the bar of the Columbia supplied with its varied cargo many needs of the settlers.

Rev. Samuel Parker, who made the journey in pursuit of the missionary idea across the continent between the 14th of March, 1835, and the 16th of October of the same year, traveling continuously and reaching Fort Vancouver on the latter date, relates that he found there "a hospitable people and the comforts of life," and that during all the months of his journey—the last fifty-six days with Indians only—he "had not suffered a single day for want of food." Later on, when domiciled for the winter at the post, he spoke of occupying well-furnished rooms, of having all the attendance he could wish, access to as many valuable books as he had time to read, opportunities to ride out and see the surrounding country, and, in addition to all these, "the society of gentlemen, enlightened, polished and sociable." Remembering the date of his experience, this account seems wonderful, since at that period settlers in many sections of the Ohio valley were still living lives of the most bitter contention against unsubdued nature.

Of course the settlers that followed the missionary pathfinders in yearly increasing numbers after 1840 did not meet with the full-handed hospitality that fell to the lot of Parker, yet it is a matter of record that Dr. McLoughlin and other men of the Hudson's Bay Company befriended the helpless and contributed to the needs of the destitute in many instances during these and succeeding

tained at Fort Vancouver and afterward at Oregon City, which was of incalculable benefit to the earliest pioneers. Very few, if any, now remain who shared the hospitality of Dr. McLoughlin in these far-away days, yet in dealing with the pioneer era history will be true to his part in making the "first winter" tolerable and even enjoyable to many who, without the consideration shown them, would have felt more than the pinch of hunger.

In the meantime, the state-builders were at work, and the missionaries had not disregarded temporal matters in the pursuit of things spiritual, so that when the very oldest of our now-living pioneers pitched their tents in the beautiful wilderness of "the Oregon territory" they were able in a very short time to compass the ordinary comforts of home.

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But this is all of the past. The wide areas between homes that made daily intercourse among neighbors impossible; primitive methods of agriculture for the output of which there was no market; sparse settlements over which the dread of the always-possible Indian outbreak hovered; the long intervals between "states' mails" made anxious by the probabilities of death and disaster "at home" during the period of silence; the haunting specter of homesickness that moved about the house and the clearing, are all of the past. These were the disagreeable realities of pioneer life. Dominating them all was the genial spirit of hospitality which isolation invokes, the gratified spirit of adventure which is the mainspring of much pioneer endeavor, the feeling of freedom which a survey of the wide expanse created, and finally the contentment which comes from a familiarity with surroundings and the gratification of the home-building instinct.

Loyal Oregonians are these gray and genial pioneers. Not one of them would exchange his home here, endeared by the early associations of which its building was a part, for a freehold in any other land under the sun. Loyal Oregonians, The Oregonian, a pioneer among you, greets you, honors you, congratulates you, bids you welcome as you come and godspeed as you go, in the city whose name you knew not, but the corner-stone of whose prosperity you helped to lay in the days wherein the "yet young state was younger yet."

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* The foregoing tribute to the pioneers appeared in the editorial columns of the Daily Oregonian, June 16, 1899. Hon. Harvey W. Scott, editor of that paper, being the writer. The article is considered well worthy of preservation in the pages of history, and for that reason has here been republished.

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The first brick dwelling house erected in the Pacific Northwest was built in Yamhill county, Oregon, early in 1846, by Geo. K. Gay. It is still standing, and located within the townsite of Wheatland. The brick were made by the Methodist mission, but it did not use them. Rev. George Gary, the new superintendent of the mission, who arrived a short time previously, changed the plans in contemplation, and the brick were sold. The first brick store erected was put up by Governor Abernethy, at Oregon City

The first gold discovery in the Pacific Northwest, if not on the Pacific coast, by the whites, was made by Daniel Herron on the headwaters of the Malheur river. No one of the company he was with seemed to know what the shining metal was, and after being hammered out on a wagon tire it was thrown aside. When gold was discovered in California in 1849, the circumstance was recalled to mind, and after considerable search the

NESIKA WA-WA.

In this number we have made mention of some of the earlier historical educational institutions of Oregon. In subsequent numbers others deserving of like notice will be spoken of by us. It has been the custom with some to send their children to eastern schools for an education, but observation of the progress made by our young men and women educated at home, bears out the idea that they stand as high, if not higher, in the various avocations they have chosen for a livelihood, than the eastern educated. Our schools possess all the appliances required to gain a knowledge of almost any subject; our teachers are as competent as the best of the East in nearly all branches, the exceptions being confined only to a few branches of study that are of no practical value save to the very limited number. Take Oregonians away from our salubrious climate and place them in a situation where the mercury goes down way below zero, or where they nearly suffocate with the heat, both night and day and they cannot give their minds to study with the degree of ease and satisfaction that they can on this coast. Keep your children at home, it will save you money and will not deprive them of the very best of facilities for securing the finished education you desire them to have.

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Among the many interesting chapters in the history of our country's development, none possesses greater attraction than that which deals with the vast territory of which Oregon forms a part, from its occupation by a handful of British trappers to its acquisition by the United States. The struggle between Great Britain and the United States for this valuable possession, and the part played by McLoughlin of the Hudson's Bay Company, are here set forth in a most enjoyable narrative. The men and women whose names are prominently associated with the pioneer movement are presented in life-like portraiture, and the conditions prevailing under the old regime—the semi-feudal government of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Vancouver—form a curious and fascinating portion of the story. No less interesting are the incidental sketches of Indian life and character and the passionate fear and jealousy exhibited by the red men toward the whites, which culminated in the Whitman massacre.

The author, Mrs. Eva Emery Dye, of Oregon City, has given an exceedingly vivid account of the picturesque life in the mountains; of the trappers, the Indians, and the missionaries, regarding all of which she has had unusual facilities for acquiring information. Readers will be delighted with the narrative, which, while historically accurate and valuable, possesses all the attractiveness of a romance. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, are the publishers. For sale by the J. K. Gill Co., Portland; $1.50 per copy.

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It is most remarkable that nearly all of the membership of the fur companies coming to the Pacific Northwest, though the nature of their calling would serve to break down one's constitution, were long lived, many of them living to be over 80 years of age.

Lieut. Wilkes celebrated the 4th of July, 1841, on American lake, Washington. In 1843 Rev. Gustavus Hines delivered an address on the Nation's natal day at Oregon City. There was no general observance of the day until 1846, when Oregon City and Salem each had a grand blow-out.

PURPLE AND GOLD.

On the 15th inst. the twenty-eighth annual reunion of the Oregon Pioneer Association was held in Portland, and the men and women who made it possible for the building of the metropolis owned it for the time being.

At 10:00 o'clock in the forenoon they were entertained at the Tabernacle, by the Native Sons and Daughters. A fine luncheon was served to them and some time was spent in the shaking of hands and in conversation.

At 1:30 o'clock the Pioneers assembled on Morrison street, in front of the Marquam Building, and, headed by the Native Sons and Daughters and the Third Regiment band, took up the march for the Exposition Building, where the exercises of the day were held. There were many old men and women in line who came with a wagon train across the plains half a century ago. Some of these showed that time had been at work, yet when the band began to play a lively air, these stooped and halting men and women fell into line with the sprightliness of boys and girls.

There were many in the line who looked hale and hearty, and some who might have been taken for a Native Son or Daughter.

At Twelfth street the procession was joined by the Indian War Veterans, and, with jesting, laughter, and occasional Indian yells, the long line continued on to the Exposition Building. There the Sons and Daughters stood aside and allowed the older ones to enter the building first.

Though the crowd was large there was room for all inside. The band played while the people were seated. The stage was beautifully decorated, and among those who were seated thereon were some of the men and women whose history would make a book. Among them was Louis La Bonte, the oldest Native Son in the state. His father was a French-Canadian, and his mother, Kil-a-ko-tah, was the eldest daughter of Cob-a-way, chief of the Clatsop Indians. F. X. Matthieu, the only survivor of the convention of 1843, and Cyrus H. Walker, the first living male white child born in Oregon of white parents.

After prayer by Chaplain N. Doane, President J. T. Apperson arose and, after congratulating the organization, thanking the people of Portland for the reception they had given the Pioneers, and complimenting the Sons and Daughters, introduced J. C. Moreland, who delivered the annual address. The occasional address was delivered by Cyrus H. Walker.

Concluding the address a banquet was served. There being 16 tables with 40 chairs at each. These tables were decorated most tastefully with the many flowers which grow in Oregon, with the Oregon fir scattered all about. Upon many of the plates was a rose or some other flower, and the good things that were on the tables were such as lords find spread upon their boards when they go to dine.

Mrs. I. W. Pratt, Mrs. E. E. McClure and Mrs. O. P. S. Plummer, of the executive committee of the Woman's Auxiliary, who had charge of the banquet, deserve great credit for the manner in which they handled the crowd. There was no rush, as is often the case at banquets. Everything was as orderly as at a home dinner, and the Pioneers enjoyed themselves to the limit.

The officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: Lee Laughlin, pres-

ident; J. H. D. Gray, vice-president; George H. Himes, secretary, re-elected; Charles E. Ladd, treasurer, re-elected; Silas B. Smith, corresponding secretary; D. P. Thompson, J. T. Apperson, William Galloway, directors.

As soon as the business had been transacted, President Apperson asked William Galloway to preside, then followed:

The "Greeting Song," by the veteran male quartet, was good. Then came a recitation by Miss Hazel Hoopengarner which brought down the house. It was followed by a song from the gray-haired male singers. O. F. Paxton favored the audience with Dr. Bennett's poem, "The Pioneer," which was well received.

Again the male quartet was called for, and gave two or three selections which completely charmed the crowd. The "rooter" song, in which Judge Bullock, crowed in a manner that would have made a rooster ashamed of himself, was the feature of the evening.

This venerable quartet was composed of the following men: Judge S. Bullock, Captain W. S. Powell, first tenors; C. W. Tracy, J. R. N. Sellwood, second tenors; George A. Buchanan, John Shaver, first bass; H. A. Kineth, Dr. H. R. Littlefield, second bass; accompanist, Miss E. Cora Felt.

When it was announced that experiences were in order there was no lack of of speakers. As fast as one sat down another was up, and the tales that some of them told were highly interesting. There was hearty applause throughout the experience telling.

Among those who had good things to say to the Pioneers were Silas B. Smith, Mrs. A. S. Duniway, Judge M. C. George, Mrs. R. A. Miller and Van De-Lashmutt.

When all who desired had had their say, the meeting adjourned and the 22d annual gathering of Oregon Pioneers was at an end.

The fifteenth annual grand encampment of the Indian War Veterans of the Pacific Northwest met in Grand Army Hall June 15, and was called to order at 10:15 by Grand Commander T. A. Wood. The officers of the encompment, most of whom were present, are as follows: T. A. Wood, grand commander; Capt. James McAuliffe, senior vice grand commander; Major James Bruce, junior vice grand commander, Otto Kleeman, general adjutant and acting secretary; P. C. Nolan, first assistant adjutant; H. D. Mount, second assistant; G. L. Rowland, third assistant; Rev. W. D. Ewing, chaplain; Capt. P. Maloney, grand marshal; J. H. McMillen, paymaster; T. I. Nicklin, surgeon; John Storan, captain of the guard.

The session was opened by singing "America," by Mrs. Maggie Gillett, and the audience. In the absence of the chaplain prayer was offered by Comrade L. M. Parrish.

Grand Commander Wood read his report, which was an able and interesting document. Among the resolutions introduced and adopted was one in relation to the monument in memory of the Pioneers and Indian War Veterans. Its purport was, that instead of building a monument to the soldiers of the Second Oregon alone, a memorial Hall should be erected, commemorating the dead solders of all the wars, past, present and future. There their names should be inscribed, the archives kept; their various organizations, Pioneers, Veterans, Native Sons and Daughters and others could meet; and there a great free library could be collected. He believed that if the monument fund being raised was thus diverted some rich man would endow it with $100,000, and that everybody would contribute. A single monument, erected to the dead of the Second Oregon meant little; such a building would mean much, and to everybody. He thought the volunteers should not be singled out; the veteran dead of the Indian Wars and the Civil War should stand on the same plane and receive equal honor.

At the conclusion of the business of the association the veterans adjourned for lunch, which was served in the rear

end of the hall. The wives and daughters ot fhe veterans had been busy in preparing the meal, and the tables were loaded with good things to eat, and were brilliant with many splendid bouquets. The order was that only veterans, or their wives and widows, who were over 65 years old, should have seats at the first tables. About 145 veterans, wives, widows and daughters were present, nearly filling the hall. While many of the veterans' heads are white and forms bowed, there are still among them a good many specimens of sturdy manhood, and generally their clear faces and robust frames furnish proof of an active, well-spent life.

The Grand Cabin, Native Sons, held its second annual session on June 13 and 14. At the beginning of the year there were 18 cabins, at the close of this year, 32; all of which are in from fair to a flourishing condition. The present membership is about 2000.

Grand President Blumauer submitted a very comprehensive report bearing upon the condition and needs of the order, as well as upon other important matters.

Considerable legislation was enacted, the more important of which was the creation of the office of grand organizer; representation from the cabins to the grand cabin; striking out the provisions permitting of an honorary membership, and other matters incidental to the welfare of the cabins.

The report had in part the following on pioneer memorial, which is well worthy of consideration.

"The time has arrived when some concerted effort should be made to build a monument to the pioneers, who, through herculean struggles, hardships and perils, found their way to Oregon, and, through their noble sacrifices and heroic valor, reclaimed its broad acres from the wild beasts and the savages; and, through their occupancy, saved it from the domination of a foreign power.

"It is recommended that a committee consisting of five members of this grand cabin be appointed to take steps to secure Park Block No. 7, in the city of Portland, bounded by Salmon, Main and Park and West Park streets, for the purpose of erecting thereon a monument to the pioneers in the shape of a log cabin large enough to accommodate the pioneers in their annual reunions, the Indian War Veterans during the yearly meetings, the Native Sons and Native Daughters, when they meet in annual session, and provide for the permanent preservation and exhibit of the archives, relics and curios of the State Historical Society.

"If you deem it advisable to have a committee appointed in this behalf, I would recommend that it be instructed to secure, if possible, the co-operation of a committee from the Pioneer Association, Indian War Veterans, Native Daughters and State Historical Society.

"It seems probable that not only the City of Portland, but the legislature, will have to be looked to in order that the property may be appropriated to the purpose. I would therefore suggest that the legal status of the case be inquired into before other effort is made, and, if it be lawful for the property to be so disposed of, that determined and united effort be made to accomplish the object herein set forth."

All the societies mentioned for co-operation in the suggestion have named committees for the purpose of conference and action, and with united effort their objects will no doubt be accomplished.

The following was also suggested: "A great many Native Sons and Daughters are unable to entertain the pioneers and take part in their exercises on that day, on account of interfering with their business vocations. I therefore recommend that a committee of five members of the grand cabin be appointed to have a bill passed at the next legislature to make June 15 a legal holiday of the state in honor of our noble and brave pioneers.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Sol Blumauer, grand president; A. E. Reames, of Jacksonville, first grand vice-president; H. T. McClallen, second grand vice-president; Fred H. Saylor, grand secretary; H. C. Wortman, grand treasurer; C. T. Belcher, grand marshal; W. R. Barrett,

grand orator; R. C. Ganong, J. P. Walker, C. E. Foster, C. C. Goldsmith, C. H. Walker, E. R. Drake, M. A. Baker, grand trustees; Emery Herron, grand inside sentinel; E. H. Matthieu, grand outside sentinel. Past Grand President J. C. Leasure holds over, as no successor was elected to that position.

The Grand Cabin, Native Daughters, held their first annual session on June 13 and 14, at Artisan's Hall. Twenty-one cabins were represented, twenty of which were instituted during the past year. A number of changes were made in the laws, and the ritual worded so as to make it practically a new one. One of the features of the session was the address of retiring Grand President Mrs. R. A. Miller.

The following officers for the ensuing year were elected: Mrs. Robert A. Miller, past grand president; Mrs. James Welch, grand president; Mrs. J. C. Leasure first grand vice-president; Mrs. Ella Dun Rice, second grand vice-president; Mrs. W. D. Palmer, grand secretary; Mrs. J. A. White, grand treasurer; Mrs. Matthews, grand marshal; Mrs. Julia Gault, grand inside sentinel; Mrs. Minnie Cozard, grand outside sentinel; Mrs. C. H. Smith, grand historian; Maud Pope Allyn, Mrs. Pearl Snow; Edith Tongue Reames; Mrs. I. L. Patterson, Mrs. Mary Kenny, Mrs. C. W. Fulton, Mrs. Sallie Applegate Long, grand trustees.

Outside grand officers and delegates were tendered a banquet at Brandes restaurant on the evening of the 14th by Eliza Spaulding Warren's Cabin, Native Daughters, and Abernethy's Cabin, Native Sons, of Portland. Among the guests of the evening were Gov. T. T. Geer and bride, both of whom were born in Oregon.

On the evening of the 15th a reception and dance was tendered to all visitors at Parson's hall. Refreshments were served during the evening. This affair was also under the auspices of the Portland cabins Native Sons and Native Daughters.

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BIOGRAPHICAL.

REV. ALVIN F. WALLER.

Born in Abington, Pennsylvania, May 8, 1808. Was brought up in the faith of the Methodist church, of which he became a member when he reached the age of twenty-one and three years later began to preach. In 1833 he wedded Miss Elpha White, the fruits of the union being three children, one son and two daughters, one of the later being an Oregon girl. In 1839 he, together with his family, came in the ship around Cape Horn to the far off Pacific Northwest to labor in the missionary field. He arrived in 1840 and for thirty-two years thereafter he was faithful to the cause of the Master, and during such time he was an active participant in the laying of the foundations of charitable and religious institutions. He was one of the prime movers in the organization of the Oregon Institute, from which grew the Willamette University, and he was the principal agent in establishing the Pacific Christian Advocate, founded in 1853.

His good works were innumerable, and were performed in a truly Christian spirit. As a man and a minister, Mr. Waller had great perseverance, energy and fidelity, and was a clear, logical and powerful preacher. His judgment had weight in the public mind on all questions, whether connected with state or ecclesiastical interests, because his intellect was many-sided. He was a minister, and had an intense loyalty to his church; but he was more,—a broad, patriotic, and public-spirited man.

In such pioneers as Mr. Waller a great blessing came to the early days when civilizations were made and commonwealths founded on the shores of the Pacific. During his life in Oregon he made his home in Salem. He died there, December 26, 1872. Mrs. Waller survived him for nine years, dying December 30, 1881. Their children were O. A. Waller, Mrs. C. H. Hall and Mrs. C. C. Stratton.

SIR JAMES DOUGLAS.

James Douglas (since distinguished as Sir James), the first and very efficient governor of British Columbia, was eminently worthy to be the confrere of Dr. McLoughlin and Peter Skeen Ogden. He was the son of a West Indian planter, and descended from the Black Douglas who in days of old was the chief support of the Scottish throne. He was educated at Glasgow, Scotland. In 1817 he entered the employ of the Northwest Company as apprentice clerk and by his subsequent endeavor, held many positions of responsibility and trust, dying a knight of the British empire.

He early became acquainted with Dr. McLoughlin, and from such time until the end, they were like brothers. He was a man who never acted upon impulse, but was always cool, wise, dispassionate and brave. He administered the affairs of the Hudson's Bay Company with credit to himself and with the approval of those employing him. The American settlers can never forget his aiding them with arms and munitions of war with which to punish the hostile Indians east of the mountains in 1855-56, the sending of an armed vessel to the Sound to protect the infant settlements there located, nor his actions in the rescue of the whites captured by the Queen Charlotte Island Indians in 1851-52.

Sir James was the first person to occupy a judicial position west of the Rockies, such being justice of the peace in the earlier forties. He was also the first judicial officer under the provisional government, to be stationed north of the Columbia.

He was married in January, 1837, to Miss Nelia Connolly, daughter of James Connolly, chief factor at Fort James. The marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. Herbert Beaver, the first Episcopal divine to come to the Pacific Northwest.

In 1846 he removed to Victoria, B. C., where he afterwards received the appointment as governor of British Columbia, and was subsequently knighted. After years of usefulness, never to be forgotten, he laid himself down to rest, mourned by not only the pioneers of the Pacific Northwest, but by the people of his more recent home. One of the main attractions of the beautiful city of Victoria, is a handsome monument which the citizens of that place erected to his memory, a tribute most fitting to a man of his worth.

WILLIAM F. TOLMIE, M. D.

Doctor Tolmie was born in Inverness, Scotland, February 3, 1812. He received a liberal education in his native place, and at an early age entered the Medical College of Edinbergh, graduating therefrom at the age of 21. He immediately embarked for the Pacific Northwest as an employee of the Hudson's Bay Company, arriving at Vancouver in August, 1833. His first services with the company were in the capacity of surgeon, but his executive abilities being apparent, he was soon entrusted with the duties of chief trader. After his promotion he was assigned to Fort Nisqually.

The doctor was ever a genial companion, hospitable with all and a true and warm hearted gentleman. During the Indian outbreaks occurring on the Sound previous to and leading up to the great conspiracy and war of 1855-56, he rendered most valuable services to the authorities and settlers in pacifying the Indians, or in bringing them to punishment for their misdeeds. Nearly all of their several dialects were understood by him, and their characters were like an open book to him. To the Indian he was like an elder brother, kind, true and honest with them. They soon learned to trust him and obey as well. The influence which he gained over the Indian mind was always exerted for their good, the benefit of the company and the white race.

It would be impossible to narrate hardly anything of this good man in the short space we have for biographical data, as he was such an important and prominent factor in the early history of the Pacific Northwest. The history of it could not be written and written any where near its full without giving him frequent and complimentary mention from the time of his arrival until death claimed him.

In 1859 he removed from the Sound and west to Victoria where he continued in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company until 1870. He served his fellow citizens of British Columbia in the colonial legislature, and held numerous offices of honor and trust, in all of which he acquitted himself with credit and to the satisfaction of the people. Much of his latter life was devoted to literary labor,—to his favorite investigation of Indian dialects and customs. With these labors he found time to assist in the promotion of enterprises which have greatly added to the good of his adopted home. Full of years and loved and honored by all, this philanthropist, friend of the Indian and the early settlers of all nationalities, went to his rest at the ripe age of three quarters of a century.

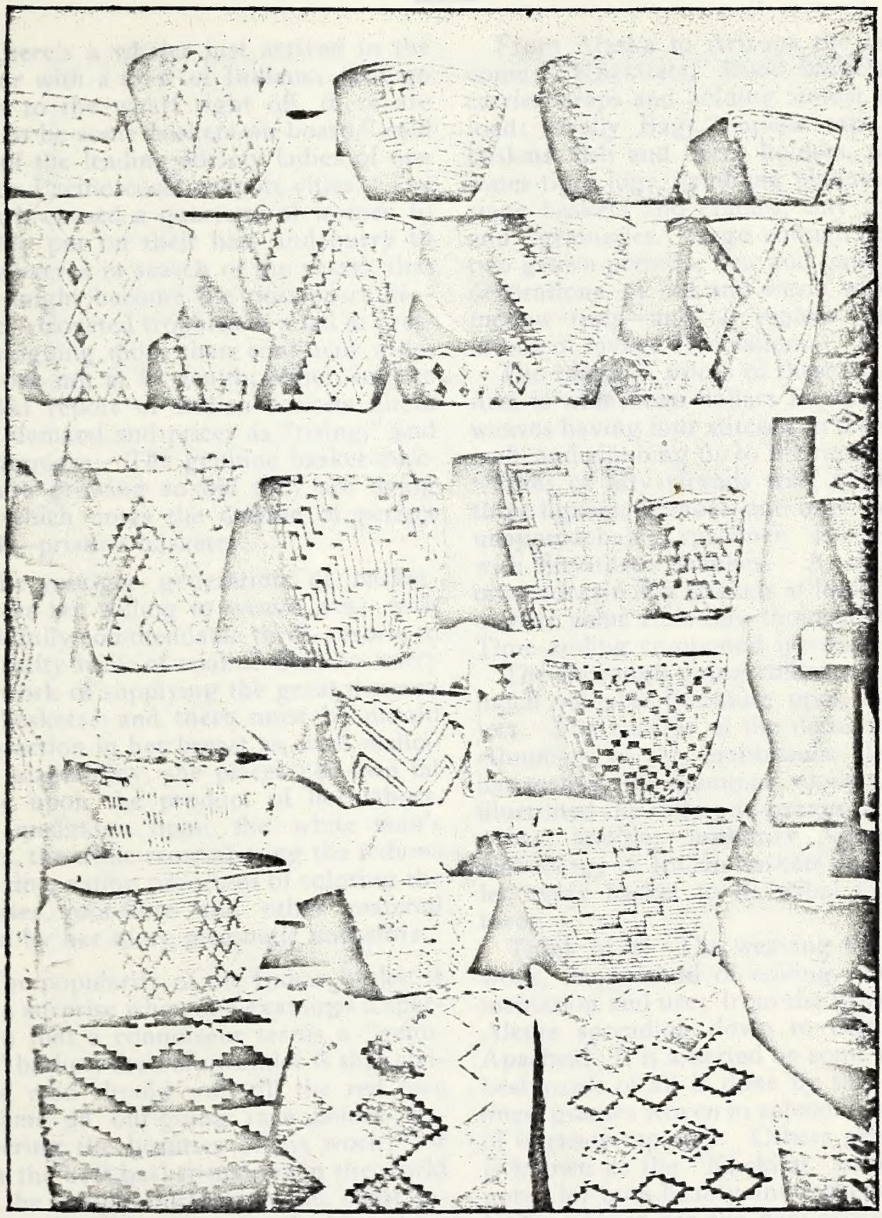
FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

"O magic four-leaved clover,
I have searched the meadows over,
And at last I've found you here beside a stone,
Now, I'll tell you what I'll do,
I will put you in my shoe,
And to seek my love I'll wander off alone."

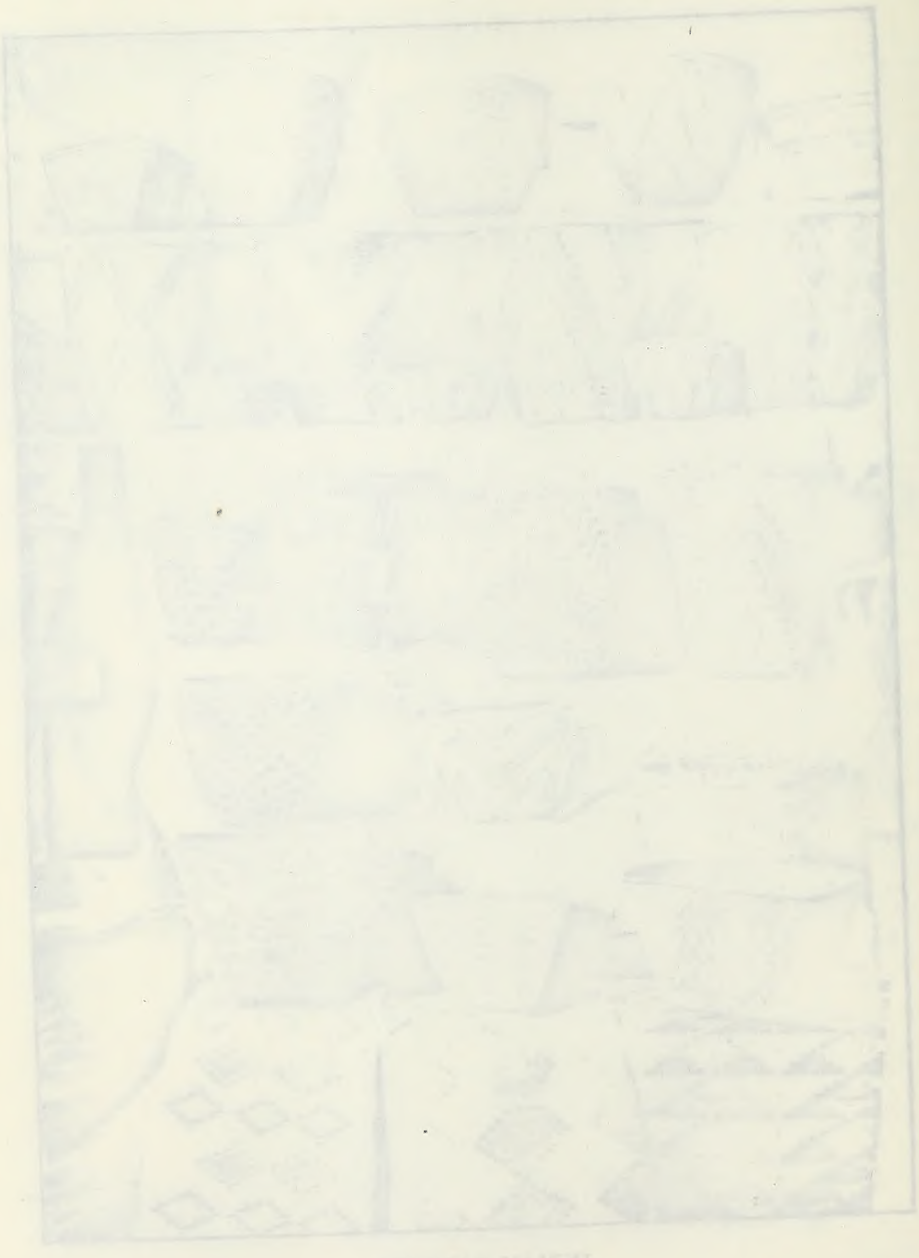
So along the dusty highway,
And in charming rustic by-way,
The lassie with the magic clover sped,
Till she met a lad she knew—
A lad who loved her true—
Then the truant lassie hung her naughty head.

When the lad her heart had guessed,
The lassie whispered "Yes,"
And hand in hand they went toward the farm,
And bleating lambs confided,
While saucy wrens derided,
The power of the magic clover's charm.

—M. Agnes Kelly.



INDIAN BASKETS.



INDIAN BASKETRY.

"There's a whaler just arrived in the harbor with a crew of Indians; let's go down to the wharf right off, there are sure to be some baskets on board," said one of the leading society ladies of one of our Pacific coast seaport cities. The remark caused a quartette of women to quickly put on their hats and hurry to the wharves in search of the vessel, that they might become the possessors of—what? Coveted trophies of a fad at present reigning more than continent wide; and one not at its zenith, either, for the market report of Indian baskets quote both demand and prices as "rising," and furthermore: The genuine basket-makers are growing so old they are dying off, which notes the decline of perfect work—pristine basketry.

The younger generation of basket-makers are willing to weave, yes; with doubtfully commendable thrift, resorts to the shifty trick of analine dyes to hurry the work of supplying the great demand for baskets; and there must be untold satisfaction in her breast as, with malicious adaptability, she places her own fat price upon the product of her labors, and meditates upon the white man's ways, the while remembering the tedious and time-eating processes of coloring the grasses, root-fibre and other material used by her more plegmatic ancestors.

The popularity of the Indian basket is not a surprise when one examines a specimen that a connoiseur terms a "genuine" basket; the only wonder is that civilized man should wait till the red race became an out-going race before discovering the beauties of his work; for now the best basket-makers in the world are the fast-diminishing Pacific coast Indians. No other race approaching them save the Japanese, whose one point is greater variety. Yet so it is; and so the fad has sprung into vogue, and now there is scarcely a house but that is ornamented with one basket at least.

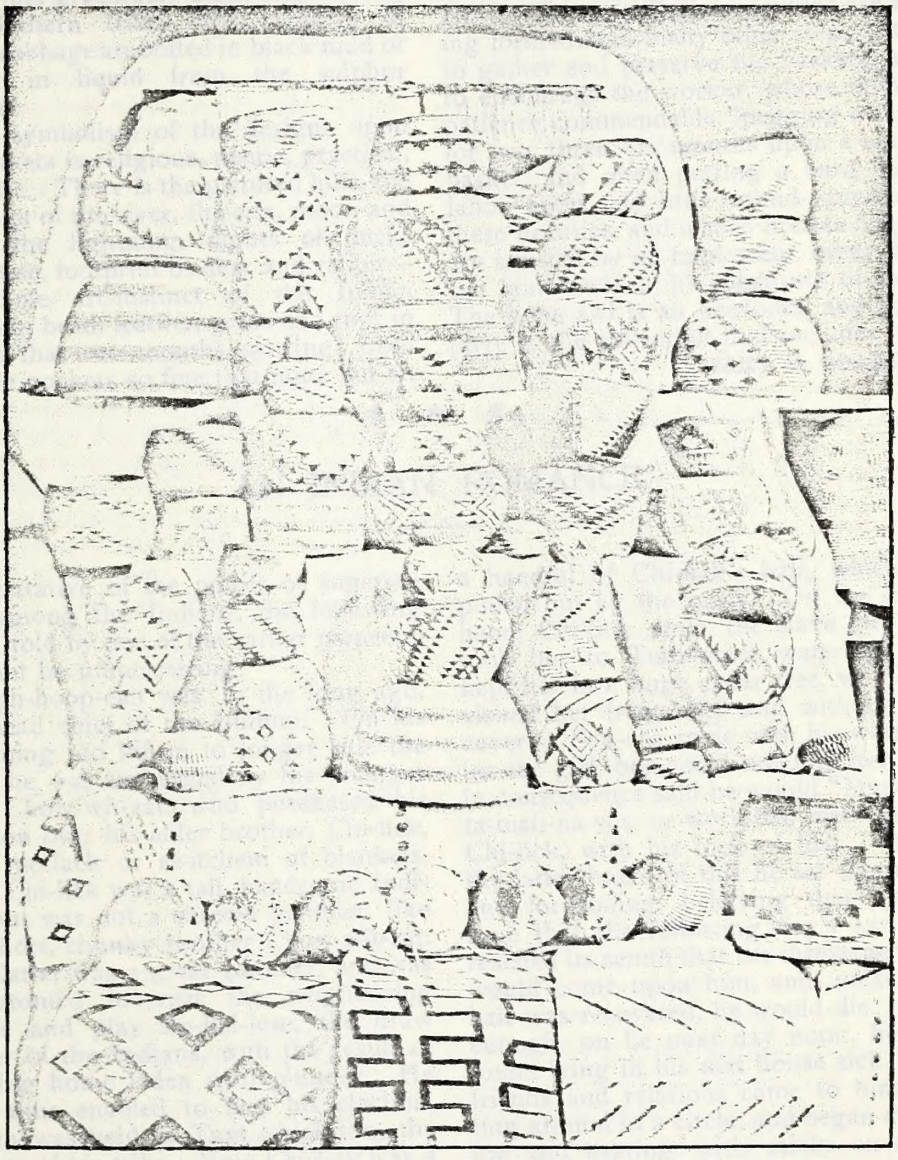
From Alaska to Arizona the baskets come; "Klickitats," wood baskets with carrier straps and holding almost a cart-load; "Sally Bags," squaw caps, clam baskets, fish and berry holders, pitched water-tight jugs, gambling plaques, marriage baskets and cradles, tiny trinkets and "graineries," large enough to hold two grown persons, new and gaudy with decorations, or old and warm with dull, mellow tints—and all replete with the aroma of savage association.

The range in prices of these art treasures is wide; two dollars for the coarse weaves having four stitches to the square inch, and climbing up to the rare coveted weaves of fifty strands with a value in three figures, or more, and one—but one unapproachable specimen is reported with fifty-three stitches. A collection must contain fifty baskets at least, and its market value runs into thousands—with Time adding compound interest.

The thorough-going collector can find much valuable literature upon the subject. The curator of the department of ethnology of the Smithsonian Institute has technically examined, explained and illustrated the different weaves of all the tribes; another authority knows the technology of Indian baskets and can refer every basket to its tribal manufacturer.

Think of it! The weaving the framework, the method of coiling, the ornamentation and use; from the work of the Aleuts spreading down to that of the Apaches! It is asserted by some that the best work of all is done by the Aleuts; finest grasses woven in splendid imitation of intricate tapestry. Others prize what is known as the "Klickitat" baskets, so noted for both beauty and extreme durability. These are the handiwork of the Indians living along the Columbia river. The foundation of these is made of roots of young cedar and spruce, scraped into shreds and soaked for weeks in water or some solution to make them pliable.

Commencing at the bottom of the coil, the worker fastens it with a thread of root, and as she builds she pierces the stitch in the preceding row and draws the spruce thread through, locking the stitch. When the bottom is completed the decoration is begun, which is made with the blades of the squaw-grass left its natural white, or buried in mud or charcoal for black, or for yellow or brown is given short or long bath made from willow bark.



INDIAN BASKETS.

Summer is the time for gathering basket materials; roots, barks and berries, and grasses are immersed for weeks in rusty iron water, root fibres buried in damp earth; willow, hazel and swamp ash splints given clay beds, and, among the southern tribes, the lashings of skunk-cabbage are boiled in black mud or soaked in liquid from the sulphur springs.

The symbolism of the designs upon the baskets is religious, poetic, practical, idealistic. There is the pictured hills, the windings of the river, the sun, moon and stars; the lightning, flights of ducks and geese, footprint of deer and rabbit—the whole art-instinct of the Indian woven in bead, feather, grass and root in baskets that were months growing; from thimble pockets so fine that none but an advanced student in basketry could count the stitches, up, up to the largest basket ever made; one so large that when it was completed the side of the wigwam had to be removed to get it out.

To encourage this industry of the North American Indian societies are being formed, and many other steps taken to gather and preserve the baskets, and to encourage the worker, whose infinite patience, commendable "pegging away," for two, three, six months upon a single basket, and often putting a hard day's labor upon one little round—produces these beauties, and whose tireless fingers are assisted by no implement, other than the bone awl, or its substitute of steel. The bone awl is an heirloom, and complete is the collection that includes it.

MARY H. COATES.

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AN INDIAN ROMANCE.

Illustrative of the power of superstition among the Indians, the following story, told by one of the earlier pioneers, will not be uninteresting:

Soph-hoop-can was, in the long ago, the head chief of the Lummi. On his becoming too infirm to longer rule the tribe he was succeeded by his younger son, Chow-wit-zat, who purchased his election over his elder brother, Chi-lick, by a potlach or switchem of blankets, etc. Chi-lick was a tall, handsome Indian, but was not a shrewd gambler, like his short, chunky brother Chow-wit-zat. The latter was a great gambler, and was accustomed to visit the neighboring tribes and play slo-hal-lum, the draw poker of the Indians, with the result of coming home laden with plunder. He was thus enabled to buy his election, which was held at Tum-whick-son, the village of his tribe. Now Chi-lick was a great favorite among the feminine portion of the tribe. One night there was a grand pot-lach given at Saan-ich, and he got into a fight with Sau-cea, chief of the San-ichs, over a slave girl. Sau-cea got a handful of Chi-lick's hair, which he pulled out by the roots. On the other hand, Chi-lick stole the slave girl and took her to Tum-water waterfall, and kept her in a huge cedar tree, where he visited her frequently and without discovery. Sau-cea came with his warriors for the girl, but could not find her, and in consequence said he would "Man-ook ta-mah-na-wis, or work bad medicine on Chi-lick, with his lock of hair. When the latter heard of this he sat down sad and foreboding, believing that by the time that the following day's sun had reached its zenith that the threatened evil would come upon him, and, unless his hair was recovered, he would die. Sure enough, on he next day noon, he was found lying in his mat house sick. His friends and relations came to him, sitting around in a circle, and began chanting and beating with sticks on cedar boards. Among them being a trio of medicine men. Night and day did the horrible concert continue, the patient growing weaker day by day. On the last day the medicine men undertook to

drive out the devil or evil he was supposed to be possessed with. The first of them wrapped a lot of rose bushes up in a blanket, which he beat about the sick man's bed with vigor, and then threw the bundle into the fire, but his enchantments failed to accomplish the desired effect. The second took hold of the blankets covering Chi-lick as if intent on smothering him, and, after considerable shaking and striking, he rolled the blankets up and running to the water sunk them deep below its surface. The third, by a hocus-pocus passage of arm through the air, caught the thing of evil and rammed it down the barrel of a shotgun and shot it out through the roof amidst the shouts and satisfaction of the onlookers, but like the cat that came back, it continued to return and find abiding place within the bosom of the chief. Its hold on him being too strong to be shaken off, there was a falling from the tree of life in that household. A man of so much importance, and especially a chief, must necessarily have a big funeral, and such was given him. Word of his decease was sent to the members of the tribe, and by the afternoon of the second day, about two hundred of them gathered to give him proper send-off to the happy hunting grounds. Chi-lick, or rather his remains, were wrapped up in a pair of blankets and taken to a hill not far away which was set apart for burial purposes. After depositing the body in the excavation made, his near relatives and hired mourners began to march around, single file, in a circuit, until a complete circle was made, when they all sat down. Within this stepped his many wives, who began a howl that was almost enough to wake the dead, the hired mourners, the meanwhile, beating upon boards with sticks. When the wives could no longer express their grief for want of energy to draw their breath, the hired mourners took up the chant and thus, alternating the din was continued until nightfall, when they filled up the grave, and went back to camp for the purpose of dividing up his belongings.

For many years thereafter the Indians would visit his last resting place, and would sit on the banks of the Sound until noon-time, when, at the command of an aged squaw, they would circle around the grave three times and then plunge into the waters head first, crawling out and away backwards, like crabs. The old woman had her hair feathered with the down of a duck, in imitation, probably, of a new growth of hair to replace the lost locks. Whether the spirit of the dead Lothario was ever at rest is not known, but it is presumed that it became so by the repeated attentions of his admirers to his wants which were exerted at his tomb.

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The following were the names of some of the postoffices in Oregon in 1852: Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Bloomington, New Albany, Marysville, Jennyopolis, Winchester, Linn City and Monsylvania. There are not one out of ten thousand of the residents of the state at the present time that can tell where these places were located.

The mail service in 1852, between Astoria and Oregon City was semi-monthly, the 7th and 23d. Between Portland and Oregon City, it was weekly. A few years make a vast difference.

The first woman to be placed in charge of a school, either in Oregon or Washington, was Mrs. Chloe A. Wilson. As Miss Clarke she taught at Nisqually in 1843, and in 1844, after her marriage, at Chemekete (Salem). She was the first to teach a school in the Pacific Northwest whose scholars were all white. This school was the Oregon Institute, now known as the Willamette University. She was the first teacher, and the only for some time, of that institution.

THE ELLIOTT CUT-OFF.

The pioneer immigration history of Oregon has been voluminously dealt with by practical pens from time to time, but no one, so far as I am advised, has ever yet found occasion to delineate the hardships and privations of those belated Argonauts who, in the fall of 1853, sought to find their way into the head of the Willamette valley over the new route.

For some years the plan had been incubating in the minds of the older residents of that section to divert some of the overland travel by way of Diamond Peak, down the middle fork of the Willamette into Lane county. This plan became sufficiently matured in the summer of '53 to result in the cutting out of a very indifferent wagon trail over the route mentioned, across the Cascade range to the DesChutes river. Thus far the carrying out of their plan was altogether justifiable and unobjectionable, as the bringing in of the immigrants by that route would introduce them not only to the heart of as fine a valley as ever nature willed for man to inhabit, but to a region that had not already been wholly absorbed by previous settlers with their 640 acre ranches.

The grievous mistake that was made consisted in sending a man named Elliott out by way of The Dalles and up the Columbia river instead of over the route he was expected to pilot the immigrants through on, to head off his victims.

It was near the last of August, I think, when our train, in its western journey, reached the crossing of Snake river at what was called Fort Boise. Though just why it was called a fort I am unable to specify. No evidence of a fortification was there at that time. A little shack, or wigwam, furnished shelter for some adventurers who were running a flimsy ferry and working the immigrants for all that the traffic would bear. The Kline train, with which I was identified in a feeble way, concluded it could save time and expense by doing its own ferrying. Two wagon beds were fastened together and well corked for the experiment, and the experiment readily developed into a practical success. The live stock were made to do their own ferrying, encouraged thereto by the persuasive yells of numerous naked savages hired for the occasion. This crossing is well known in immigration annals as the place where many a luckless white pilgrim found a watery grave.

During the delay incident to crossing Snake river, the new cut-off fever, imported by way of The Dalles, had ample time to develop its pernicious influence. Our train was caught in the right condition to bite blindly at such a proposition. We had been afflicted with the cut-off mania, to our injury, nearly all the way the plains across. Then, too, we had the easily-acquired habit of lying by and resting when we should have been pushing on towards the setting sun. These two causes had already relegated our train to the rear of the column, while our provisions were reduced to a minimum. But here was a chance, so Elliott's emisaries told us, to get to the big Willamette three or four weeks earlier than by the old-traveled route. It was not in human nature, under the circumstances, to resist the tempting bait. The human fly generally "walks into the parlor" when the invitation is brilliantly alluring.

In due course of time we reached the turning-off place, on Malheur river, and —"followed the crowd."

It was lucky for us, however, that we were a little behind the rush, for it saved us some unnecessary digressions from the direct route. No sooner had our would-be guide gotten himself thoroughly launched upon his mission than the natural difficulties of the situation began to beset him. He hardly knew "where

he was at." As a consequence, the front wagons took many experimental excursions through the sagebrush country and around the alkali lakes, only to come to the starting point and try again. All of this meant wasted energy and food for worn-out immigrants who had no surplus of either to squander. The country, though well supplied with grass, was fearfully short on water, and where there was water it was often of the alkali variety. Where some of the lakes were dried up their bottoms were white as the whitest of snow from deposits of sal soda. The route sometimes followed the old Meek trail in a general way. I don't know how many times we crossed that trail; for he showed considerable aberration of movement as well as ourselves, in his effort to do the same thing we were striving to do, i. e., find a new route to the head of the Willamette valley. The hardships and privations of Meek's crowd were well known to our company, as were also the sufferings of the Donner party in 1846, and this information, it is needless to say, was not of a reassuring character. But what could we do but press blindly and wearily on?

Soon we brought up against an unusually dry part of the desert, where it would be fifty miles to the next water. Considering the jaded condition of our teams, this was a serious problem for us to face. Fresh oxen might make twenty miles a day, but in the condition our teams were in, ten miles corresponded better with their capabilities. Such supplies of fresh water as the trains could conveniently carry were laid in and a commencement of the journey was usually made in the evening, so as to have the cool of the nights as much as possible in our favor. By this method the crossing was made in safety, with the exception of the loss of some loose stock. But we had, long ere this, become accustomed to this kind of sacrifice.

We managed next, in some mysterious manner, to cross the Blue mountain, or "out-flanked" them, I'm not sure which. A circumstance overtook us now, however, that is always remembered with the readiest ease. The long-dreaded contingency of being wholly out of provisions came with crushing reality upon us. True, we had some very poor and tired-out cattle as a dernier resort; but people who have never tried living on such diet, cannot understand how unsatisfying it is in its results. We could eat it continuously, almost, without being cured of the pangs of hunger, and all the time feel so weak that one could hardly drag one foot after the other.

We were now coming in sight of landmarks that should have pointed the way clearly to our destination. From a long distance we could see those tall, white spires of the Cascades, known as the Three Sisters. A little further south was Diamond Peak, which should have been our Mount Pisgah, from which to view the promised land. And soon, too, we came in sight of timber—a real sensation for people who had traveled thousands of miles of uninterrupted prairie stretches. When we did reach the timber belt —alas, for many of us—it was of the pitch species. In ignorance of its proper utility, many of the folk commenced using the sticky resin as food. For while it is perhaps true that none of us had a "heart for any fate," we all had appetites for any reasonable emergency. Since that time, in accordance with the established usages of the country, I have done my full share of chewing gum, but my first introduction to Oregon pitch is anything but a happy remembrance.

Instead of getting out of the wilderness, we were now getting into the more serious part of it. This saved us some trouble in the way of gathering fuel for campfires, for sagebrush and buffalo chips became things of the past, but our difficulties in the way of finding a route for the wagons were preceptibly increased. But what added to our other discomfitures almost the weight of despair, was the knowledge that another fifty-mile stretch without water lay between us and the DesChutes. That those wearied wanderers all withstood this trying test of supreme endurance, is still to my mind a marvel and a mystery. But

our route was strewn with the swollen hulks of perished cattle. And now we had reached, at fearful cost, seemingly our last goal. The Cascade range rose up in rugged and precipitous grandeur, an almost impassable barrier to our further progress.

Long 'ere this, it should be said, our confidence in our guide to lead us anywhere but into difficulties was extinguished; and there were persistent threats flitting through the various camps to extinguish the guide himself. Really he was not what you might call criminally to blame, for he did the best he knew, but people do not reason calmly and considerately under such circumstances. But there were tired men in that earnest collection of homeseekers who would not give up the game without an earnest struggle worthy of the historical character of American pioneers. A systematic search, ranging up and down the turbulent DesChutes and far up the mountain's side, was instituted, to try and find the alleged pass and wagon road. Dr. Brooks and Capt. Keith rendered efficient aid in this endeavor.

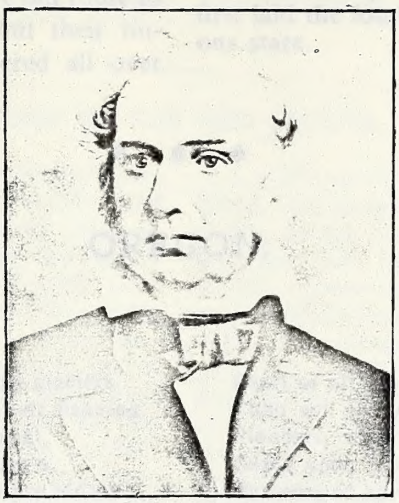
Finally, on the eighth or tenth day of the search, word came drifting around among the camps that they had found the blazes. A few slight marks on the bushes up the river, evidently made with a knife, pointed the way to a future deliverance, and opened up a world of hope to despairing pilgrims. Escape was yet possible 'ere the deep snows of winter, already seen to be whitening the higher ridges, had engulfed our starving community. The next day witnessed the necessary bustle of a forward movement. Through arduous, toilsome marches we "treked" our way over the summit and painfully picked our desperate course down the rock and timber-lined water courses that ran into the "Beautiful Willamette." We were in the veritable "frozen gorges" so charmingly mentioned by Oregon's gifted poet; but we were not

"Leaping like a child at play."

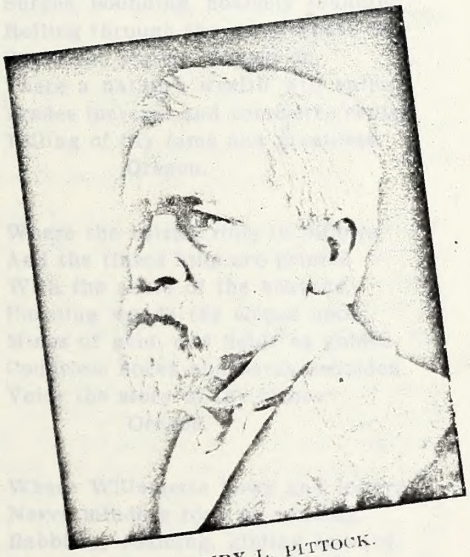
However "Limpid, volatile and free" the rushing waters were found to be, for we were struggling against double chances of certain death—struggling as only human desperation will enable men in their rapidly-expiring energies to struggle.

But our cloud of despondency was vouch safed a sudden uplifting. Just about dusk, one evening, as we were wearily wending our way adown the canyon, a couple of men on horseback and leading a pack animal hove in sight. They were the avant couriers of our deliverance. They had supplies only for the sick and the feeble, but gave us the assurance that ample relief was close behind, and then pushed on through the darkness of the night to the relief of others. Never was "the word of promise" more loyally kept both to the ear and "the hope," and this is the way succor was secured: Some stragglers, who had left the trains long before we reached the Cascades, to try and work their way over the mountains afoot, had, by living on snails, decaying salmon and like dainties, found their way to the outposts of the settlements and announced our critical condition. The citizens of Lane county rose en masse and responded with a readiness and an alacrity worthy of the loftiest praise. It was the gospel of human benevolence in its purest and most practical form. Day and night they rushed out into those mountain fastnesses with supplies for their fellow-creatures and with no thought of any reward, save the consciousness of a noble act of charity generously discharged, thus giving, for once, a good, strong negative to the oft observed rule, that "self-interest is the only motive to human action."

Not only provisions, but fat, stout teams of lusty oxen were sent out to expedite the rescue, and, by the end of October, the Willamette, Umpqua and Rogue river valleys had received an accession to their population of from one to two thousand inhabitants as a consequence.



COL. E. D. BAKER.
One of Oregon's First U. S. Senators.



HENRY L. PITTOCK.
A Pioneer of 1853.

MRS. GEORGIANA M. PITTOCK.
A Pioneer of 1852.

The older members of that ill-starred expedition over the new route have, long 'ere this, no doubt, taken the old route to the "final encampment," but their numerous descendants, scattered all over the Pacific Northwest, may glean from this imperfect sketch a faint idea of some of the hardships endured by those who first laid the foundations of our prosperous state.

W. W. FIDDLER.

♣ ♣ ♣

OREGON.

Where adown thy mountains glaciers
Grinding, crashing, blend their flasning
With the sunlit snows eternal,
Pictured on the walls of dawn,
Where thy crags and coves are hiding
Mighty rivers dashing, gliding,
Comes a praise unto thy grandeur,
Oregon.

Where thy cliffsides meet the ocean's
Surges, bounding, hoarsely sounding,
Rolling through thy gates where ever
Speed the stately vessels on,
There a nation's wealth will enter,
Trades increase and commerce center,
Telling of thy fame and greatness,
Oregon.

Where the Inland rolls in billows,
And the tinted hills are printed
With the azure of the heavens,
Purpling woods the slopes upon,
Mines of gold, and fields as golden,
Countless flocks and herds beholden,
Voice the story of thy riches,
Oregon.

Where Willamette flows and loiters,
Never minding rock or winding,
Babbling, roaming, gliding onward,
Singing unto every one,
Happy homes and groves and bowers,
Meads and fields of fruits and flowers,
Speak thy fair and lasting beauty,
Oregon.

Pearl of all the golden Westland,
Thou art peerless, like the fearless
Pioneers, who from the mountains
Gazed upon thy vales and sea;
Pioneers of hardy yeomen,
Helping friend, daring foemen,
Fighting, toiling, knowing ever
They were free.

Like a glowing sun at morning,
Setting never, thou art ever
Glorious, golden, land Edenic,
Clad in plenty's fairest sheen;
Like the pines which shade thy bowers
Are thy sons—and like thy flowers
Fair and graceful, are thy daughters—
Each a queen.

Fairest of the states united,
When the spangled banner tangled
Its bright hues around thy breezes,
Thou wert born a nation's pride;
Nobly thou thy part obeyest
When the war's alarum swayest
Thy own sons, who 'neath that banner
Fought and died.

Like thy valleys, alway vernal,
Is thy present, fair and pleasant,
Like thy mountains sterling, stately,
Will thy future be anon,
When thy name is crowned with glory,
And is heard in tale and story
Thy abiding worth and grandeur,
Oregon.

—Valentine Brown.

The older members of that ill-starred expedition over the *new* route have, long 'ere this, no doubt, taken the old route to the "final encampment," but their numerous descendants, scattered all over

* * *

OREGON.

the Pacific Northwest, may glean from this imperfect sketch a faint idea of some of the hardships endured by those who first laid the foundations of our prosperous state.

W. W. FIDDLER

LEGENDARY LORE OF THE INDIANS.

TOMB OF THE GOD COYOTE.

The consensus of opinion is that many startling phenomena, upheavals and wondrous changes have taken place in the Pacific Northwest since the earth's creation. The causes bringing such about, speculation, only, can conjecture. All beholders stand in awe in contemplation of the numerous notable places where strange play has been made with the surface of the earth. None but the scientific have offered theories in relation to the causes producing the panoramic view which was wrought by the mighty and unknown forces. While these seem plausible, they are but opinions.

In the traditions and legendary lore of the aboriginees one can find much food for thought. While their recitals of past events are crude and overdrawn, there can be extracted from them the fact that man has inhabited this section of the globe for ages, and that he was witness of the awful catastrophe which took place in its dim and distant past.

The Indian, like the Greek, the Norsman, and they who builded the ancient cities of the world, deified phenomena, cataclysm, as well as the performers of deeds claiming more than passing notice. In their myths are found that inherent desire in all mankind to account for the origin of things, coupling with such an endeavor to fathom futurity. Clouds of doubt and uncertainty, portentious of the dangerous, hung over their minds continually. In all nature they saw a spirit power. It inhabited the silent pools, the dash of the cascade, and in the flow of the many waterfalls its moan is heard. Things of evil were in the rustle of the branches, danced in the vapory twilight and frequented lonesome places and darkness.

A spirit power was manifest in everything, the evening's quiet zephyr, the raging storm, mountain's peak, the rivulet, the rock, the dawn, the visible, invisible, animate and inanimate. Where an individual took the name of anything believed to possess this power, and did anything worthy of note, succeeding generations lost sight of the performer and what was done was said to have been the work of the animal, the individual was named after. Through this, it is possible that the belief became prevalent that an animal race of people preceeded the present, and it is not surprising that with this fabled race, the elements grew into beings.

In this ancient period the sun was not only deified, but was a most eratic god. Its coming and going not being fixed by natural laws, or subject to anything save its own pleasures, for a long time. The rabbit god seems to have been the deity which corrected and established it in permanent action. The lightening was a creature which o'ershadowed all others for size then inhabiting space. It made frequent visitations to the earth, shooting its breath of fire in all directions, and with the move of tail created havoc wherever it was turned. One could imagine such to have been a comet, and it is easy to belive that an untutored mind could conceive it to have been a god.

To the multiplicity of gods believed to exist, was accredited the powers of intelligence, reasoning powers and speech. These attributes were, however, lost when they became degraded through the interference and will of a superior. Time magnified the size of these beings in keeping with their fabled deeds. The tick, mosquito, fly and other now insignificant insects, were in those days as large as an

ox and the frog is said to have swallowed the moon.

Some of this traditional people are said to have possessed the form of the present animals, and when degraded retained such form, their magic power existing somewhere else. Wherever their doom was sealed, was erected a monument, perhaps imprisoned within the mountain, beneath the bed of river, in rock, waterfall, or other noticeable place. Wherever their place of entombment was believed to be, there went the Indian to supplicate its power, or avoided the locality in fear of evil coming upon him.

Over these demi-gods there was a greater power, a supreme something without form. This Great Spirit they were unable to understand and the more material demi-gods were looked upon as the authors and directors of ordinary events, and to them they made their supplications and sought to gain their good will.

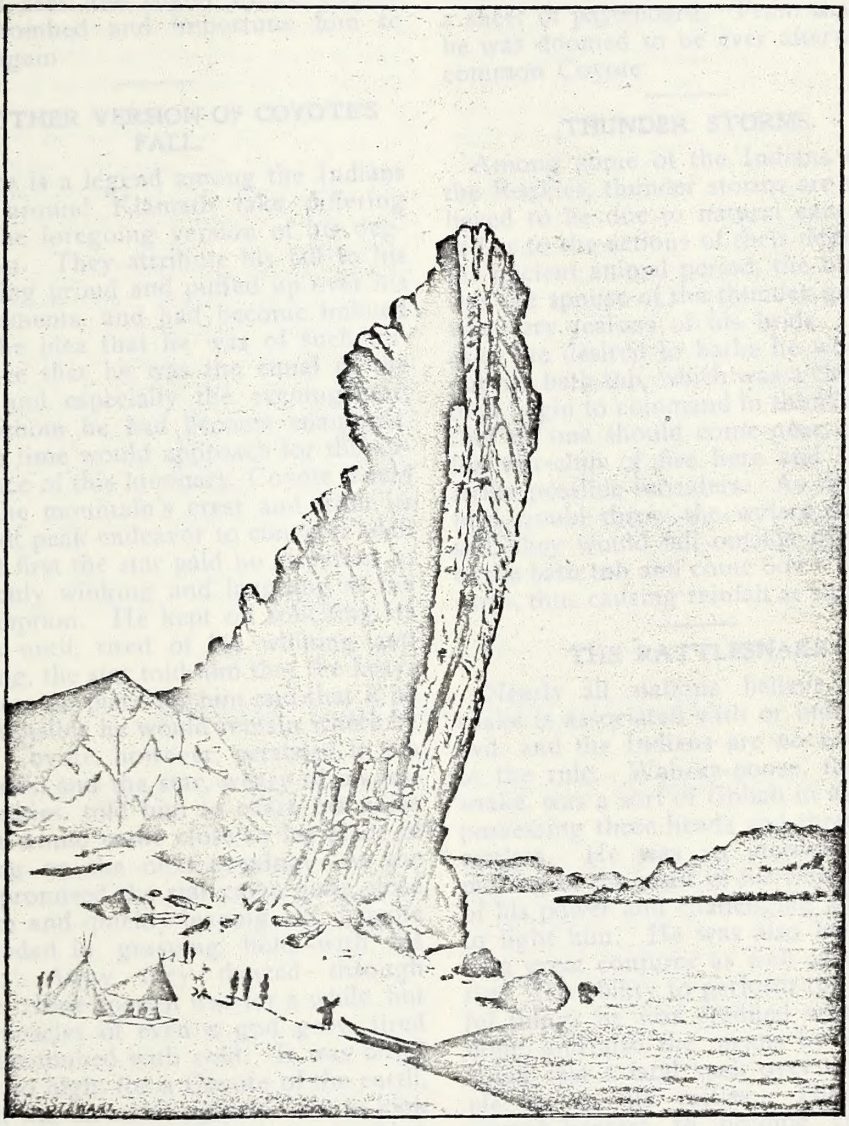
Among these demi-gods was Speelia, sometimes called Tallapus and other names, pre-eminently the superior of them all. The meaning of the names given him signified coyote or wolf. Like the others, he was pure and simple, a necessity of thought, but once conceived, became the dominant deity of Indian mythology. In his age the sound of violence impregnated every wind that swept the earth; the strong oppressed and preyed upon the weak, hesitating not to trample upon decency and honor. In this awful hour Coyote began a reformation, and strange to say, at such time created the present race of Indians. His undertaking was finished, only, after the death or debasement of all his associate demi-gods. So many were there to punish for transgression and defiance of his will, that there is hardly an object of interest in the great Pacific Northwest but what was once a living being.

While he suppressed wrong, he was not guiltless of personal transgression, and through such was obliged to suffer the wage of sin himself. At the last he endeavored to get into heaven before making atonement for his misdeeds, but fell like Lucifer. Some accounts say that he ascended by a rope hanging from thence to earth. Others say that he shot an arrow into the sky, into the lower end of which he shot another, and so on until a continuous string of arrows hung between. Up this he climbed until he reached the hole in the sky through which spirits pass when he was discovered and adjudged unworthy of admission. Not being used to have his wishes thwarted, the refusal to allow him to pass angered him. He began to strike right and left to clear the way. His blows, however, had no effect, save to cause the barb holding his arrow to the sky to loosen and slip out of the shaft. This left him nothing to do but to fall—down, down he came for ten snows, and on reaching the earth was flattened out like a mat. His animal part became debased into the skulking coyote of today, and as a vagabond wanders about howling for his sins. His spirit part was so chagrined over the change of affairs, that it sought oblivion beneath the waters of the Columbia. But no sooner had it embraced them before a rocky island pushed forth beneath, and once more placed him in sight. Before it could make a second attempt at hiding it was transformed into a rock which should endure until his sins of the past had been expiated.

It is said that this rock is situated on a small island about four miles above Celilo. Upon this rock stands a rugged basaltic ridge some five hundred feet in length, and rising high into the air. The forces of nature have chisseled many curious forms in its rocky walls, the most prominent of which is a perfect profile of an Indian face. This has been worshipped for ages by the Indians of that region as the "Spirit Power" of Coyote, or "Great Spirit in the Columbia." At certain seasons of the year the Indians go there for the purpose of worshiping this rock. None will, however, make the island their dwelling-place, being deterred by a superstitious fear.

One of the older Indians living at the Cascades some years ago, in relating

the achievements of Coyote, told a very curious story concerning him. It was probably borrowed from the religion of the white man, as the Indian, though believing in futurity, has no traditions relative to a Redeemer. He stated that Coyote gave them a grand "potlach" and during its course told them that he was soon to go beyond the skies, and if they were faithful in the observance of the laws he had given them, he would return again. He told them not to fear death, for in the future state they would be far happier than in this. To illustrate the thought, he made a crawling, loathsome, catapillar, "a poor worm of the



COYOTE'S TOMB, COLUMBIA RIVER.

dust—to rise and fly away," caused it to enwrap itself within its cocoon, and then burst out again as a beautiful butterfly. When the season arrives for the appearing of these lovely creatures, the Indians seek the island where Coyote lies entombed and importune him to come again.

ANOTHER VERSION OF COYOTE'S FALL.

There is a legend among the Indians living around Klamath lake differing from the foregoing version of his degradation. They attribute his fall to his becoming proud and puffed up over his achievements, and had become imbued with the idea that he was of such importance that he was the equal of the stars, and especially the evening star, with whom he had become enamored. As the time would approach for the appearance of this luminary, Coyote would seek the mountain's crest and from its topmost peak endeavor to converse with it. At first the star paid no attention to him ,only winking and laughing at his presumption. He kept on soliciting its favors until, tired of his whining and howling, the star told him that the heavens were no place for him and that if he were sensible he would remain where he was. Coyote, however, persisted in his demands, and the star, weary of his importunities, told him to cease his noise and it would come close to his place of waiting on the next evening. At the time promised the star came quite close to him and quickly leaping out, Coyote succeeded in grasping hold with his paws. Away they danced through space. Fine sport it was for a while, but the muscles of even a god grow tired and benumbed with cold. It was bitter cold, so high, for a Coyote of the earth, and it was an awful sight for one to look down—down to the lakes below looking like arrow heads, and mountain range and winding rivers like slacked bowstrings. Woe for the presumptious Coyote! His paws grew so numb that they would no longer firmly grasp his bright companion; dark is the partner with whom he dances now, for death takes the place of the shining star. From upper ether, for ten long snows, he fell, and when the earth was reached again he came in contact with it with such violence, that he flatened out like a sheet of pasteboard. From that hour he was doomed to be ever afterwards a common Coyote.

THUNDER STORMS.

Among some of the Indians east of the Rockies, thunder storms are not believed to be due to natural causes, but rather to the actions of their deities. In the ancient animal period, the blackbird was the spouse of the thunder god, who was very jealous of his bride. Whenever she desired to bathe he would get out her bath tub, which was a cloud, and then begin to command in thunder tones that no one should come near, twirling his war-club of fire here and there to strike possible intruders. As the blackbird would throw the waters over herself, they would fall outside of the rim of the bath tub and come down upon the earth, thus causing rainfall at such times.

THE RATTLESNAKE.

Nearly all nations believe that the snake is associated with or indicative of evil, and the Indians are no exceptions to the rule. Wah-ka-poose, the rattlesnake, was a sort of Goliah in ages past, possessing three heads and three sets of rattlers. He was an incessant talker, putting in the most of his time boasting of his power and challenging all comers to fight him. He was also believed to be a great conjuror as well as a hypnotist. His ability to perform the wonderful things he was credited with having done, and also the means by which he could cast a fatal spell over other people, lay in his rattles. Their sound caused hearers to become crazy, enabling him to rivet his eyes upon them, paralyzing them into inability to resist his wishes to overcome and devour them.

The only related instances where he came out second best in an encounter,

are said to have been when he swallowed an old maid, and again, when the god Speelia (Coyote), gave him battle. The task of bewitching the lady of uncertain age was an easy matter, following it by making a meal of her. The diet did not, however, agree with him. Hardly had he swallowed her before he grew deathly sick, and in his endeavor to rid himself of the sour load upon his stomach, he wiggled himself out of his skin, at the same time vomiting up the old party, who took refuge in the discarded covering. She began at once to make overtures for a better understanding; among other things proposing that he take her to wife. Remembering his experience of the preceeding moments, he turned away in disgust. This caused her to become angered, and as a parting salute, told him that he should never forget her, that once each year thereafter he should feel her presence, and in that hour would shed his skin. Since then this has regularly been done by him as she foretold.

His meeting with Coyote brought to him great disaster. That god made it his business to roam the earth, putting down oppression and stamping out wrong wherever found. In his rounds, he encountered his snakeship. After some little strategy and cunning, he succeeded in cutting off the rattlers of the monster, enabling him to conquer and bring about its debasement. Its size was greatly reduced, but one head and one set of rattlers were left, and power to charm was nearly all taken away from it. Its spirit part was cast out and thrown into the Clearwater river and condemned to remain there. This place is known among steamboat men as the "Big Eddy," and is considered by them to be a very dangerous place, steering their steamers as far away from its vortex as possible. The force of this eddy causes a rise and fall of the waters some fifteen feet every few minutes.

The Indians, true to their traditions, say that this whirlpool is the devil-part of the ancient snake, whirling, seathing boiling, seeking whom it may devour—and they are afraid to approach anywhere near it.

F. H. SAYLOR.

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INDIAN WAR HISTORY ERRORS.

MISTAKES MADE BY MRS. VICTOR POINTED OUT BY REV. MYRON EELLS.

I have read with interest Mrs. Victor's "Early Indian Wars of Oregon," and desire to offer a few corrections, supply omissions, etc., therefore call attention to the following:

Chapter II, page 17, of such history, says: "Besides the Methodist missions, there were north of the Columbia river and east of the Cascade mountains several Presbyterian missions, founded in 1836, 1837 and 1838. These were under the superintendency of Dr. Marcus Whitman, and supported by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Dr. Whitman was settled among the Cayuses in the Walla Walla valley, twenty-five miles from Fort Walla Walla of the Hudson's Bay Company. Rev. H. H. Spalding was stationed among the Nez Perces, eighty miles east of the superintendent, on the Clearwater river at a place called Lapwai; and a third station on a branch of the Spokane river, about forty miles from Fort Colville of the Hudson's Bay Company, was in charge of Elkanah Walker and Cushing Eells, who had charge of the Spokane Indians. A fourth station was selected among the Nez Perces, about sixty miles northeast of Lapwai, which was put in charge of A. B. Smith."

There are at least three errors in matter of fact in the above statement. The American Board of

Commissioners for Foreign Missions founded no missions north of the Columbia and east of the Cascade mountains, all being south and east of that river. The one at Waiilatpu (Dr. Whitman's), was 25 miles east of it; the Lapwai mission (Mr. Spalding's) not less than 100 miles east; the Tshimakani mission (Messrs. Walker and Eells), about 30 miles east and about 75 miles from the fort of the Hudson's Bay Company at Colville, instead of 40 miles as Mrs. Victor has it. The Kamiah mision (Mr. Smith), was also east of that river. None of these missions were established in 1837, as she writes. Waiilatpu and Lapwai missions were founded in 1836, the one at Tshimakani in 1838, and that at Kamiah in 1839. Reckoning the course of the Columbia geographically as west, which is generally so construed, it would be said that all these missions were located south of the river, never north.

Again, Dr. Whitman was not "superintendent" of these missions. The affairs of these missions were settled in annual or special meetings of the missionaries, and were determined by a majority vote of each missionary present. Dr. Whitman's vote counted as one, and the vote of each missionary present counted the same. Dr. Whitman is also erroneously styled "superintendent" on pages 27, 28, 29, 30 and 37.

These missions were not "Presbyterian missions," notwithstanding the historian's statements. Dr. Whitman and Mr. Spalding were Presbyterians and Messrs. Walker, Eells and Smith were Congregationalists. The American Board which supported them was sustained by gifts from the Congregational, Presbyterian and Dutch Reformed churches, and was a union society. The two latter denominations have since withdrawn their support from it, so that now it is distinctly Congregational. This misleading statement appears again on page 40.

Again, on page 26, the books says: "A. B. Smith, the year after his arrival with Gray's party, was sent to establish a mission upon the lands of Chief Ellis, at Kamiah, east of Lapwai. To do this he had permission, but was forbiden to cultivate the land. After being at Kamiah one year Smith made some preparations to till a small field, but Ellis reminded him that he had been warned not to do so. 'Do you not know,' he asked, 'what has been told you, that you would be digging a hole in which you would be buried?' At this he desisted, but the following year made another attempt, and was again reminded, when he made no more such efforts."

Mrs Victor does not give her authority for the statement, but the original is given in Brouillet's "Protestantism in Oregon," on authority of an interpreter's statement that the Indians told him so; that is, Rev. Brouillet says that John Toupin says that the Indians said it was so. Mrs. Victor, however, could not rely on Toupin's statement wholly, as she found mistakes in it, so she changed his statement some, for he added after the word "buried": "Thereupon Mr. Smith said, 'Let me go, and I will leave the place,' and he started off immediately. That circumstance has been related to me by the Indians, and soon after I saw Mr. Smith myself at Fort Walla Walla. He was on his way to Vancouver, where he embarked for the Sandwich Islands, from whence he did not come back any more."

Mrs. Victor knew that if she accepted this latter statement it would make Mr. Smith leave in 1840, whereas he did not leave until 1841, so she puts in another year and lets him again try to cultivate the ground.

The fact was that, according to Mr. Spalding's journal of that time, which I now have, Mr. Smith had a garden in 1839, not waiting until 1840, as Mrs. Victor says, and he taught the Indians to cultivate the land, for the annual report of the American Board for 1843, says that at Kamiah, the station formerly occupied by Mr. Smith, but now vacant, a large addition has been made during the last year or two to the amount of land tilled by the Indians. This shows

that at least they were not averse to cultivating the soil.

In March, 1884, I wrote Mr. Smith, asking him about the truth of this story, and in a letter dated April 16th, the same year, he replied: "In regard to the representations made concerning me to which you refer I can only say it is almost entirely a fabrication. Ellis, the name mentioned, I had nothing to do with. I know not who is referred to by that name, unless it be a young Indian who had been at the Red River school, and proved to be a worthless fellow. I did hear of his stirring up the people against the missionaries, but he had nothing to do with the land where I was located, there were two petty chiefs—Hu-sin-me-la-kin and Um-tam-lai-a-kin—who claimed the land where I was. I never negotiated with them or any other ones, in regard to the land. I went there with their knowledge, and according to their wish. There was no opposition to my plowing, or anything of the kind. All that story has not the shadow of truth in it. I went to Kamiah in the spring of 1839, plowed several acres the next spring, and raised a crop, without any opposition from any one. In the autumn of 1840 these two chiefs above mentioned came to me and demanded pay for the land. I refused to comply with the demand, when they ordered me to leave it. I told them I would go. Then they ordered me to leave the next day. I told them, 'No, I will go when I get ready.' I accordingly wrote to Dr. Whitman and Mr. Spalding. Dr. Whitman was soon there, Mr. Spalding afterward. Nothing special was done by them among the Indians; they talked it out among themselves after the Doctor and Spalding were gone. These two chiefs found that all the other Indians were against them, and, so, after a few days, these two came and wished to take back what they had said. Then everything became quiet and we stayed through the winter. I might have continued, but my wife's health by this time had become such that it seemed absolutely necessary to make a change on her account."

Mr. Spalding's journal confirms the above facts in almost every particular. This was published in 1886, in the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, a paper to which Mrs. Victor has access.

All that Mrs. Victor says on pages 24, 29 and following, about Mr. Parker's promising that ships loaded with Indian goods and agricultural implements, with which to pay them for their lands, rests on the same unreliable evidence of John Toupin, not written down at the time, nor until thirteen years after Mr. Parker's visit.

I wish also to quote another sentence in the book—not to disprove it, but to show the style and animus of the author. On page 37 she speaks of the officers of the American Board at Boston as "highly-proper, clean-shaven, decorous Presbyterians."

On page 31 I find: "Added to other trials, Dr. Whitman was worried by demands from the Home Board that the Oregon missions should be made self-supporting." I call for proof of this. While the Board may have hoped for such from their missions in due course of time, it never expected or demanded from them that they should be self-supporting during the early years of their existence, especially those located among the Indians. My father, an associate missionary of Dr. Whitman, never mentioned such a request, and no record of the proceedings of the Board have ever been found that will substantiate the statement.

There is no evidence, as stated on page 32, that these missionaries expected to hold their "good homes" and receive large or any donations of land from the government in the event of treaties being made by it with the Indians. The members of the missions gave themselves to the work they sought to accomplish, and they knew that if their lands on which their missions were situated were alloted to any one, they would go to the Board, and not to themselves as individuals. This has been the policy of the Board wherever it established missions throughout the world.

On page 35 is found, "Dr. Whitman, in his vexation with the Indians, before leaving for the states, threatened them with bringing back many people to chastise them." I call for the proof! I have read everything I could find on the subject of the Doctor's going east, published and in manuscript, and this is the first time I ever heard it intimated that he made such, or any threat. Rev. Gustavus Hines, a pioneer missionary of 1840, who was well posted on the affairs of early Oregon, says in his "History of Oregon," that the Doctor went east "with the avowed intention of bringing back as many as he could enlist for Oregon," but says nothing about a threat, and that is all that I have ever been able to find on the subject. Instead of this, subsequent to 1843, he explored a route from the foot of the Blue mountains to the mouth of the Umatilla river for the emigrants, so they would not pass his mission station, thus giving rise to possible ill feelings against them by the Cayuses, for crossing their lands.

At the top of page 36 is found: "His whole thought seemed to be now to repel Indian aggressions. Whatever admirations he had at first felt for the aboriginal character had been completely effaced by his experiences among them." These statements are mere assertions without any proof, and are not true, and, consequently, the deduction in the sentence following, which says that "the settler in him was stronger than the missionary," is also an untruth. For many years Mrs. Victor has tried to make Dr. Whitman out to be a deceitful, selfish man. Such assertions ought not to be in the pages of a history published under the auspices of the State of Oregon. That Dr. Whitman did much for it during its hours of infancy is beyond controversy, and he is deserving of at least fair treatment at the hands of the great commonwealth of which he was among the very first to lay its foundations deep and well.

On page 40 Mrs. Victor says: "First. That with the purest intentions, and with the best religious ideas of the times, the Presbyterian missionaries of the upper country found it impossible to implant spiritual religion in the minds of the aboriginal inhabitants of the earth. Second. That the influence of contact with savagery was to unspiritualize themselves; to drive out of their minds confidence in the power of religion to change the nature of men in the low stage of their mental evolution." These conclusions are not true. Spiritual religion was implanted in the minds of some of the Spokanes, Nez Perces and Cayuses. See "Eells' Indian Missions," pages 63-88, for proof. The lives of Messrs. Spalding, Walker and Eells, who lived in Oregon and Washington for many years thereafter, show that they were not unspiritualized. They subsequently labored for the Master as faithfully as before, all among the whites, and Messrs. Spalding and Eells also labored among the Indians. The third conclusion, "That the change this discovery made in themselves, being preceived by the Indians, was a cause of displeasure to them, and of danger to the missionaries," is consequently false, and hardly worth noticing.

On page 98 mention is made of "negotiations which were then in progress for the sale of Waiilatpu to the Catholics." That thought is wholly from the author's imagination. There were never any "negotiations in progress" or thought of, for the sale of the Doctor's station (Waiilatpu) to that denomination. There may have been, and probably were, negotiations on the part of the Catholics to obtain some land from the Indians for a mission about three miles from Whitman's.

I deny, as asserted on page 160, "that the average Christian of that day was pledged in his own conscience to be a bigot," Mrs. Victor to the contrary, and it is certainly unfortunate for the State of Oregon that such language should receive an indorsement through finding a place in a history published by it, thus defaming pioneer heroes and heroines to whom belongs the credit of much of what she is at the present time.

On page 248 will be found, "By what arguments they (the Cayuse murderers) had been persuaded to give themselves up has never been revealed." I received from General Lane, on January 20, 1880, the following: "I carried on negotiations with the Cayuses in 1849 in a friendly manner, with the hope of getting them to surrender up the principal actors in the murder of Dr. Whitman, his wife and many others at Waiilatpu, without war. But told them that war upon them would be certain if they did not deliver up the guilty. They agreed at last, agreed to meet me near The Dalles in May, 1850, and as agreed, with Lieutenant Addison and ten soldiers of the rifle regiment, we met them, the principal chiefs and many warriors, and after a long talk with them, they delivered the prisoners to me. We then, after taking our leave, left with our prisoners. The rest you know."

Readers of this pretended history will find on page 62 thereof, "Mr. Spalding determined to strengthen the hands of the agent (Dr. Elijah White), by receiving thirty Nez Perce Indians into the church, and it was done May 14, 1843." There is not a particle of evidence to show that this was done "to strengthen the hands of the agent." These converts had been propounded for membership previously, and were received for the same reason that other persons were recived, and the presence or absence of the agent had no bearing whatever upon their admission as members of the church.

MYRON EELLS.

♣ ♣ ♣

WARPED MULES.

The death of Capt. J. W. Kern, a pioneer of 1853, calls to mind one of the stories he used to tell about the way the old ferries running across the river at Portland were operated.

"Oh, yes," said he, as a reminescent look came into his grey eyes, "many amusing things occurred in early times in Portland. By the way, were you a resident of the city when the Stark street ferry was propelled by huge sweeps or oars? No? Well then probably you come later on, when they used a great tread-wheel which revolved under the deck. Wern't here then? Why! Pshaw! man, you are a tenderfoot. Well, it was in the early 50's that the Knotts introduced this new-fangled machine to the traveling public. It is difficult to describe, but was simply a large wheel that revolved, as I say, under the decks, projecting out on each side several feet to admit of the horses or mules to tread the mill, as it were, on the outside of the guard rails. I tell you we were proud of this wonderful mechanism and we never expected to see an improvement made in this system of navigation. You see there were two mules, one on either side of the boat, each fastened in a curved corral, treading away to make the old thing work. Well, these mules would become so warped that they were threatened with curvature of the spine. They really did become rights and lefts and it is said, although I didn't see this personally, but have it from the very best authority, a farmer bought a span of these mules and when he hitched them with their concave sides to each other, they were constantly tripping each other up. At someone's suggestion he changed them about. What do you think was the result? Why, although the farmer was taking a couple of Indian corpses some one had made up the river—home industry, you see—as I say, although he was taking these two "good Indians" out to Lone Fir to start a cemetery with, and was intending to go due east, I'll be blamed if these mules didn't describe a circle and walk right into the river and drown. You see they had on heavy chain harness and couldn't swim with such a load. But, you must excuse me, as this is Saturday and I haven't looked inside my Sunday school lesson leaf yet. Great institutions, these Sunday schools —always attend them, have done so from my boyhood."

THE DALLES, OREGON, 1858.

Countless years before Johnathan Carver gave the word Oregon to the world, or made known the existence of the great river which bears the name of Captain Grey's good ship, the village of Winguath was a busy, thriving mart, where the Indian alone was to be seen.

During the long years that antedated the coming of the Americans, the red man dominated, fought, held and lost these river shores, where much of savage wealth was garnered. A history that contains much of interest was found about these bluffs, but fragments of which have filtered down through Indian traditions and legends to furnish a basis for the pencil of the present day historian, who would write of the events of the dark days of Indian supremacy of the Northwest. Meagre as these traditions are, and devoid of detail as they are generally found to be, they contain much that throws light upon the long period when the savage reigned supreme. He knew not books, but legend and tradition have in a measure taken the place of the more accurate pen, and by word of mouth a rude and incomplete account of the most important events come down until they are obtained by the ever ready chroniclers of the present, to whom they are of more than ordinary interest, as the passing of the Indian is witnessed, and the extinction becomes the more certain.

Inseparately our young state's history is linked to the distant past by means of these legends. Their origin and preservation becomes more and more a matter of importance. It is yet within the memory of many of the older pioneers when Oregon was in its infancy. Many of these have passed away; those that remain are counted fewer each succeeding year, and ere long the first epoch of the history of American Oregon will have been written.

Many places throughout the State retain their old Indian names. Thirteen of the counties of the State are known by native names that are euphonious and pleasant to recall, rich as tney are with memories of a past that is legendary and vague. It is to be regretted that in the haste and unreasoning endeavor of each unfledged community to form itself into a separate county organization that more of the old Indian names are not preserved.

Of The Dalles before 1803 but little can be said with accuracy. A few legends giving the origin of the names, and some of the more important events that have been retained by tradition is practically all that can be gathered.

The Dalles, from an historical standpoint, is linked inseparably to the entire Northwest. No record of the first years of American occupation would be complete that did not recite the events that centered about the long rapids in the river. There it was that the Indians congregated for the purposes of trade, and, oftentimes, warfare. It was called Ninguatt by the original Indians and Wascopum by the missionaries, who made the first settlement. From this word the contraction Wasco was applied to the entire country, and at the time of the organization of the territorial government the county extended to the Rocky mountains.

The word Wasco is of ancient and peculiar origin. It means basin maker. Tradition has brought down a peculiar legend that established the name as that of a tribe of Indians.

The Wasco Indians became strong and influential. They dominated the country from the great fishery, on the east, to the Wind mountain on the west, thus controlling the pass through the mountains, and were afterwards one of the strongest members of the great Willamette confederacy, which governed the Northwest until the fall of the great natural bridge at the

THE DALLES, OREGON, 1853.

Cascades signalled the overthrow of the imperial sway of the Willamettes.

The Wasco tribes did not retain a purity of either blood or purpose. Possessing, as they did, the fishing grounds, Indians from the entire Northwest would asssemble at Ninquatt each year for trading, fishing, gambling and other purposes. Here would come the squat Chinooks, the Canoe Indians from the Sound, with shells, wampum, camas, slaves from the north and articles common to the coast and water-living tribes; the Willamette, with his superb bows and arrows tipped with flint, and robes of fur and skin; also the rough-riding Cayuse and independent Yakima from across the open grass country of the north, south and east, to trade horses and race their fleetest ponies with those of opposing tribes. The Walla Wallas, Nez Perces, Spokanes, Okanagans, Klamaths, Klickitats and numbers of others from the entire extent of the Columbia valley were wont to gather during the early summer, when the annual freshet brought the vast shoals of salmon to the falls, where they fell an easy prey to the spear and dip-net, and were dried and packed for the stable source of food during the winter months. During these annual gatherings of the tribes a great market of the various commodities of the several tribes was maintained. The Wascos became corrupted by the addition of worthless characters from other tribes, and deteriorated in moral tone from the pure minded and well-bred Indians of the legends, to the miserable band of thieves and sore-eyed vagrants that Lewis and Clarke found at Wisham, and which were the source of such trouble and worry to the early voyageurs on the Columbia.

In 1805 the Lewis and Clarke expedition encamped at Ninguatt. This is the first visit of white men. Later on the Astor expedition experienced no little difficulty in making this dangerous portage and in dealing with the thieving natives

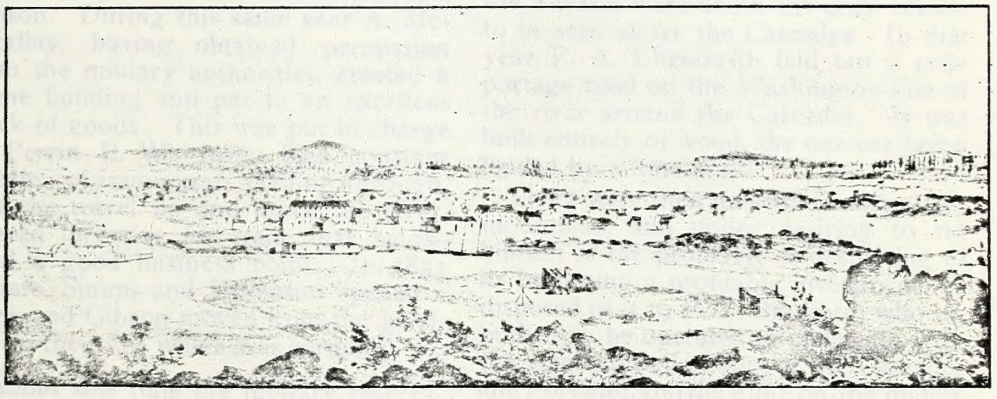
The camps of occasional travelers were the only visitations of white people until 1820, when James Birnie. established a sub-post of the Hudson's Bay Company near the mouth of Mill Creek. This did not continue long. The hostility of the savages rendered it unprofitable to maintain the post. Except for the occasional voyageur, all was as Indian and savage as in the days before the Columbia river was known. This condition of things continued until 1837, when Rev. Jasen Lee began the work of founding a missionary settlement. He called the place Wascopum. This was the beginning of civilization at The Dalles. The mission was called by the Indians "Perkin's House." The buildings were situated on the bluff, a short distance east of the site of the Wasco Academy buildings, where outlines of the foundation of the principal building are yet to be seen. The missionaries did a great and good work among these savage and degraded people in teaching them habits of industry, and instilling the principles of Christianity and morality in their minds. This outpost of civilization was maintained for more than ten years. Lee continued in the superintendency of the mission until 1844, when he was succeeded by Rev. Geo. Gary, who continued in charge until 1847. In that year Rev. William Roberts assumed control of the mission. It was the first permanent settlement made. This was during the period when the territory was claimed by both England and the United States. It was a project dear to the hearts of Lee and his associates to hold the country for the United States. Much credit is due them and the missionaries of the American Board, who, while endeavoring to disseminate the truths of the Gospel among the tribes, did not overlook the value of the country and its worth to the government of the Stars and Stripes.

In August, 1847, the Methodists transferred the mission to Dr. Marcus Whitman, the martyr of Waiilatpu. The Dalles was an important station to him. The Methodists were mostly occupied in the Willamette valley. As an act of Christian regard the mission was transferred to the

American Board for the uses and purposes of a mission, and with the understanding that the missionary work would be continued on the same general lines as were then being followed throughout the Northwest. For the personal property of the mission Mr. Roberts received six hundred dollars. No attempt was made to sell the land, as no title could be given. After the transfer, Dr. Whitman returned to Waiilatpu, leaving the mission in charge of his nephew, Perrin B. Whitman, then a youth of seventeen years, who remained in charge until early in December of the same year, when news of the massacre of Dr. Whitman reached him. He then abandoned the mission, leaving the buildings in charge of some friendly Wascos, and fled down the Columbia to escape the murderous redskins, who were greatly inflamed against the missionaries by the instigators of the massacre at Waiilatpu.

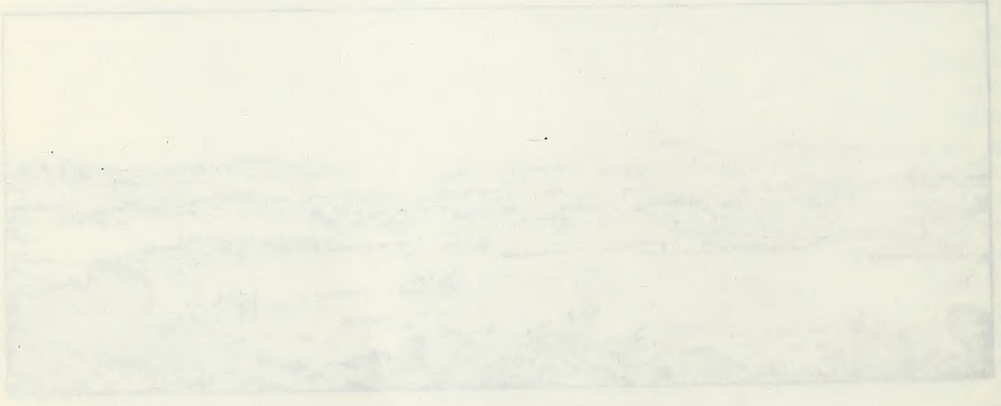
Soon after Captain H. A. G. Lee, in command of a company of volunteers, reached The Dalles, and occupied the mission buildings. During the continuance of the Indian wars which followed the Whitman massacre these buildings were used for storing military supplies, and around them grew a military post. After the death of General Gilliam, Lee was placed in command of the post.

The Catholics established a mission at The Dalles in 1846. Rev. Father Brosseau was its founder. The mission was located just west of the site of the present town: Father Mesplie succeeded Rev. Brosseau, and under his direction the old mission buildings were erected. This mission was never vacated. The Indians at the time of the Whitman massacre made no demonstrations against the mission of Father Brosseau who remained at his post during all the excitement of the dangerous times that followed. The Catholic mission has grown into a large and prosperous society with excellent buildings. It has been an important factor in the growth and development of The Dalles.



THE DALLES, OREGON, 1858.

The immigration from the States, now setting in, caused more of importance to attach to The Dalles, where the wagons were dissembled, and a transfer made to boats to continue the journey to the Willamette. No permanent settlers were located here as yet. Many a pioneer, whose head is now white with the frost of years, will brighten as he recalls the day his wagon train rounded the bluffs out of the canyon of Five Mile creek, where below them laid the broad river on whose surface the journey would be completed. It was the beginning of the end; and, wearied and worn as they were with the months of privation, and toil, and hardships, their pulses bounded anew at the



thoughts of reaching their journey's end. It was but a few days more and they would camp by the placid Willamette, whither they had been plodding during the weary months since they had parted from the last vestige of civilized life. None of these remained at The Dalles until after 1850. In the spring of 1850, about a year after the United States' authority had been extended over Oregon, Major Tucker, with three companies of regulars, occupied the place and selected a military reservation ten miles square. The establishment of a military post gave some assurance of protection, and shortly afterwards the first venture in a commercial line was made by John C. Bell, who came from Salem and opened a sutler's store. In 1851 he disposed of his business to Mr. Gibson. During this same year A. McKindlay, having obtained permission from the military authorities, erected a frame building and put in an excellent stock of goods. This was put in charge of Perrin B. Whitman. The constant streams of immigrants coming through, and the travel up and down the river, offered incentive for trade that betokened a good business point. In 1853 Messrs. Simms and Humason opened a store, and Gibson moved from the garrison to the town which was forming.

About this time the military reservation was cut down, and a number of donation claims were located. W. C. Laughlin located a claim on which the eastern portion of the city is now situated. W. D. Bigelow located a claim on the bluff, which now forms an addition to the city. He also opened a store, and for many years transacted a flourishing business. M. M. Cushing came in 1852, with the regular troops. Shortly afterwards he severed his connection with the forces and began the erection of a frame building for a hotel. Bigelow, who had driven four posts in the ground, and nailed on a rough siding with a puncheon roof and ground floor, in which he was transacting business, laughed at Cushing, advising him that he would regret having gone to the expense of putting up a frame structure. Cushing did a good business in his building, and afterwards sold it to Bigelow, who had need for larger quarters to accommodate his increasing trade.

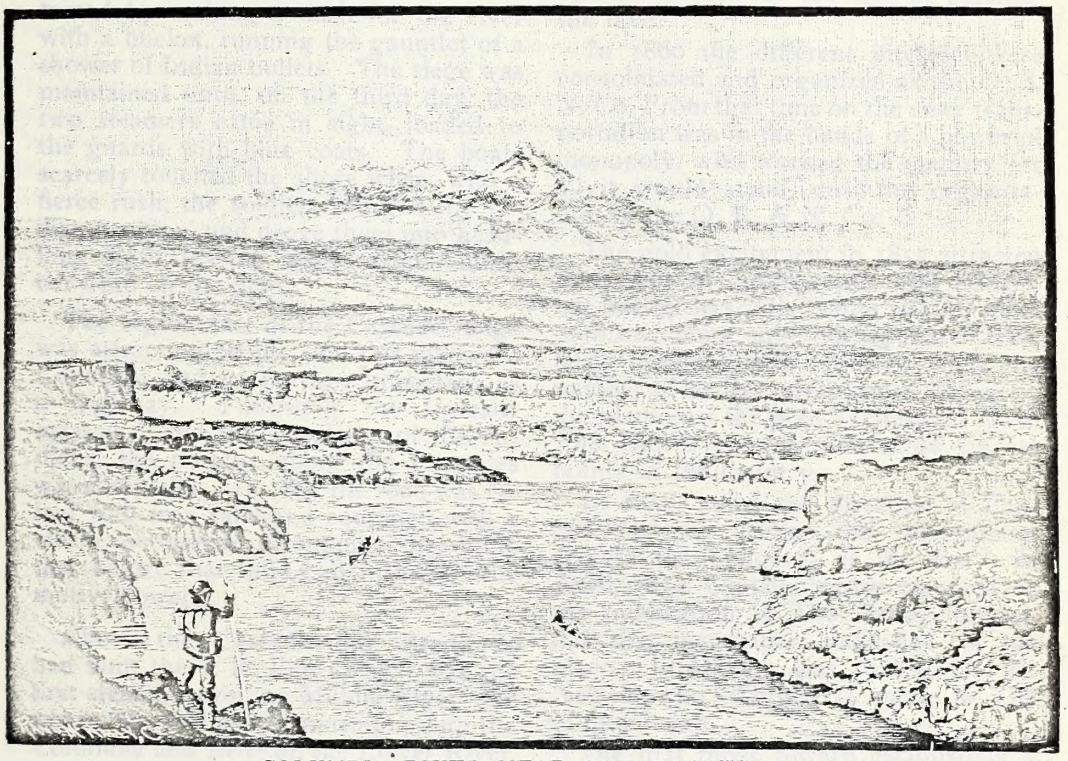
Now the nucleus of a village was formed. In 1850 nothing more permanent than the wigwam of the Siwash was to be seen. Following the advent of the military buildings springing up, and ere long the post had an addenda of a substantial village of enterprising Americans, and The Dalles may be said to have been launched as an American town.

The transportation question to the upper Columbia from Portland early attracted attention. Prior to 1850 the batteaux of the voyageur, or the canoe of the Siwash, were about the only vessels to be seen above the Cascades. In that year F. A. Chenowith laid out a rude portage road on the Washington side of the river around the Cascades. It was built entirely of wood, the one car being hauled by a lone mule.

There were then no settlers east of the mountains, and either desiring to rid himself of the property, or despairing of its becoming a profitable investment, he disposed of it to P. T. Bradford, who rebuilt it to be operated in connectin with the steamer Belle between the Cascades and Portland, and the Flint on the middle river. Bradford had just commenced the reconstruction of this portage in 1856, when his workmen and others were attacked by the Yakima Indians. The fight that resulted forms one of the most thrilling incidents in early Oregon history. It is known as the Cascades massacre.

It was Wednesday morning, March 26, 1856, after the men had gone to work on the railroad, that the Yakimas commenced the attack. The whites were fired upon from ambush; the line of Indians extending from the mouth of Rock creek to the head of the Cascades. The men, who were working, had no intimation of the approach of the savages, as they were lying in close shelter, and the crack of rifles and the whistling of bullets

came all unannounced. The first fire killed one white man and wounded several. Immediately the cry, "Indians," went up and all ran for the store, except three, who ran for the middle blockhouse, one and a half miles distant. Bush and his family ran into the store. Some men were at work on a warehouse being built on an island near the head of the portage road. At first confusion reigned in the store. Sinclair, of Walla Walla, her, she was pushed clear from the bank and soon had steam enough to cross the river, where she obtained a supply of fuel, using the fence rails from Atwell's donation claim, the site of the present Cascade Locks. Then she started to The Dalles for help. The Wasco was lying on the Oregon side, and soon started up the river preceding the Mary. The anxious watchers, penned up in the store, saw the steamers disappear around

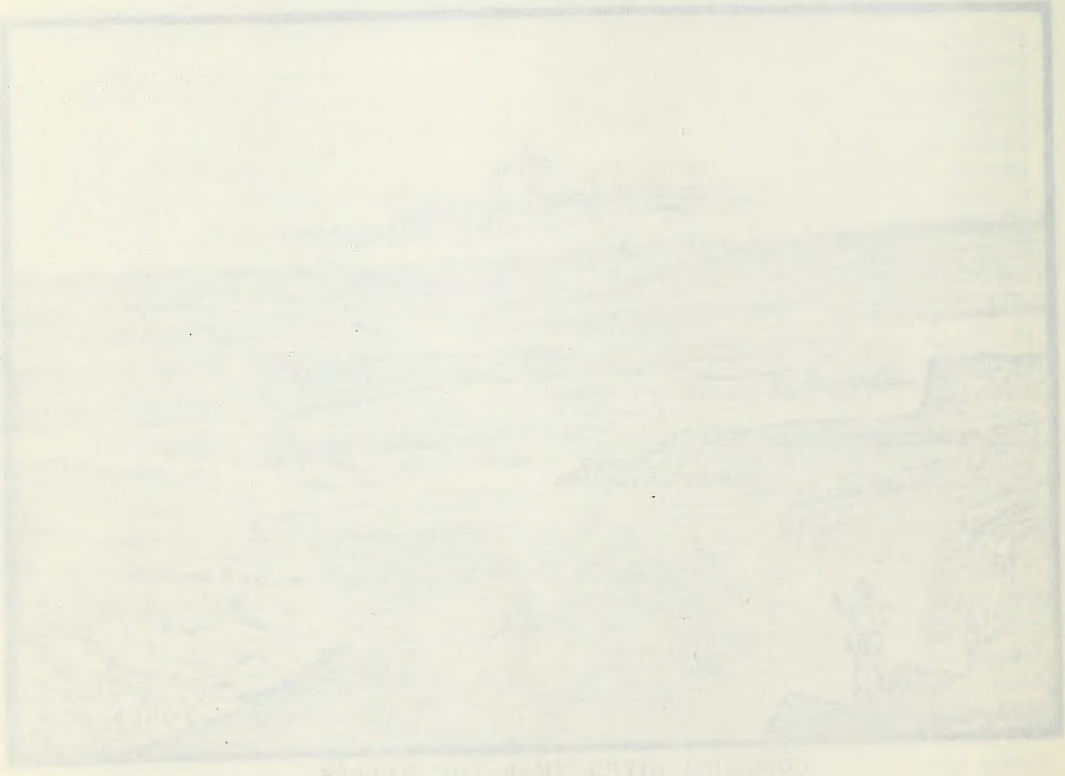


COLUMBIA RIVER NEAR THE DALLES.

going to the door to look out, was shot from the bank above and killed instantly. Fortunately, a short time before, nine U. S. rifles, with ammunition and cartridge boxes, had been left at the store for transportation below. These were at once gotten out and distributed to the men in the store. To those guns is due the preservation of the lives of the inmates.

The steamer Mary was lying in the mouth of Rock Creek. The Indians ran toward her, but before they could reach Wind Mountain in the distance, and were inspired to strong efforts to keep the yelling redskins off; for they knew that at The Dalles, forty-five miles away, were companies of Uncle Sam's regulars, and could the steamers once get there and back, they would be rescued.

The savages crossed to the island where Watkins and Bailey were at work. Bailey was shot through the leg, but managed to swim across the channel and



reached the store. Watkins was shot and badly wounded. He dragged himself behind a sheltering rock, where he lay, protected by the guns from the store, until the arrival of the troops from The Dalles, and was then rescued, only to die from exhaustion. At night the sky was aflame with the burning mill and warehouse, fired by the Indians. Water was scarce, and the little that was in the store was soon exhausted. A few bottles of whiskey were soon used up, and from then the only water they had was obtained by making a dash for the river with a bucket, running the gauntlet of a shower of Indian bullets. The siege was maintained until, on the third day, the two steamers came in sight, loaded to the guards with blue coats. The boats scarcely touched the shore when, with a fierce rush, the soldiers charged the Indian position, and drove them into headlong flight, leaving many of their number dead on the field.

The region east of the Cascade range was attracting people, and this made the Columbia and its portage important as a highway. Following the Cascade massacre, and the expulsion of the Indians, the portage about the Cascades was completed. In 1861 the road was relaid with iron rails and equipped with a steam locomotive to supplant the mule that before that time had furnished the motive power.

Above the Cascades the Bradfords had built the J. R. Flint, which was the first steamboat on the Middle River. She ran to The Dalles in connection with the Columbia and Belle on the Lower River. After the Flint the Bradfords built the Mary, a double engine steamer. The Wasco was also built prior to '56. These boats, with the Belle and the portage road, constituted a through transportation line from The Dalles to Portland. Humason laid out a portage wagon road around the rapids from The Dalles to Celilo. It followed the old emigrant road up Five Mile creek, and got back to the Columbia above Celilo through a low gap in the range of hills bordering the river, and worked its way down to the river just below the mouth of the Deschutes. All transportation was done with large freight teams.

It was in 1857 that R. R. Thompson built a saw mill on Upper Fifteen Mile creek, about five miles from the present site of Dufur. Together with O. Humason he undertook the construction of a boat seventy feet long, with a capacity of eighty tons. This boat was completed and drawn to the river at Celilo on skids. The first trip, after paying expenses of operating, paid for the cost of building the boat.

In 1860 the different interests were consolidated and organized as the O. S. N. Co. From that time on the river transportation was in the hands of a powerful monopoly, who worked the country for all it would stand, until the organization of the O. R. & N. Co.

The gold excitement in 1855 attracted thousands of prospectors and traders, but few settlers. The Dalles was the chief outfitting point, and, during these years, fairly hummed with industry, while the number of lawless adventurers, drawn by the glamor of the gold excitement, made The Dalles one of the most lawless points in the country.

In 1858, under the direction of Captain Thomas Jordan, the government erecetd the buildings at the fort. In April, 1859, Captain Jordan commenced the publication of The Dalles Journal, the first newspaper published in the place. In 1860 it was sold to W. H. Newell, who changed its name to The Mountaineer.

The first move toward establishing a city government was made in 1855. A meeting of the residents of the village on September 15th of that year adopted a code of rules for the proper division of property and for the government of the town. A series of resolutions were passed for better government, and a board of trustees elected. They were to hold office and assume the government of the place until April 7, 1856, when a general election shiuld be held. The trustees so chosen were W. C. Laughlin, R. D. Forsythe, N. H. LeRoy, J. C. Geere

and O. Humason. On January 26, 1857, a charter bill, incorporating the town, passed the Legislature. The first election under the charter was on the second Monday in April, 1857. The first recorder was J. P. Booth, and the first treasurer O. Humason.

The further discoveries of gold in Idaho and Eastern Oregon in 1862 brought The Dalles into considerable prominence as a business center and outfitting point. Until after the completion of the O. R. & N. railway, in 1881, it was the only outfitting and shipping point into the interior. The Dalles was the center of the trade for the entire country lying east of the Cascade range. The streets were thronged with long lines of freight teams and pack trains coming from, and departing for the mines. At this time the quartz lodes received but little, if any, attention, and the rich placers of Canyon City, and Salmon River, drew thousands, number of whom would return to The Dalles to winter. Coin was scarce, and paper money almost unknown. Gold dust supplied the place of currency. This, in abundance, possessed by men who had little idea of economical expenditure, but who spent their dust lavishly on whatever suited their fancy, made the town very lively. Large fortunes were made by many during this period.

In 1860 the first school house was erected. The old building has been remodeled and removed several times, but still continues to do service. Before the erection of this building a school was taught in one of the garrison buildings, by one of the soldiers of the fort. Unfortunately the name of this first schoolmaster, who, clad in the blue uniform of the United States regular, instructed the youth of the town and martial surroundings has not been preserved.

Early courts at The Dalles were crude and simple. At first, and for a considerable time, the military authorities at the fort exercised exclusive jurisdiction. In time, with the organization of town and county governments, they gave way to the civil power. One of the first magistrates, it is related, had occasion to try an offender, charged with the commission of some minor offense. He was found guilty and fined twenty dollars. Being unable to pay this, and there being no jail in Wasco county, in which to confine him, the officer charged with the execution of the sentence, took the prisoner to Vancouver for incarceration in the jail at that place. The authorities there refused to honor the commitment. In this dilemma the officer took the note of the prisoner for the amount of the fine and gave him his liberty. The note is yet unpaid.

The county was created in 1854 and from that time the territorial courts took cognizance of matters that pertained to the civil jurisdiction.

In 1876 the population of the city was estimated at 900. Before that time it was largely composed of transcients. The fixed population was small. In the winter season it was greatly augmented by miners coming in to pass the stormy months, and for a change from the solitude of their lonely placer claims, which were mostly situated in the mountains, where they were deprived of the society of other men.

The census of 1880 gave the number at 2250. It is now estimated to be in excess of 4000.

The foregoing is a brief sketch of the most important events since the first settlement of the town. Many of the most interesting occurrences have been lost sight of. In thrilling happenings, The Dalles is unsurpassed by any place in the state. One of the oldest places in the Northwest its inhabitants have contributed much to the history of the state. The key to the whole Columbia basin its possession was eagerly desired. Dr. McLaughlin called it "The Gibralter of Eastern Oregon." It was the seat of operations during the early Indian wars.

H. H. RIDDELL.

A TOUR OF THE WORLD.

JOHN J. VALENTINE, PRESIDENT OF WELLS-FARGO & CO., WRITES HIS FRIEND, AARON STEIN, OF SAN FRANCISCO, AN ACCOUNT OF HIS TRAVELS.

(Published by Special Permission of Mr. Valentine.)

Viborg, Finland, Nov. 16, 1899.

DEAR UNCLE AARON:

We sailed from Stockholm November 10th, at 10:30 P. M., per steamer "Oihonna," and next morning awoke at 6:00 to find ourselves in a stretch of the finest island scenery that it has ever been my good fortune to behold. From the hour mentioned until noon we kept our way through these "Thousand Isles" until we reached Abo, which, up to 1819, was the capital of Finland. Much of our course lay through shallow reaches and narrow windings of navigable water such as can be fancied by anyone who has made the passage of the Wrangle Narrows and Limestone Straits of Alaska; though here on the Finnish coast the passages are narrow and more delicately picturesque than those of Alaska. The color of the water in Abo harbor indicates slight depth, and the entrance is in some respects not unlike that to Wrangle Narrows, approached from the north. Abo resembles somewhat the towns of Anacortes and Fairhaven, on Puget Sound, though considerably larger than those two combined; being, in fact, about the size of Tacoma, though more scattering and less substantially built. Its manufacturing interests are all modern, and the only ancient looking object visible is a Russian "schloss" or fortress, built of brick and now used, I believe, as a jail or prison. I was interested to observe on the wharf at this remote northern seaport a large pile of Minneapolis flour and Kansas City packed meats.

We could have traveled by train from Abo to Helsingfors, Viborg and St. Petersburg, but desired to see more of the island navigation off the north shores of the Gulf of Finland; and we saw more. After discharging cargo at Abo we promptly (at 8:00 P. M.) steamed off again, and then began for me a night of vigils not exceeded in fitful rest since my trip last year through the shallows of Woosung (China) harbor with Captain Harry Smith, of the "Doric;" or one with Captain Carroll, of the "Queen of the Pacific," into Juneau, one dark night some years ago. The night-run from Abo was marked by oft-repeated taps of the bell to "Half speed!" "Slow!" "Go ahead!" "Full speed!" etc.,—these rest-disturbing signals to the engine-room continuing until toward 2 A. M., when, the moon having set, we anchored. I was wakeful enough to partially realize that this was being done, but not sufficiently informed to know why; and until 6:30 A. M. my sleep continued fitful. I was finally put at ease by hearing the anchor weighed, and knowing that the steamer was moving along at regular speed. And now began a piece of navigation as interesting as that of the day previous, or even more so, because, until we reached Helsingfors at 2:30 P. M., we meandered through a labyrinth of narrows, straits, and channels winding about among innumerable islands, the ship's course being indicated—"blazed," as would be said in describing the forest navigation of pioneer days—by all sorts of painted marks on little rocky prominences, supplemented by basket-tipped spars or masts set erect in the water; some of the baskets placed top-side up, some inverted, and some masts bearing two baskets each. Not a few of the marks on rocks (usually a white spot) bear black numerals, which serve to guide the pilot on

his way. Along this devious course we voyaged, as I have said, from 6:30 A. M. until 2:30 P. M., and, half an hour later, we tied up at the Helsingfors wharf. I know of no piece of navigation that is comparable to this in intricacy and the engaging beauty of its surrounding scenery. The larger islands are covered with a growth of pine, fir, and, not unfrequently, birch; the smaller ones are generally rocky, and always picturesque. The "Thousand Islands," at the foot of Lake Ontario, are but a sample or suggestion of what is to be found along the north side of the Gulf of Finland from its outlet in the Baltic all the way up to Viborg, and even to Kronstadt; though we left the steamer at Helsingfors and have since journeyed by train.

Helsingsfors stands forth bold and striking on a rocky eminence—a granite bluff. Its principal structures are handsome, especially three churches, representing as many nationalities. The Swedish Church is first, in impressiveness; the Russian next in quaintness; and the German third, in general appearance. The first-named, whether seen near at hand or from afar, is an imposing structure, architecturally not dissimilar to St. Paul's in London. The Russian is a peculiar combination of Mosque and Gothic style, the German is Gothic. The Swedish church stands on elevated ground, to the west of which are to be found a Greek church, and the Copper Mint of Finland, and to the east, a public square or plaza. On the south side of this square is the University of Finland; on the north is the Senate House of the Finnish Legislature; to the east are the Police Headquarters; and a little to westward stands a striking monument of Alexander II the chief figure on which is an effigy of that Emperor, while on the pedestal below are four striking bronze figures of excellent conception and execution. One of the most impressive groups of statuary in the city, apparently in granite, occupies a conspicuous position on a high rocky point rising abruptly from the water's edge. It is a family group—father, mother and two children, "Lost at Sea."

The legislature of Finland is composed of four branches, representing the peasants, the burghers, the priesthood, and the nobles. The houses of all these several branches are near the public square above mentioned—chiefly on its north and west sides. Looking through the House of Nobles, at the number of escutcheons, or coats-of-arms, that fill the innumerable panels of the oak-wainscoting which extends to the ceiling, I could but smile at the recollection of an observation made by our Danish guide at Copenhagen, who, speaking of Sweden, said that "there nobles are numerous enough to be fed to the pigs." While I know nothing of the merits of present political contentions between Russia and Finland, the position of the latter is somewhat anomalous; because she has customs regulations of her own, has frontier inspection, mints her own coins and issues her own banknote currency.

While in population (75,000) Helsingfors ranks below either Copenhagen, Christiania, or Stockholm, its general appearance is similar to them; and in respect of attractive buildings, clean streets, and harmonious architecture, etc., is quite as engaging and attractive. In all these cities it is evidently a rule, if not a law, that no building shall be more than five stories high. And right here I may say that, if there are any Americans who think that the cities of the "effete and worn-out monarchies of Europe" permit the grass to grow in their streets, they are very much mistaken: for the cities of northern Europe are up to date in everything that marks American progress.

Helsingfors people compare favorably with those of Copenhagen, Christiania and Stockholm, their westerly brethren, though possibly they are not so polished; but intelligence and thrift are everywhere manifest. However the line of demarkation between the well-to-do and the poorer classes is more pronounced in Helsingfors than in the other cities visited. The "Hucksters" in these cit-

ies gather in an open plaza early in the morning to dispose of their produce—to do their marketing; and by the way, the varieties of vegetables, game, etc., offered for sale are surprising for these latitudes. In regard to the poorer classes, those of Helsingfors bear more signs of life's hardships than do those of Copenhagen, Christiania and Stockholm. Particularly is this noticeable of the women who in all ordinary branches of industry and business seem to take as active part as women do in America. But I repeat these people of Helsingfors show more evidence of the burdens of life. If I may be permitted to paraphrase a line of Whittier—"privation, care and childbirth pain, have left their traces on heart and brain." The status of womanhood in Scandinavian countries does not differ radically from that of our own boasted land. Education is universal and compulsory. All kinds of business positions are open to them—to a greater extent, it seems to me, than in America. Women are employed as clerks and agents in ticket offices, railroad, steamship, etc.,—in postoffices, banks, hotels, stores, etc. And when it comes to the telephone, and you hear a Danish, Swedish or Finnish maiden sing out, "Hello, Central!" you realize that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

A peculiar feature of living in these countries is the table service at railroad eating-houses and on steamboats; and by the way, Scandinavians are hearty eaters. Tourists from the world over constitute an important part of the general procession of travel, and inevitably there is more or less linguistic trouble to be encountered. The street names of Helsingsfors are posted in Swedish, Finnish and Russian, for the convenience of strangers and its mixed population. To overcome such difficulties and get travelers properly served at meal stations, there is a centre-table of liberal dimensions on which are placed all the eatables prepared, from soup to cheese and coffee, and seats are arranged about it, while on side tables, conveniently located, are found the requisite plates, knives, forks, etc. The traveler, on emerging from the cars or on shipboard walks up to the center-table, with plate and cutlery in hand, scans the promiscuous array thereon, selects what he fancies, and sits down to eat. When a change of plate from one course to another is thought desirable, he gets up and waits upon himself; and so on to the end. It is by no means a bad method, and is certainly expeditious.

We left Helsingfors by train at 9:30 A. M., Nov. 14th, and traveled generally eastward to Viborg, thence northward to Smatra. I can best describe the country and the appearance of the station houses by saying they are like those of northeastern Maine—even to a similarity of forest growth, including birch everywhere. Finland is a great water-shed and Southern Quebec and Northern Maine are much like it; however much farther north Finland is, extending, as it does, from 60 deg. to 70 deg. north latitude, and from the Gulf of Bothnia on the west to Lake Ladoga, near St. Petersburg, on the east. The population is said to be about 2,000,000. At the Falls of Smatra —more exactly described as Rapids, caused by the discharge of one lake into another on a lower level not far distant —the volume of water rushes forward furiously and tumultuously over an intervening rocky slope. The rapids are not so wide in extent as those which constitute the Falls of Niagara, nor as that which surges under the old Suspension Bridge there; nor yet are they exactly like the Shoshone Falls in Idaho, though of equal volume and force compared with the last. I have never beheld anything just like them, and they are well worth the detour of two and a half hours from Viborg (a prosperous town of 30,000) to see. A number of travelers on the boat to Helingfors advised us to visit them, as they are said to be the most notable Falls in Europe. Whether they are or not I do not know; but willingly contribute my testimony that they present a striking and awe-inspiring scene. We had two views of them—one by moon-

light last evening, from the bridge which crosses the Rapids at the foot of the lake where they begin, and the other today, when all the landscape was covered with snow.

ST. PETERSBURG.

Moscow, November 24, 1899.

My last budget concluded my observations on Scandinavia. I may mention here that the eastern customs-frontier of Finland extends to within a few miles of St. Petersburg, the old geographical lines of Finland, continuing, as stated in the letter preceding this, up to Lake Ladoga, some fifty miles further, from whence the Neva takes its rise and flows into the Gulf of Finland. The St. Petersburg station of the Finnish Railway, upon which we reached the city, is on the north bank of the Neva, and the outlying parts of the city with their flat, monotonous aspects and modern wooden houses, as seen from there, reminded me of the approaches to Chicago on a windy day.

A tourist's letter description of St. Petersburg must unavoidably be the merest outline sketch. The city was founded by Peter the Great, about 1703. His log cabin built at that time on the north side of the river, still stands intact, covered over by a larger building, which encloses also for safe-keeping the skiff used by him for crossing the Neva. In this connection I may mention that Peter's palace, located on the opposite side of the river is not far distant—to outward appearances nothing more than an ordinary dwelling house; not better, in point of splendor and magnitude, than thousands of dwellings in San Francisco, and by no means to be compared with hundreds of California's private residences. However, not only has the city grown within the two hundred years elapsed since the great Founder infused into his countrymen his own enterprising spirit, and laid the foundation of nationality, prosperity and progress before unknown to them, but so have its palaces. In the neighborhood of the royal cabin stands also the citadel, no longer important except for what it shelters within its spacious walls. Among those is an unpretentious red brick building with iron-barred windows, which is the political prison of St. Petersburg, about which so much has been written that I refrain from offering further remarks. Another and more notable feature within this fortress is the cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul; not remarkable for size, but of special interest because of its being the repository of the royal remains of Russia's emperors, empresses, etc., beginning with those of Peter the Great, and for the extraordinary number of costly wreaths or chaplets of precious metals—gold, silver, etc., inlaid with costliest stones of every description. They bedizen every column and the panels of the walls and a large number of them are tributes to the memory of Alexander II, the kindly monarch who freed the serfs, yet soon after was shot at by a would-be assasin, and finally killed by a Nihilist bomb.

Near the citadel is a litle chapel—"Peter the Great's Church"—and noticing, as we drove past it on a Sunday afternoon, that it was lighted, the guide remarked that he believed a wedding was in progress within. As we had a pretty good looking turnout—a handsome carriage and a pair of stylish horses—he thought we might drive up and be admitted; which we were, and there witnessed a Russian wedding. Neither the bride nor the groom was youthful; the gentleman's head having a good-sized bald spot on top, and the bride being fair, fat, and—probably about—forty; but they were a comely, prepossessing couple, and we stayed to the end of the ceremony, which was quite long.

On the north side of the Neva, the least populous section of the city, stands the School of Mines and Geology, and also a museum of artillery; both institutions of importance, and interesting to a tourist, but lack of time and space constrain me to pass them without further description. Crossing the river to the south side, where the main city is located, the public buildings of special note

light last evening, from the bridge which crosses the Rapids at the foot of the lake where they begin and the other today, when all the landscape was covered with snow.

ST. PETERSBURG.

Moscow, November 21, 1859.

My last budget contained my observations on Scandinavia. I may premise here that the eastern confines of Finland extends to within a few miles of St. Petersburg, the old geographical lines of Finland, continuing, as stated in the letter preceding this, up to Lake Ladoga, some fifty miles further, from whence the Neva takes its rise and flows into the Gulf of Finland. The St. Petersburg section of the Finnish Railway, upon which we reached the city, is on the north bank of the Neva, and the outlying parts of the city with their ill-constructed wooden houses and modern wooden houses, as seen from there, reminded me of the approaches to Chicago on a small scale.

A tourist's first description of St. Petersburg must inevitably be the most recent one about it. The city was founded by Peter the Great, about 1703. His log cabin built at that time on the north side of the river, still stands, covered over by a larger building which embraces also the latest existing the skiff used by him for crossing the Neva. In this connection I may mention that Peter's palace, located on the opposite side of the river is not far distant—to outward appearances nothing more than an ordinary dwelling house, not superior in point of splendor to many private ones in thousands of dwellings in San Francisco, and by no means to be compared with hundreds of California private residences. However, no one can deny the city grown within the two hundred years elapsed since the great founder infused into his country men his own energetic spirit, and laid the foundation of its nobility, prosperity and greatness known to them, but as may be perhaps In the neighborhood of the royal cabin stands also the—under its larger superstructure except for what it affords within

its spacious walls. Among these is an important one of brick, building with [illegible] which is the [illegible] of St. Petersburg, about which so much has been written that I refrain from offering further remarks. Another and more notable feature within this fortress is the monument of St. Peter and St. Paul, not remarkable for size, but of special interest because of the beauty and the peculiarity of the royal remains of Russia's emperors, empresses, etc., beginning with those of Peter the Great, and for the extraordinary number of costly marbles or objects of precious metals—gold, silver, etc.—found with [illegible] stones of every description. They [illegible] every column and the pavement of the nave and a large number of [illegible] there preserving the memory of [illegible] under the kindly protection of [illegible] the eyes some one day at [illegible] a veritable museum, and amply repay [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] crystal in a glass chandelier—[illegible] the church's [illegible]—and [illegible] [illegible], as we drove past it on a Sunday afternoon, that it was [illegible] the public [illegible] [illegible] believed a wedding [illegible] was to proceed within. As we had [illegible] good looking [illegible]—a [illegible] [illegible] and a pair of [illegible] [illegible] and by [illegible] we might even [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] a [illegible] wedding [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

are so numerous that they also must necessarily be mentioned with great brevity. Taking the churches in the order visited: First, "The Alexander-Nefsky Monastery," which is a large group of buildings, under the patronage and in fact supported by the Russian church. In one of the chapels of this group, lie buried public functionaries of the empire not of royal lineage. In another, the monks happened to be engaged at Vespers; and there I heard the finest chanting I ever listened to—the bass voices in particular excelling all my previous experience in that line of vocal music. In this chapel I saw also the tomb of the humane ministerial officer or spiritual adviser whose earnest pleadings finally induced Alexander II to issue the royal ukase freeing the serfs—1861.

Next in order is the Kazan Cathedral, the approach to the main entrance of which is somewhat after the manner of St. Peter's at Rome, the semi-circular peristyle, dignified and impressive by reason of the stately columns constituting it. There are in this structure between fifty and sixty polished columns of red Finnish granite, 3½ to 4 feet in diameter, and probably between thirty and forty feet in height. A feature of all Russian churches is a sarcophagus—usually of silver—representing the tomb of our Lord; and this cathedral of course contains a very elegantly wrought specimen. We saw one in our travels among the churches containing thirty hundred weight of sterling silver. Besides this, Russian churches contain what are called Icons—"holy pictures" or images—a term from whence has been derived the word Iconoclast—"image breakers." The Icon in this cathedral is famous, and we made our way eagerly to its particular station or niche, but it was not there; it had been sent out to some sick person to perform its functions of healing—Icons being supposed to possess that virtue.

Passing from "Our Lady of Kazan" to the Church of St. Isaac of Dalmatia, I saw highly polished red granite columns not less than 7½ feet in diameter, and fully fifty feet high. This church, in its just proportions and architectural embellishment impressed me very powerfully. The interior is all finished in expensive stone—there being columns of marble, malachite, jasper, rhodonite, porphyry, etc.—all the product of Russia's quarries. They are all of the grandest proportions, and the wooden panels of the walls are decorated with finest mosaics. The magnificent chancel window contains a colossal figure of Christ in stained glass, said to have cost $40,000. We attended service here—10:00 A. M. to 12:30 P. M. The auditorium was filled with standing worshippers, while we were accorded chairs—practically in the chancel, and immediately to the left of the choir—the latter all male singers, boys from five years of age to grey-haired men. And here again the singing, especially the bass, was worthy of highest commendation. The boy sopranos were excellent, also, though I have heard their voices equalled in New York churches—both Episcopal and Catholic. To adequately describe the interior finish and richness of these churches is impossible under the circumstances, and I will content myself with little more than saying that in them beauty, grandeur and solemnity are successfully combined.

Leaving the churches I will mention as of special interest "the Hermitage," so called after the cottage still occupying the site, formerly the residence of Catherine II—now really a part of the royal palace, but used only as a repository of choice specimens of art—of paintings, nearly 2000 famous ones; and statuary, including Houdin's famous "Diana, the Huntress," for which Mme. du Barry posed—and crown treasures of every imaginable description. Here are diamonds, emeralds, rubies, sapphires, topazes, and other precious stones of every known variety, and in a profusion scarcely to be conceived of—long corridors being filled with show cases in which they are displayed. Any attempt to describe the vast and varied accumu-

lation of royal treasures at St. Petersburg would convey but a faint conception of their numbers, richness and value. In this Hermitage alone there are doubtless hundreds of millions of dollars worth represented in the way of tapestries, paintings, statuary, bronzes, porcelains, jewels, etc., gathered from every region under the sun; to say nothing of the priceless numismatic collection, containing coins dating back to the reign of Artarexres.

But what interested me most was an unusual exhibit known as the Kertch Collection—exhumed treasures and articles of feminine adornment from the town of Kertch, on the Black Sea, a place of some importance already in the time of Mithridates. The delicacy and beauty of gold ornaments here exposed to view are truly remarkable—more particularly in view of the fact that some authorities claim the Russians are descendants of the Scythians—a race to which the occupants of the sarcophagi from which these treasures were removed belonged. It is said, "There is nothing new under the sun!" and a silver bas relief in this collection verifies the saying. Years ago the horse-tamer, Rarey, in his methods for subduing fractious horse resorted to the device of pulling the rein of the off-jaw while he grasped the near fore-leg (any horseman will understand) and the same sleight o' hand is portrayed in this bas-relief, executed more than two thousand years ago. This is not all: in another ancient collection I noticed a Roman safety-pin, made exactly on the plan of those in use today by ladies and children; also, for that matter, by gentlemen.

One of the most prominent features in the various public buildings is the number of portraits and statutes of Russian notables, and of these "Ivan, the Terrible," Peter the Great and Catherine II are forever in evidence. Our guide, a typical cockney Englishman, served them up to us much after the plan of the Britisher's interpretation of a bill of fare headed "Oysters in all styles." Pointing to the object in view he would say: "'Ere you 'av Peter the Great—six times! One—two—three—four—five—six! See! Look at 'em! You arn't looking! Peter the Great six times!" Or again: "See the malachite! Observe the Gobelin tapestry!—hall—and work. Silk panels—b-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l! Look at 'em!! Come along!!!" Such rallying ejaculations were repeated incessantly. During one of our drives I noticed a very large handsome five-story brick building, plastered front, and said: "What's that?" "'Is Majesty's wash-'ouse," replied my guide; i. e., the royal laundry—an enormous establishment.

From royal palaces within and without the city, there being one at Tsarskoe-Selo, sixteen miles out, and another at Peterhof, I will refer for a moment to the Baron Steglitz Academy of Art, one of the three solitary stone buildings in the city of St. Petersburg. Baron Steglitz was a philanthropic Jew, and a director of the Imperial Bank of Russia. At his death he left property to the amount of five million dollars, the income alone of which has been steadily devoted to the construction of a palatial museum of art and antiquity, as a school of design. Its interior is one of the richest, most tasteful and beautiful to be met with anywhere. Of the city itself: It lies as flat as a pancake, and its 1,200,000 population are scattered up and down on both sides of the Neva. The river is spanned at the present time by stone, iron and pontoon bridges. It flows through the city in the form of a horse-shoe bend, and a canal has been cut across it from heel to heel—a distance of nine miles—with intersecting branches, constituting some thirty miles of waterways, and dividing the city into a number of islands. The streets are generally broad and altogether modern in their appearance, paving, etc. The chief and finest of the three main thoroughfares or avenues is Nefsky, Prospect—the Broadway of St. Petersburg. The houses rarely exceed four stories in height—none are five stories, and as a whole, their plastered, cemented or stuccoed fronts

(though mostly built of brick) many of them painted an ochre yellow, present a wilderness of dreary sameness, which is relieved only by the royal and governmental buildings, by churches and cathedrals with their gilded domes, spires and minarets; and, at odd places and street intersections, by kiosks or shrines—the latter containing the omnipresent Icon, where the way-worn and weary may enter for prayer or praise. Small shrines with lighted tapers, are met with in every nook and corner—in railway stations, in hotels, and other public resorts. As to places of amusements: The exterior of the Imperial Opera House is as devoid of architectural effect or merit as the Metropolitan in New York, and the corridors and foyer are no better; but the auditorium, including four galleries, is good; and the stage excellent—equal to La Scala, in Milan. The Circus is inferior to the Madison Square Garden Hippodrome, and the Vaudeville Varieties not as good as in New York, London, Berlin or Vienna. The population, in appearance does not differ materially from that of other European cities farther south and west.

One word more—regarding the insistant militarism of the nation, in spite of the recent professed aspirations and practical effort of the Czar for universal pacification: Whichever way you turn —front, flanks, and rear—the visitor to St. Petersburg is liable to encounter the diversified visages, uniforms, military accourtrements, and other racial characteristics of the 850,000 armed men gathered from her numerous and widely-scattered provinces and composing the standing army of the Muscovite empire.

Jno. J. Valentine

* * *

TALES OF THE MINES.

(Copyright 1900, by G. A. Waggoner.)

At Walla Walla I received news from home which did not please me very well. I was not pleased at all. In fact, I was disgusted. The first thing I did was to take a walk. This did not relieve me, and I came back and took a ride. Feeling no better, I went down town and got into a fight. My antagonist was severely punished, but still I grew worse. When I reached camp my companions were asleep. I built up a large fire and sat down and whistled a few tunes. Then I tried a song. I sang all the old hymns I knew.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," and after a while I grew calm and composed a few lines of pacific poetry. Here is a verse:

Come, Satan's muse and breathe a spell,
In concord with these thoughts of mine;
Come forth, ye savage wits of hell,
And set hell's music to my rhyme.

For I have loved and all in vain;
Have felt its bitter pangs full deep,
And in my soul there is a pain
Oe'r which the demons well might weep.

I wrote some twenty verses in this quiet strain, and finally finished with:

Time may try in vain to heal
Wounds which laugh to scorn his art,
Try in vain the pulse to feel,
Which throbs around a broken heart.

I went away from camp so I could not be heard by my now-excited companions, and repeated the lines I had com-

posed, until my soul grew calm, then I came back and by the light of the fire wrote the following:

Breathes there a woman 'neath the skies
Who dares to say she loves a man;
Deep in her throat the vixen lies,
Man only loves, man only can.

The remainder of the night was passed in similar musings. In the morning I saddled my horse and rode into the hills to contemplate the situation. I was going through the most trying ordeal of a young man's life. It was strange I was not disturbed. I contemplated my equanimity, and felt proud that nothing could disturb my serenity of mind.

I fired a couple of shots into an old ox, which was grazing on the hills, just to show that I felt superior to surroundings. I spent the day among the hills, shooting at badgers and prairie chickens, and returned at night with my mind filled with the Nebulae of grand resolutions.

They were so indistinct that I could not discern what form they were likely to assume, but I felt a distinct presentiment that I was destined to ride on the topmost crest of something. I racked my brain to find out what this should be.

I thought a first-class desperado would attract attention, and make the world tremble. I was a good shot and knew many people I would like to kill—several old women in the valley being among the number. But this kind of amusement had its drawbacks. I had been on the frontier long enough to learn that even there "the way of the transgressor is hard."

Then I thought I would be a missionary and devote my life to converting the heathen; but, after thinking this over, I concluded not to devote my life any more, but go to the Boise mines, spend the winter mining, and then hunt buffalo on the plains; or do battle with the warlike Sioux.

I loaded my train with a general outfit of provisions and made my way over the Blue mountains to the Grande Ronde valley. Here I met William Brattain, an old friend and schoolmate, who persuaded me to camp until he had time to talk to me. He talked four days, at the end of which time I agreed to stay with him in the valley until spring. We located claims on the ground where Summerville now stands, built a comfortable cabin, and made preparations for a winter's stay among the immigrants who were settling up the land. One day I received a letter which pleased me. I was very much pleased, in fact, I was delighted. It proved the news I had heard at Walla Walla was false, and I abandoned all idea of hunting buffalo, turning desperado or being a missionary. I would run my pack train another season, sell out and go home in the fall.

In the meantime I heard of Thomas. Where was he and what had he been doing all this time? He has been neglected, slighted and ignored, but not forgotten. Of course the reader has noticed this, and that for some time Thomas has appeared in the preamble of these sketches only. The fact is, not being a novelist, I cannot write of more than one man ata a time, and in this dilemma have been absolutely unable to tell of what Thomas did. But you shall know Thomas had adventures.

He has been cast down and has been lifted up. He has fallen from grace; has rejoiced again. Hope beaming eyes have looked upon wealth. Despair laden orbs have turned to a life of poverty, and over his life, as over mine, sunshine and shadow have held alternate sway.

Our preparations for winter were scarcely completed, when snow fell to the depth of two and one-half feet in the valley, while the mountains were covered with from six to ten feet, and all communication with the outside world was cut off. As soon as the snow settled so as to admit of sleighing, William and I extemporized a set of harness out of saddle cinches and bale rope, made a rude sleigh, harnessed up a couple of pack horses and made a tour of the valley. Our intention was to find out what our resources for comfort and amusement were, and what kind of company

we should have during the winter. In the north end of the valley near where we built our cabin was a settlement of Scotch immigrants; they spoke very little English and were nearly destitute of worldly goods, having exhausted their means in making the long journey overland from the East. Further south, on the west side, was an Iowa encampment, consisting of about sixty Iowians who arrived late in the fall and encamped for the winter in the same manner in which they were accustomed to on the plains. Here we found some very pleasant people, among whom were Drs. Paten and Boswell, afterwards known in the Willamette valley, the former at Salem and the latter at this place. Half a dozen log houses in the southwest corner of the valley formed the town of La-Grande, and a straggling settlement confined to the foothills completed the circuit to our place of starting. The valley proper was almost entirely unoccupied. For some cause the first settlers of a country rarely ever select the best lands —witness this valley. The foothills were mostly settled between the year 1845 and 1849, while much of the beautiful prairie was located in the fifties. This was true, also, of the Walla Walla and Palouse countries, of Powder river and Boise valleys, and I am told similar mistakes were made in the early settlement in nearly all the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. Our trip completed, we knew what our surroundings were, and prepared to have a grand time.

Our neighbors were weary from their long journey, having been very gradually moved 2000 miles by the slowest of all work animals—the ox. The patient ox! He is very slow and very sure, but his race is run. He has hauled civilization around the earth. He started at the rising sun with a stick across his brow and traversed half his circuit with scarcely a pause. Then waited patiently until the stick was unbound from his throbbing temples, an easy yoke was placed upon his neck; waited until his masters had learned to build ships and traverse oceans; then he came across the great waters and took up his line of march across the American continent. Faithful and true, in the new world as in the old, he has crossed our mountains, traversed our deserts and at last has bathed his tired feet in the golden waters of the Pacific. His work is done. We shall never hear from him again. Peace to his bones.

William soon became a great favorite among the Scotch girls, who looked upon him as a prodigy of learning. He was, however, only educated at one end, being able to dance splendidly, but this answered all purposes. I was not anxious to make conquests myself, but took great pride in the way William seemed to capture old and young every where he went. After a while, and without any premonitory symptoms, I found myself much courted, and could not account for it. The whole affection of the settlement seemed to be transferred to me. After William had suffered by being slighted for some time, and I had rejoiced in my new-found popularity, we accidentally discovered the cause of the change. Just before the snow had fallen I had brought fifty bushels of potatoes on my pack train from Walla Walla and had them all nicely stored away, intending to put in a large crop in the spring. By some means the people who knew about the potatoes being brought over came to believe they belonged to William, and they were all courting him with a view of securing a few bushels for seed. After it became known that I was the sole owner of those potatoes William was never mentioned again, and I enjoyed undisturbed my new and novel popularity.

The snow having melted away in the upper part of the valley, a number of packers came down on their return from Boise to winter. Then we had high times.

Dances were given at the cabins alternately. The rooms were small, the floors were rough and the fare of the rudest kind, consisting sometimes of only meat and bread. Yet I have never known dancing to be so recklessly enjoyed before or since. The packers all danced with pistols in their belts, and the

girls seemed to favor the one who was armed the most formidably and danced in the most extravagant manner. The first dance which we attended was at a cabin near LaGrande. The girls wore neat homespun dresses, while the boys rejoiced in woolen shirts and blue demin overalls. The supper was something unusual, consisting of bread, bacon, cabbage and potatoes. Everything went on merrily until after supper, when some one came from town with a jug of whisky.

The drinking of this produced the same effect which it always has since alcohol was distilled, and soon these merry dancers forgot they were brothers and that their sisters were with them, and engaged in meaningless quarrels. Harmless words which an hour before would have produced a merry laugh were construed into deadly insults. Timid girls forsook the company of those whom they had begun to trust and love, and huddled together in mortal fear of the very ones whom God has designed as their natural protectors. A fight was in progress in which the flash of the pistol answered the gleam of the knife, and when the conflict ceased all joy was gone; men lay bruised and bleeding, and one poor fellow, Joshua Goodwin, lay moaning with a bullet in his brain.

When I took the first gold from my claim I was $2000 in debt. How I became so involved has always been a mystery to me; but it so happened that I had the best claim on the river; it paid very regularly, and never less than $25 per day. Running four strings of sluices, with sixteen men, every day's work put into my purse $400 worth of dust, and again I felt sure of a fortune. But weeks passed, and after paying my debts and keeping up expenses, I had saved but little money.

One day, about the first of October, two men came into town, purchased a supply of provisions, and told a friend, under solemn promise of secrecy, that they had discovered a very rich placer on the waters of Salmon river, about 100 miles south of our camp. That friend had another friend; he had another, and in less than an hour we had all heard the exciting news, and hundreds were rushing around, getting ready to follow the two men, who had started on their way back.

Ah, then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And there was mounting in hot haste.

And 300 men rode over the big mountain, eight miles, to Red river, and there came upon the two miners who had told just one friend. Their looks of surprise and indignation were amusing, but we coolly unpacked our horses and camped so as to completely encircle them, determined if they went to the diggings we would go too. Red river valley is one mile broad and eight long and so beautiful in appearance I will not attempt to describe it.

At 8 o'clock next morning we observed signs in the camp of the two men which indicated they were about to start. Hurriedly packing we kept the line of march unbroken, and followed their crooks, turnings and doublings in a manner highly satisfactory to us, but very annoying to them. We soon saw they were determined to leave us, and, all attempts to compromise with them failing, we placed a guard over them at night, and industriously followed them through the day. After leaving the valley we had no trail. The mountains full of brush, logs, rocks and canyons, were difficult to travel in, and the men we were following, being experts in mountain travel, led us a lively race.

I have always thought our chase after those men, through the mountains, the most ludicrous affair I ever saw. Sometimes they would ascend a high peak for the sole purpose of fatiguing their retinue. Then, while we were panting on the mountain top, they would circle around and retrace their steps to the bottom. This state of affairs continued about ten days, greatly fatiguing both horses and men, and bringing us no nearer to the mines.

Various plans were discussed for bringing our tormentors to terms. Some suggested a bribe, while others were in

favor of hanging a rope, with a noose in it, near their camp, as an intimation of what they might expect should they persist in trying to leave us.

Human endurance has its limit, and one day, after travelling from daylight until dark, back and forth, over mountains so rough that many horses gave out and were left behind, we went over to the camp of Shorty and Red Shirt, as we called them, and told them we were determined to have no more foolishness; that they must promise to lead us direct to the mines, or their lives should pay the forfeit. Seeing we were in earnest, they gave the promise, and we had a general hand-shaking all round.

Good feeling being restored, it was wonderful how Shorty and Red Shirt grew in favor and popularity. Their camp was invaded by our whole force, and we smilingly listened to every word which fell from their lips, for they were golden words, and told of nature's treasures, hidden a few miles farther on, and just beneath the pine trees and fallen leaves. That evening we camped by a mountain lake. Dense spruce timber surrounded it and opened only to make room for this mountain gem and its grassy border. The lake and opening in the timber were perfect ovals. The trees, as though afraid to come too near, stood back, while the grass and mountain flowers went down from their feet to be kissed by the pure and silent waves. Someone said it was the bath-pool of the gods.

For a time we forget to talk of trials past, or even gold, and strolled along the shores in deep and silent admiration, and when the stars shone out and were reflected from that mirror in the mountain's lap, I felt as though there must be something better in this life and in the next, than gold, and went to my camp filled with thoughts, in which the thirst for wealth had little part.

Two days more and we descended from the high peaks to a basin about ten miles in diameter, and covered with young spruce pine. About 4 o'clock, while jogging along the foremost men raised a shout which announced we had at last reached the Salmon river mines. Twelve men were in the camp, and as we came to the first one, who was washing a pan of dirt, we realized "the half had not been told," and, letting our horses take care of themselves, commenced running up and down the creek and marking out our claims. Each claimed 300 feet and put a hurriedly-written notice on a tree or stake, at each end of his claim. They read:

"I claim 300 feet up (or down, as the case may be) this creek, for mining purposes."

One fellow posted his notice on a tree, and did not observe until next day that he claimed 300 feet up the tree, instead of the creek. Of course, we did not stop at one claim. I think our party put notices on at least 10,000, in less than three days. We had no time to prospect but laid claim to the surrounding country indiscriminately.

In the evening we gathered around the men who were mining and saw them wash out $100 from a pan of dirt. We all went wild with joy, jealousy, or despair, as we found a good prospect, a poor one, or saw our enemy with a pan half full of gold.

We organized a miner's camp and called it Florence, elected officers, and were proceeding to build cabins, when we were awakened to a knowledge of our situation by a heavy fall of snow. We had exhausted our provisions, and man and horse must leave or starve. We found we had something besides gold to care for, and concluded to let the yellow dust rest, while we took care of our stomachs.

We had in our crowd two Nez Perce Indians, who said they could guide us to Camas prairie; and packing up on the sixth day after our arrival, we started for Lewiston. Many horses were now worn to skin and bones, and, as we had to chop our way through fallen groves of young timber, we moved very slowly. We were three days making 15 miles, and when we reached Salmon river and found a good trail leading to Lewis-

ton, we were happy, and travelled along, as merry a throng as ever bore such hardships as we endured, and lived to come safe home. We were all to return to our claims next spring, and not a man but felt he had a fortune in his reach, when Nature should unclasp her icy bands which barred him out and kept his treasure in.

At White Bird creek, near the southeastern corner of Camas prairie, I left the Lewiston trail and parted with my companions, determined to make my way back to my claim and partners at Elk City.

This was no easy task, as winter seemed to have set in and snow lay several feet deep on the mountains.

My horse could go no farther, and leaving him regretfully to the mercy of an Idaho winter, I followed an Indian trail along the western edge of Camas prairie to what was called Silverman's Crossing of Clearwater. Here I found a camp of the Nez Perces, and in exchange for dust, secured flour, coffee and venison.

After a very fatiguing journey of fifty miles, I reached our old camp and found my partners anxiously awaiting news from Florence. A few days later I learned that great numbers of men from Lewiston were going into the new mines, regardless of snow, and concluded to go back myself, as I feared our claims would not be respected by the new crowd going in. After two days' preparation, I again set out, this time well-supplied with everything necessary for the trip, and acting as guide to sixty new recruits who were anxious to try the cold weather and deep snows of Florence basin.

Among this crowd I found myself quite a hero. They loved me, not "for the dangers I had passed," but for the good news I brought, and listened eagerly to the oft-told tale of one hundred dollars to the pan. My company was never so much in demand before nor has it been since, and I could have been elected to any office in their gift, by unanimous vote. A month later, when we returned with empty pockets, gnawing stomachs and frozen toes, I might have been hanged by these same men had anyone possessed energy enough to insist on the execution of their ideas of justice. I let their sour looks pass, but placed the memory of them in the collection I was making, and from which I afterwards formed my estimate of miners' justice.

We followed the route on which I had returned, and on the fifth day came to the crossing of the White Bird, where we intercepted the line of travel from Lewiston. Here we found many campers and learned to a certainty that our formal closing of the diggings until spring was unheeded, and that several thousand men were now making their way over the deep snows, and were jumping our claims as fast as they came to them.

It was wonderful what a rush was being made for that frozen camp. Men were coming from all quarters and paid no attention to winter and its unpleasant accompaniments. In places where the snow was very deep it was shoveled away, tramped hard by men, or bridged with spruce brush; and pack mules, loaded with three hundred pounds apiece, passed safely along, landing the necessaries of life on Summit flat in the midst of the now-famous Florence diggings. Slate Creek Hill, fifteen miles from the mines, is the longest, highest, and hardest hill to climb I ever saw. From bottom to top it was festooned with men, mules, spotted cayuses and jackasses. Men puffed and blew as they had never done before, and horses, mules and cayuses and other things, climbed, fell, rolled, tumbled, slid, kicked, squealed, snorted, brayed and bit, in a manner and style entirely indescribable, and one which would have been very amusing to anyone not engaged in the struggle. The fearful oaths that vollied out from that mountain side, if treasured up, would have sunk the universe.

They went out into the air and were telephoned on the morning breeze across Salmon river, echoing along its canyons from cliff to cliff, and dying away in a

wrathful growl upon the rippling stream. Let us hope they ended there; that the rocky hills treasured not up the wrong when their sides no longer vibrated with discordant notes, and the rushing river laughingly hushed them with its own sweet, silvery music. Heaven will not be defaced by everlasting impressions of them, or less mercy found than shown by that rock-bound river.

Florence basin was alive from bottom to top, and men were crawling over the brim on three sides. Florence City was started; new discoveries were made; men were shot while wrangling over claims, cards or whisky; women rode in on mules,

And all went merry as a marriage bell.
But hark! A deep sound breaks in once more.

A storm came on, and as the snow came down and the wind mourned through the deadened trees, we realized that all who were not prepared for a winter in a high northern latitude, had better retrace their steps before the snow should entirely shut them in.

Provisions on hand were entirely insufficient for the men in camp. Already flour was sold at $1.50 per pound, and many had neither money nor provisions. What prospecting was done tended rather to show that the mines were not extensive. And of the men there, not one in a hundredhad a claim worth working. Summit Flat, a mile long, Babboon Gulch, Miller's Creek and a few other short gulches were very rich, but outside of those nothing good was found. Then a reaction set in, and the herd went back faster than they came over the same trail, down the Slate creek hill. They labored less, but swore infinitely more than when they came. The toughest ones being left in camp, we had a lively time. Claims were jumped right and left. The Irish were in the majority, and miners' meetings decided not who was entitled to possession, but to what nationality the contestants belonged. Many of these decisions were contrary to justice and gave serious trouble, sometimes resulting in shooting-scrapes.

An old man by the name of Lyons was the first victim of this Irish mob. He had two partners named George and Jim Rodock, brothers, who came out with us the first time from Elk City. Lyons stayed on American river and worked their claims until they sent him word to come to Florence. Before he arrived they sold the claim they had taken up for him, and told him, when he came, that he was no longer their partner, and must look out for himself. The old man was camped with me and told his grievances. I advised him to let them go and try to find a new claim. He went above them on the gulch and, sinking a hole, discovered a very rich claim.

The Rodocks, hearing of his good luck, came and claimed a share with him. This being refused they told him he should not work there, and that if he came back they would kill him. He was determined not to be driven away, and went, with ax, to chop a log which lay on the claim. He said he was afraid to go, but that he had been working for eight years to support his little granddaughter, and he believed there was gold enough there to support her the rest of her life, and he would risk his life to get it for her. Tears were in his eyes as he talked of this child and showed her baby letters. An hour after he went to work we found him lying upon his back in the snow, with a bullet through his heart. He had made an effort at self-defense, for his pistol was half-drawn from its scabard, and tightly clutched in the lifeless fingers.

We carried him up and laid him to rest on the hill near Florence, and then went to look after his murderers. Never doubting they felt secure and would be found in their cabin. A friend of the murdered man had seen the shooting and had exchanged several shots with the brothers, but being some distance away, both had missed. We arrived at the cabin after dark, and, seeing no light and getting no answer, beat down the barred door with a log, and found they had gone.

I forgot to say that before we looked them up one of them had gone through

some form of a trial among his friends, and had been discharged, before half the miners knew the crime had been committed.

They did not return, and their claims, cabin and supplies were jumped by some needy friends; but the miners took possession of the old man's claim, sold it for $2000 cash, and sent the whole amount to well-known and reliable men in San Francisco whom he had appointed guardians, directing them to receive and use it as a legacy from the faithful old man to the child for whom he had labored eight years, and had risked and lost his life.

G. A. WAGGONER.

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ADDRESS OF MR. CYRUS H. WALKER.

(A Native Son of 1838)

BEFORE THE OREGON PIONEER ASSOCIATION.

Worthy President and Citizens, Honored Pioneers and Indian War Veterans, and Esteemed Native Sons and Daughters:

Some who have been resuscitated from drowning tell us that in those few brief moments of failing consciousness their whole previous lives seemed to pass in review before them.

Such an experience might bring to my mind many forgotten incidents of my earlier life, but I have no desire to go through the ordeal, even for the pleasure of being able to give you much more that would be of interest. Another thing; the severe discipline of our lives often fit us for some supreme occasion, when all our powers are brought into action to achieve results that savor of the wonderful. As an instance, take Dewey on that May morning in Manila Bay, when his whole previous life was crystalized, as it were, into that storm of shot and shell that annihilated the Spanish fleet.

This is the grandest day of my life, and I glory in the thought that I can bear witness to the noble deeds of heroic pioneers whose lives have gone out in a halo of glory.

This vast assemblage representing the intelligence, culture, wealth and brawn of our western civilization, and these honored pioneers and veterans, representatives of that heroism whose deeds have been and will be the theme of song and story down through the centuries to come; these gallant Native Sons and Daughters, descendents from the more than royal blood of worthy sires and mothers, all inspire me to help make this day one of victory for you.

It is natural for us to try to recall the earliest incidents of our lives and to learn, if possible, what was our age when they occurred. Before taking up those of my own life I will go back and give some matters of record.

My father, Rev. Elkanah Walker, and my mother, Mary Richardson, were married at Baldwin, Me., March 5, 1838, and started the same day as missionaries for the distant West on a bridal tour that did not end until the 29th of August, when they reached Whitman's Mission at Waiilitpu.

Here I was born December 7th, 1838. No doubt the first to look into my face were Doctor Whitman and Mrs. Whitman, and in the very house where the light first came into my eyes, the light went out of their own—they being cruelly murdered by those who probably for the first time looked into the eyes of a white infant boy, on my natal day.

My mother kept a diary, beginning Sunday, June 10th, while camped on the Platte. I quote this much of the entry for December 7: "Surely I felt to say with Eve, 'I have gotten man from the Lord'; or with Hannah, 'For this child I prayed."

Sixty-two years ago this very day my mother stood upon Independence Rock. I quote from her diary, Friday, June 15, 1838: "Last night camped at the Sweetwater at the foot of Rock Independence, so called because the Fur Company once celebrated Independence here. This morning, there being no dew, went in company with Mr. and Mrs. Gray to the top of the rock. It is, I should judge, more than 100 feet high and half a mile in circumference, eliptical in form. The rock is coarse granite in which the quartz predominates. It appears as if it had been scraped hardly by something. I forgot to say that near it we passed a salt pond, half a mile one way and a mile the other, at the edge of which were concretions resembling stone. We forded the Sweetwater and soon passed the place where the rock is cleft to its base and the Sweetwater passes through. The rock, on either hand, perpendicular, is perhaps 200 feet high. Rock Independence forms the entrance some say to the Rocky Mountains, other say not. We have traveled today about 15 miles over a level prairie or plain encircled by naked mountains of solid granite. The scenery has been beautiful and magnificent, and the pleasure of beholding it, has relieved, in a great measure, the weariness of the way.

Dear God, the mountains speak aloud thy power,
And every purling rill proclaims thy praise.

But again to the records. Those who accompanied my parents, as missionaries, were Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gray, Rev. C. Eells and wife, and Rev. A. B. Smith and wife.

The winter of 1838-39 was spent by them at Dr. Whitman's, where they learned to know how horse-meat tasted. In the spring of 1839 they, with Mr. and Mrs. Eells, removed to Tshimakain, now known as Walker's Prairie, not far from Spokane Ctiy, and there commenced the mission work among the Spokane Indians. My earliest recollections are of log houses, north of and near the foot of a range of pine-covered hills, a spring bursting forth from the hillside and led to watering troughs for the convenience of stock. From the troughs the water was taken to irrigate the gardens below. My mother, in poetic lines, thus described it:

Tshimakain, Oh! how fine,
Fruits and flowers abounding;
And the rill, near the hill,
With its sparkling water,
Lowing herds and prancing steeds
Round it used to gather.

In our gardens the principal vegetable raised was the potato. The Indians were usually hired to dig them, and some of the former, if not closely watched, would cover up a few potatoes with earth where they could afterwards be found by them. Our yards were enclosed with high fences made of poles set upright in the ground, to protect the chickens from coyotes, and Indian dogs, that were equally as destructive.

The grain fields were about half a mile from our homes. In these fields were raised wheat, corn and pumpkins. I used to watch my father cut the grain with the old-fashioned hand-sickle, or reaping-hook. The grain was then threshed with a flail. The wheat for flour had to be packed on horses about 60 miles to old Fort Colville, on the Columbia river, and ground in the Hudson's Bay Company's mill, situated several miles south of the fort. I sometimes accompanied my father on these trips. I remember as we were returning one time from the fort we came across some Indians who had just treed a black bear and her two cubs. We witnessed the Indians shoot the bear and her cubs with their old-fashioned flint-lock guns, such as were furnished by the Hudson's Bay Company. These guns carried an ounce ball. On the side opposite the lock was the image of a serpent, of brass, inlaid in the wood, as you see in this old relic

I hold in my hand, loaned from the Oregon Historical rooms. To measure a charge of powder the ball was placed in the palm of the hand and covered with powder. Many a time have I seen my father or Mr. Eells pay off Indians for work, with powder and ball, as above indicated—so many rounds of ammunition, as it were.

It was probably the fall of 1843 that we visited Dr. Whitman's. His irrigating ditch, taken from the grist mill pond east of the house, passed quite near the north side of the mission home, an adobe building. My little sister Abbie would persist in venturing on the brink of the ditch, so one day the Doctor pushed her in. There was some terrible squalling, but the lesson was salutory.

There is a pathetic side to this episode, for the Doctor's only child, Alice, had been drowned in the Walla Walla river but a few rods from the mission home, a few years previous, and he no doubt feared a like fate for my sister.

If I remember aright, it was the winter following this incident that I was very sick with a fever. When well enough to venture out of doors I remember how interested I was in seeing two men, procured from Fort Colville, whip-saw lumber—one down in the pit, the other on top of the log.

In the winter of 1844-45 Miss Emma Hobson, sister of the Hobsons so prominently identified with the early upbuilding of Astoria, made her home with us. The succeeding spring we all visited Dr. Whitman's, where a missionary meeting was held. One day while all the girls, under the charge of Mrs. Eells, were in bathing in the Walla Walla river, Emma got beyond her depth in the water, but the out-cry of Mrs. Eells and others brought assistance, and she was rescued after going down the second time.

During the winter of 1845-46 I attended school at Dr. Whitman's, with Mr. Andrew Rodgers as teacher. I still remember some of the songs we sung. Mrs. Whitman's favorite was, "O gloomy pine, thy foliage fadeth never." The Doctor was in the habit of putting out poison for coyotes. One morning we found a dead wolf in the path leading to the graveyard. It always seems passing strange to me that the Doctor's lifeless body should afterwards have been taken to this graveyard, probably over or near this same path, his death perhaps largely caused by the belief of the Indians that he was poisoning them, as many were dying from the measles, a disease they knew nothing of previous to this time. One day, during this winter, as Catherine and Elizabeth Sager, and perhaps Eliza Spalding, were ironing in the kitchen, an Indian, a brother of Tomahas, or "The Murderer," as he is called, came in, and picking up a flatiron proceeded to iron his handkerchief, against which the girls protested. I can remember his angry looks as he advanced toward Elizabeth Sager, I think it was, and threatened to kill her. Mrs. Whitman pacified him by telling him they were only girls, and not to pay any attention to them. I have no doubt but that this Indian was one of the leaders in the massacre of November 29, 1847.

Before returning home in the spring, in company with Mr. Rodgers, we all started to visit the sawmill situated in the Blue mountains, eastward of the mission. We all rode in a wagon drawn by a yoke of oxen, except Dr. Whitman, who was horse-back, and who returned to the mission the next morning after we left home. We camped where the city of Walla Walla now stands. That night the oxen ran off and were not brought back until the third day and during the time intervening our provisions ran very low. Elizabeth Sager, now Mrs. Wm. Helm, and present today, and an Indian, caught a salmon trout in shallow water, out of which fish Mrs. Whitman made soup that was eagerly devoured.

In the fall of 1846 Dr. and Mrs. Whitman made our mission a visit, and brought with them some apples grown at their mission. These were the first apples I had ever seen or tasted. I can never forget their delicious flavor.

The winter of 1846-47 was a terribly hard one. The snow at Tshima Kain was about four feet deep on a level, and drifted through our yard fence so that we could step over it. One day the Indians drove down several deer from the mountains. One fine specimen was so exhausted that it lay down on the snow on the plain north of our house, and about half a mile away. Father put on his Indian-made snowshoes and started for the deer, and I followed, on my snowshoes. When near to the animal it jumped up and ran a short distance, followed by my father, who caught it in the dry bed of Tshima Kain creek, and held it until an Indian came up and shot it in its vitals with a barbed arrow. In pulling out the arrow the barb came off. The deer, being freed, ran a few paces and fell dead. The Indian's part seemed cruel work to me. During that winter and spring the Spokanes lost nearly all their horses and had to go to work making bows and arrows to trade to the Nez Perces and Cayuses for more horses. We saved most of our cattle by driving them to a swamp, where they could browse upon the bushes and also eat the moss from the trees cut down for that purpose. In a letter to my father, dated Clearwater, March 8, 1847, Rev. H. H. Spalding wrote as follows: "This has been the severest winter as to snow, cold weather and want of grass ever known by the oldest Indians in this region. Very many cattle and horses have died; some persons have been frozen to death; several of my cattle and horses have died. I tremble to hear from you. We fear you have lost all. There has been snow and cold weather for three months. For two weeks snow was over a foot deep in this valley. The 16th and 17th of January were the coldest days I have experienced in this country. Think the mercury would have fallen to 30 degrees below zero."

In the fall of 1847, not over two months before the massacre, father and I paid a visit to Dr. Whitman's. When we returned home a Mrs. Marquis, sister of Mrs. Bewley, the mother of Lorinda Bewley, one of the captives of the Whitman massacre, accompanied us, and spent the winter at Tshima Kain. During this fall an artist named J. M. Stanley, came to our mission and painted the portraits of my father and sister. He also took sketches of surrounding objects and of Indians, one in particular, an old man that used to come after milk for his family who were sick with the measles. This Indian was sketched with his tincup in hand. Mr. Stanley went to Fort Colville, then returned to our place, where he was furnished horses and an Indian guide to conduct him to Whitman's, where he purposed painting the portraits of Dr. and Mrs. Whitman. My mother wrote a letter to Mrs. Whitman that never reached her. I have it in my keeping.

Mr. Stanley returned it by the Indian who brought a note from him informing us of the massacre. When near Whitman's he had learned of the latter from some Cayuse Indians that came near taking his life. He escaped by telling them he was a "Buckeye" when they inquired as to his nationality. They were friendly to the English and French. Had he told them he was an American his fate would have been sealed. "Buckeye" was a new name to them, so he was allowed to pass on to old Fort Walla Walla.

I can well remember the evening the Indian brought the note and gave it to my father. Young as I was I could realize to some extent the crushing effect of the dreadful news. It meant, perhaps, the massacre also of ourselves, and to say the least, the giving up of cherished plans of years of patient missionary labor.

During the months that followed, up to March, 1848, we were in constant fear. Doors were securely bolted at night and windows darkened. Two men were sent from Fort Colville to assist us, and the Spokane chief and his warriors camped near by, prepared to protect us. One time, in the dead of a still night, an Indian came and calling out, asked us if

we were all safe. He said they thought they heard a gun. Father told him we had heard nothing, that it must have been a falling tree that he had heard.

In March we abandoned the mission and went to Fort Colville, where we remained until near the first of June, when a company of about 60 volunteers under Major Joseph Magone, came as far as Tshima Kain for the purpose of conducting us to the Willamette valley. We immediately left the Fort and joined the volunteers, and were soon enroute from my early home, a place I have not since seen.

Before reaching Waiilitpu we passed a battle field where a number of Indians had been killed by the volunteers. A man named Crawford, with considerable bravado, dismounted and picking up an Indian's skull, carried it in the palm of his hand raised above his head.

Upon reaching the now desolate mission I visited the graveyard, where I saw long golden hairs, that I recognized as Mrs. Whitman's, scattered on the ground.

Pursuing our journey we camped one afternoon near the Umatilla river, where the volunteers captured a number of wild horses by shooting them in the neck—called by them "creasing." Some animals were killed by unlucky shots. During the afternoon I found a large, single-barreled pistol, but soon found the owner in Mr. I. N. Gilbert, of Salem.

Upon nearing The Dalles I saw for the first time oak trees. At The Dalles was found one or two houses just above high water mark on the Columbia. Here we embarked on board a bateau and started down the river, but had to put ashore long before night, on account of a strong up-stream wind. Upon reaching the Cascades we all had to walk six or seven miles to the Lower Cascades, my mother, Mrs. Eells and the smaller children growing very weary 'ere the latter place was reached. Mr. Eells had gone with the horses across the mountains. Two volunteers took our boat over the rapids. Re-embarking, Vancouver was reached, where a short stay was made, then down the Columbia and up the Willamette to Portland. Here we stopped awhile, finding a small store and a few other small buildings, back of which was a dense forest. Oregon City, the then Metropolis of Oregon, was reached June 20, and a house was rented of Ebenezer Pomeroy, of Tulatin Plains. Through the kindly accommodation of S. W. Moss, my father purchased of him a span of horses on credit for $200, and getting an old wagon elsewhere, he commenced teaming for a living, in company with Medorum Crawford—the two doing nearly all of this kind of work in the city.

When the miners began to return from California teaming was a perfect bonanza. One morning when a bateau-load had come up from Portland during the night previous my father earned $15 before breakfast—hauling up their effects.

The leading ministers of Oregon City were Rev. Geo. H. Atkinson, of the Congregational church; Rev. Hezekiah Johnson, of the Baptist church, and Rev. David Leslie, of the M. E. church. The school that I attended was taught by Mrs. J. Quinn Thornton, first in the Methodist church, then in a building north of and across the street from Moss' Tavern. Subsequently the building was occupied by the Mounted Riflemen.

Mrs. Thornton had a dog named Darco that had shared their hardships coming into Oregon by the southern route. Darco was much at home in the schoolroom. Some rainy mornings when he had run afoul a striped cat and laid himself down by the warm stove, "odors not of Eden came wafting along," as T. J. Dryer once stated in the Oregonian, when referring to some of the butter sold in the Portland market. The schoolmates most distinctly remembered are Sam, Charlotte and Martha Price, Lorenzo, Mary Ellen and Melissa Palmer, Will S. and Jane White, Cecelia and Jane Douglas, Ada and John Pamburn, Medorum and Fred Crawford. Miss White married Capt. J.C.Ainsworth, Miss

Martha Price married Hon. J. H. Mitchell, Miss Pambrun married Col. John McCraken, Miss M. E. Palmer married C. Jacobs.

During 1849 there occurred a number of interesting events. March 2, witnessed the arrival of Hon. Joseph Lane at Oregon City, as territorial governor. He came up from Portland in a bateau. Quite a crowd stood on the rocky bank of the Willamette and gave him an enthusiastic greeting as he stepped ashore. That summer the war steamship "Massachusetts" came up to Fort Vancouver. Dr. Locey and son, Cyrus, a man whose name I have forgotten and myself went in a row boat to Vancouver and visited this ship, The Mounted Riflemen already spoken of had with them a fine brass band, and often came out evenings on the corner of the street and played martial music. Colonel Loring, commanding, had his headquarters in the second story of our mansion. This was, at that time, the largest dwelling house in the city—with basement and two stories. Father paid $3000 for it in 1848 and sold it to a Mr. Lane, a merchant, in 1849 for $6000.

The first marriage I ever attended was that of Mr. William Chapman to Miss Lorinda Bewley, in October, 1849. Last fall in going over to Tillamook I called at Mr. Chapman's near Sheridan, Yamhill county. Mrs. C., seated in her invalid chair, looked so patient and saintly that I reverently bent my head and kissed her a last farewell, as it proved, for last winter she passed to the land where suffering is unknown.

My Sunday school teacher at Oregon City was Mrs. Burnside. I hope to meet her on the "Evergreen Shore."

One of the most prominent citizens was Gov. Geo. Abernethy, who had a beautiful home at "Green Point," a short distance below the city.

Near this point also lived Rev. Johnson, whose sons, Carey and Franklin, raised vegetables that they sold in the city. They have made their mark along other lines since that time.

Governor Abernethy had a store in Oregon City, a one-story brick building, probably the first of its kind built in Oregon, and situated near the site now occupied by the woolen mills. It was a common sight to see the Governor walking each week day between his home and place of business. He was a noble, Christian man, quiet and unassuming; a leading member of the M. E. church, and a leader in every good and noble cause.

Of the industries carried on, was a cooper shop, by Mr. Holdridge, in a building located on the north side of Main street, Oregon City, not far from opposite to where the present M. E. church stands. Mr. R. R. Thompson, afterwards so prominently identified with the Oregon Steam Navigation Co., manufactured furniture. Our family still have a maple bookstand of his workmanship. The principal coins in circulation at that time were the Spanish doubloon, worth $16, and the Mexican silver dollar. In order to have more of smaller gold coins a mint was operated in 1849, that turned out the historical $5.00 Beaver gold piece, so-called from having a beaver stamped on one side. The coins were all of native gold, no alloy, but were not of uniform intrinsic value, owing to a slight difference in weight. I happened in the mint one day and saw them passing the gold bars through the rollers.

The principal blacksmith shop was operated by Mr. Price, and later by the Webb Brothers. There was a gunshop and a tailor's shop.

October 25th, 1849, our family moved to Forest Grove, that day reaching Mr. Roberson's place near the now town of Reedville. It rained that night, the first in many weeks, for the season had been unusually dry with tremendous fires in the Cascades, at which time, I presume, much of the dead timber now seen was killed. The smoke was so dense in Oregon City one could scarcely see across the street. October 26 witnessed our arrival at Forest Grove, which was ever after our family home. Here died my father and mother and two brothers. My

youngest brother lives in the old home, a part of which is the hewed log house first erected.

The winter of 1849-50 was a hard one, with a deep fall of snow in December that went off with a warm rain, causing a great flood in the Willamette that partially carried off Linn City opposite to Oregon City, and came near carrying off Dr. McLoughlin's flour mill that stood about where the Imperial mills now stand. The Island mill, so-called, and a number of other buildings were carried off. The school at Forest Grove that winter was taught by Rev. C. Eells, in a log church. Grandma Tabitha Brown kept a boarding house, the inmates being mostly motherless girls and boys whose fathers had gone to California. In 1850 a log school house was built, in which first taught Mr. Eells, then a Mr. Williams. That summer the frame for Tualatin Academy was raised. It took about sixty men, gathered from all parts of the Tualatin Plains, to raise it, the pioneer women furnishing the meals on the grounds—a regular "feast of tabernacles." During the summer of 1851 the school was divided, Miss Miller, subsequently Mrs. E. M. Wilson, now of The Dalles, taught the girls in the log church. By the winter following one room, the north end of the academy, was completed and Prof. J. M. Keeler taught the school.

On a May morning in 1852, the old academy bell first sounded forth its joyous notes upon the air. At the end of the school during that month, an exhibition was given in the evening—the first on Tualatin Plains. On the programme was a dialogue in which I represented "Snacks," John Tuttle personified "Robin Roughhead" and Calvin Green one of the other characters. The leader of our singing school was J. B. Wyatt, afterwards son-in-law to J. B. Congle, a pioneer dealer in harness and saddlery in Portland. During that spring Mr. Wyatt taught singing school in the academy building.

Of schoolmates most distinctly remembered in the succeeding winter's school, 1852-53, were Maggie Scott and Mary Jane Kinney. They composed a song commencing "We have come to our school room" and embracing the names of only a few of the scholars, as follows:

Henry, Joseph, Joel, William, Walter, John, George, and Logan, Marion, Marcus, Charles, and Cyrus and Lee Laughlin are our names,
We're aband of brothers, etc.

Caroline, Jenny and Joanna, Lucy, Emma, Julia, Anna, Kity, Delia, Sarah, Mandy and Louisa are our names,
We're a band of sisters, etc.

Maggie Scott was one of the sweetest girls I ever knew. She was a sister of H. W. Scott, Mrs. Duniway, Mrs. Coburn and Mrs. McCord. She married Geo. W. Fernside and removed with him to Tillamook, where she gave up her sweet life. Mary Jane Kinney married John Henry Smith, also a student of Forest Grove, entering in 1853. They used to live near Harrisburg, Linn county. Mrs. S. now lives at Astoria. I give the names of my schoolmates not so much for your edification as with the hope that they may catch the eye or ear of some still living who will know that there is at least one who still remembers them with affectionate regard; those who, "sailing o'er life's solemn main, seeing; shall take heart again."

The following is a part of a song we used to sing in the early 50's:

Many, ah! many, have passed away,
Like the setting sun at the close of day;
Or like a cloud that floats at even,
Mid the spangled arch of yon blue heaven.
Once they were young and gay as we,
With hearts as light and fancy free,
But their spirits have gone with the blest to swell
Far from the tones of the academy bell.

The following of our band are certainly known as deceased: Henry Spalding, John Tuttle, Marion Mulkey, for a number of years a lawyer in Portland; Caroline Brown, afterwards Mrs. Robert Porter; and Cordelia Tuttle, who married Joseph Scharf, of the firm of Scharf &

Meyer, proprietors of the "Tualatin Store," in Forest Grove.

Most of the dates given along these later years are from memory. Some may be incorrect, but I think not. The first store started in Forest Grove was that of F. W. Brown's, in a hewed log building that was built and occupied by Rev. C. Eells, and stood where the Congregational church now stands. If I am not mistaken, Brown commenced trading in the winter of 1851-52. In the spring of 1853 Professor Keeler, of the academy, went East and the fall term of school was taught by Mr. D. S. Harmon, who gave an exhibition at its close. The exercises were held on the east side of the academy, under a canopy of fir boughs. Mr. L. L. Whitcomb led the singing. Mr. Whitcomb was living, not many years ago, a few miles from The Dalles.

The winter of 1854-55 I spent in Scoggin's valley, Washington county, with the family of Mr. E. S. Tanner, who represented our county in the Oregon legislature. The spring of 1855 was noted for the canvass of the territory by Gen. Joseph Lane, democratic candidate, and Gov. John P. Gains, whig candidate. They spoke at Forest Grove. Lane told how President Pierce tapped him on the shoulder before he left Washington and said he loved to hear the "swate" Irish brogue. Gains told the story of how the calf's tail got through the knot hole. Lane was elected as delegate to congress all the same.

In the fall of that year was held the first county fair, and at Forest Grove. Hon. T. J. Dyer, of the Oregonian delivered the address. I remember his saying that some of the farming he had seen "looked as though an old setting hen had been dragged backwards by the tail."

The teacher in the academy the winter of 1855-56 was Prof. E. D. Shattuck, now widely known as Judge Shattuck. That winter was a terribly anxious one for the settlers of the Willamette valley, on account of the Yakima war. Along in May, 1856, a rumor came to Forest Grove that a band of Indians were descending Lewis river, north of the Columbia, and intended to cross the Columbia in their canoes, and by way of Scapoose Plains come out and massacre the settlers on the Tualatin Plains. Great was the excitement. A stockade around the academy was commenced by digging a trench part way around the building, but was abandoned to build one at Mr. William Catching's, one and one-half miles east of the academy. The most intense of the excitement was on a Sunday, when ministers, deacons, laymen and others all turned out to cut fir poles, dig a trench part way around the house and set the poles in the same. By the next day word came that the rumor was false and the work was discontinued.

Among the students at the academy the winter of 1856-57, were J. H. Gray, of Astoria, and his sister Carrie, now Mrs. Jacob Kamm, of Portland, and Cyrus T. Locey. All three found a home at my father's. That winter was one of marked advancement along intellectual lines. Professor Shattuck was a splendid educator and he had a splendid lot of pupils, among whom was the greatest of rivalry.

During the winter of 1857-58 among the students was H. W. Scott. Not many know that Harvey Scott, as he is familiarly called now, of the Oregonian, a paper classed as one of ten leading newspapers of the United States—can truly be called a self-made man. He worked his way through college, being the first to graduate from Pacific University, under President S. H. Marsh, who, by the way, started the first class in Latin in that college some years previous. Of that class, I am proud to say, I was a member. During the summer of 1863, in order to get means to pursue his studies, Mr. Scott went to the Boise mines and found work at whip-sawing lumber. His success in after years should be an incentive to others to climb toward the top of the ladder. The fall of 1858 was made one of more than usual interest by the advent of a mag-

nificent comet, first appearing in the northern sky in August. By November its tail at evening extended nearly to the zenith.

The winter of 1858-59 Rev. C. Eells again taught the academy, and Rev. Horace Lyman, assisted by myself, styled as "tutor," taught the college students in a small building apart from the academy. One of the brightest students was C. H. Rafferty, now a leading physician of East Portland. Another was F. M. Kizer, now of Linn county. The winter term closed February 15, 1859, with an exhibition in which both schools took part. As February 14 of that year is the limit for Pioneer membership, I make no record of years following. Many schoolmates and fellow students are cherished in my memory, and I would gladly give their names, but want of time and space forbid.

Some contrasts between those early years and the present, and I am done. Much used to be said about the Oregon style of journalism. Along the middle 50's the Oregon Argus and Oregon Statesman were rival newspapers in Oregon City. W. L. Adams was editor of the former, A. Bush of the latter. When the Statesman was moved to Salem it took place on a Sunday. The Argus came out with the statement that the choir in the Congregational church that day sang the hymn in which are the lines, "Believing, we rejoice to see the curse removed." After that, Adams sent his paper to Bush marked "X" for exchange. Bush returned it with the words "Send this paper to hell." The editor in the next Argus said he was sorry to inform his readers of the demise of the editor of the Statesman. At least he supposed he was dead, as he had ordered his paper sent to hell. Along with other radical changes is that of Oregon Journalism; and certainly it is a matter of pride that the Oregonian stands among the best. We have other publications that are worthy of praise. One is the agricultural paper, "The Pacific Homestead," lately started in Salem and that compares favorably with illustrated agricultural weeklies of other states. But proudest of all am I, and so should you be, especially the pioneers and native sons and daughters, of the "Oregon Native Son," a monthly magazine published in Portland. It has no superior in artistic make-up, original matter and workmanship. It is invaluable along historical lines and should be taken by all interested in pioneer matters. Many are now regretting that they did not begin with the initial number, May, 1899. So great is the demand for back numbers that it is the purpose to reprint some editions that are exhausted. By all means subscribe for the Native Son; price $1.00 per year.

Another thing, by all means visit the Oregon Historical Rooms, City Hall, and either loan or contribute articles of historic interest.

Here are some of the prices current in Oregon City in 1849 and 1850, as taken from the Oregon Spectator: Apples, dried, per lb., 50c; apples, green, per bu., $10; beef, on foot, 6c to 8c; beef, retail, 10c to 12½c; pork, 16c to 20c; butter, per lb., 62c; candles, sperm, per lb., $1; domestics, 12½c to 16c; prints, 15c to 30c; flour, per cwt., $7; flour, per bbl., $15; wheat, per bu., $2; oats, per bu., $1.50 to $2; coffee, per lb., 18c to 20c; sugar, brown, 16c to 20c; white, 22c to 30c; tea, $1 to $1.50; syrup, gal., $1 to $1.50; tobacco, lb., 37½c to $1.25; rice, 12½c; linseed oil, gal., $3.50; glass, ½ box, 8x10, $6; 10x12, $7; iron, lb., 12c; nails, 18c to 20c; cooking stoves, $70 to $130; lumber, per M., $80 to $100. How our farmers would smile could they get one-half the above prices for grain, and yet $2 a bushel for wheat was not out of proportion to the price of most other supplies.

Let me now draw a picture as it comes to my vision today. It is of four lonely women, though with their husbands and surrounded by bearded mountaineers. On a June morning in 1838 they mount their horses and with their eyes full of tears set their faces towards the land of the setting sun. Day by day they traveled on, homesick and weary, but at last

reached their journey's end and gladly took up the work for the Master. The years sped by and one by one they, with others of the missionary band, dropped by the way until none were left—my mother being the last to go. They rest from their labors and their works do follow them. All have gone to the land of endless love, and light, and song, where "the Lord God will wipe away all tears from off all faces."

They builded better than they knew, as have many other noble pioneers. Out of the untamed wilderness have grown mighty states that shall yet mightier grow. We stand at the gateway of the nations and it needs no prophetic vision to see that within fifty years more people by millions will crowd our shores. Our sails will whiten the mighty Pacific; and, say what you will, expansion shall have accomplished its true mission of giving to distant climes the glories of American Christian civilization, and justice, truth and right shall have world-wide dominion.

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EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON.

The University of Oregon is the State University. It stands in Oregon for the highest culture of young men and women, and is intensely loyal to the state. Its present rapid growth and importance are in part due to the powerful tendency toward that higher education which in the last twenty years has placed in nearly every state west of the Ohio, a state university at the head of the public school system of the state. The educational development of Oregon is certain to follow this general plan and the University of Oregon, under its present reorganization, is taking the lead in the development of high schools and all other proper educational influences.

The legislative act establishing the university and locating it at Eugene was passed October 19, 1876. Regular instruction was begun in 1876. The school of law was organized in 1884, and the school of music in 1886. The school of medicine was incorporated into the university in the year 1887-8. Regular work in mining, assaying and metallurgy was begun in 1879, but the school of mines and mining was not organized until the year 1895-6. At the same time the courses in engineering were organized, which have (1899-1900) developed into the college of science and engineering. The graduate school was begun in 1897, and the school of commerce in 1900.

The affairs of the university are administered by a board of regents, appointed for a term of 12 years by the governor of the state, and confirmed by the senate. The first faculty was John W. Johnson, president and professor of ancient classics; Mark Bailey, professor of mathematics; and Thomas Condon, professor of geology and natural history. The Preparatory School was in charge of Mrs. Mary P. Spiller, assisted by Mrs. Mary E. Stone. From these small beginnings, it has grown to be the leading and best-equipped school in the Pacific Northwest, both in the matter of the ability of its faculty and facilities for demonstration of the various branches of study needing such helps. Under the presidency of Dr. Frank Strong, the present president of the university, very rapid and satisfactory progress is being made.

The University has seven buildings for university purposes. The buildings, grounds, books, equipment, etc., represent a value of nearly half a million dollars. The annual income is entirely in-

adequate for the needs of the rapid growth of the university. The buildings are: Villard Hall, named in honor of Henry Villard, the chief benefactor of the institution; Deady Hall, in memory of Judge M. P. Deady; the hall of mining and chemical engineering, the dormitory and library, the gymnasium, the hall of civil engineering and astronomy, the president's house and the pump station.

Free tuition, very small cost of living, opportunities for earning a part or the the whole of one's expenses, good libraries, excellent laboratories and instruction, place higher education within the reach of every ambitious student. The cost of room, board, books and fees varies from $100 upward. The tuition and fees alone, in many of the large eastern universities, cost twice as much as the total expense at the University of Oregon. All departments are open to men and women alike.

It is one of the foremost purposes of this university to place higher education within the reach of all who are intellectually and morally qualified to receive it. Therefore, except in the schools of law, medicine and music, tuition is free in all departments of the university—graduate school, college of literature, science and the arts, college of science and engineering, school of mines and mining, university academy.

The university has valuable collections of archaeology, zoology, geology, botany and mineralogy. There are at Eugene twenty-two laboratories and lecture rooms of science and technology, four rooms for drawing and designing, and one large shop containing the wood shop and machine shop, the forge shop and printing office. There is a general library for the use of the university, department libraries, and libraries of the literary societies. The library of the State Historical Society, consisting of several hundred volumes, is entrusted to the care of the secretary of the society, Prof. F. G. Young, of the university, and forms the most valuable collection for original work in history in the state. These libraries have an aggregate of ten thousand volumes and several thousand pamphlets. Important additions are made each year.

Almost all religious denominations are represented at Eugene. Few cities of its size in the West surpass it in the excellence of its churches, the refinement and culture of its home life, and the advantages it offers students for a highly cultured university society life.

Students, by an organization of the student body, control, under the supervision of the faculty, their own athletic interests. The athletic association has charge of athletic affairs, and there are teams for football, track athletics, handball, lawn tennis, basket ball and golf. There is a well equipped gymnasium, in which women have special private classes. The university has a training track on the athletic field. The faculty keeps a firm hand on athletics and all excess is avoided. Professionalism is absolutely prohibited and the records of the university show, as does those of nearly all other institutions where athletics are properly supervised, that while training is going on the average of class work rises. Men who engage in athletics are among the best students. In the college of literature, science and the arts, two special courses are offered: (1) A course preparatory to law and journalism, in which the work is made to bear directly upon those professions. (2) Course for teachers, an advanced course for teachers desiring to fit themselves for the more important and more lucrative positions in the profession, as teachers in high schools, as principals of country, grammar or high schools, or as superintendents of schools. In the college of science and engineering one special course is offered—course preparatory to medicine and dentistry, which anticipates one year of the medical and dental schools.

On account of the important position Oregon is likely to take as the center of manufacturing and trade in connection with Oriental commerce, the university has thought best to establish a school of

commerce for special work in subjects that bear directly upon the materials of commerce, customs, regulations, methods of transportation and manufacture, the elements of engineering, history, economics and control of dependencies. The university has the only school of mines and mining in the state. It was established in 1895-6, but definite work in metallurgy, assaying, etc., was begun in 1879. It includes an exhaustive course in asaying, metallurgy, mining engineering, mineralogy, economic geology, blow-pipe analysis, ore dressing, shaft sinking, boring, ventilation and support of mines, drainage, exhaustive courses in mining chemistry, etc., etc.

Unusually exhaustive and advanced courses are offered in engineering. They include work in civil and sanitary, electrical and chemical engineering. The course in chemical engineering is offered for the first time, and is one very important for the industrial development of the state, as it treats of chemistry and engineering as applied to manufacturing.

Until the high school system in Oregon is more fully developed, the university finds it necessary to offer work preparatory to the university. This is done in the university academy, which is a part of the university organization. The lowest class in the university corresponds with the eleventh grade of the high school, and all students finishing the tenth grade with satisfactory work can enter the university academy. By special arrangement with the Eugene high school, which is one of the largest public schools in the state, and one of the very few having a complete four years' course, students from schools having but the ninth grade may enter the university, taking the bulk of their tenth grade work at the high school, and the rest at the university. In such cases students will pay a small fee at the high school. The satisfactory completion of a four years' high school course provides sufficient preparation for full entrance to the freshman class of the university. The satisfactory completion of two years of the high school course admits fully to first year of the university academy, or preparatory school. The satisfactory completion of one year of high school admits partially to the university.

Whatever may be the material equipment of an institution of learning, the great question, after all, is what kind of work it does, what kind of influence it exerts, and what kind of characters it turns out. The State University has an enviable record in this respect, and excelled by none in a like regard. The best manner in which this can be tested is by considering the walk of students after they leave school. The State University has to its credit an unusually large percentage of graduates who have reached position of marked influence, the number being far greater than any other school in the Pacific Northwest, considering the time it has been a seat of learning.

OREGON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

The Oregon Agricultural College is the greatest industrial institution of learning on the Pacific slope. During the past year there were enrolled four hundred students, and the probability is that there will be five hundred during the coming year. Such has been the progress of the institution that a steady increase in attendance is expected as the years go by. This popularity of the college is due largely to the fact that it is industrial. It is honorable to labor; and cultured labor is the highest ambition of man. There young men and women pour in from all parts of the state—seventy-five per cent coming from farms. They come from the homes that make presidents; hence the student body is made up of good material.

Most of these young people have al-

ready learned how to earn a living; and their presence in an institution of this character is an indication that they honor labor and that they desire to prepare themselves to labor more intelligently. On the other hand it is the business of the college to furnish every modern facility that will tend to make them more proficient in their chosen pursuits. On this account the regents not unfrequently expend as much as a hundred thousand dollars per annum,—a fact which speaks volumes concerning the magnitude of the institution and the unbounded confidence the state and the national government have in industrial education.

The state and the national government have taken so kindly to industrial education that they have made it possible for the student to obtain schooling almost without cost. At the Oregon Agricultural College, tuition is free—absolutely free—without any string on incidental fee; and when students graduate they receive their diplomas without charge. Their closing including uniforms, costs about as much as if the student were at home; anud board per week varies from $3 to $2.50 or less. As there is a military department in the college, the boys wear uniforms; hence in this school the rich and the poor dress alike; and the spirit of equality beautifully pervades the institution.

Along with agriculture, household science, mechanical and electrical engineering, and the other industrials there are taught Latin, French, German, mathematics, drawing, history, English, music and other studies, so that when a student completes a four-year course in the college he is granted the degree bachelor of science.

Probably the broadest course given by the institution is that of agriculture, which embraces the study zoology, botany, chemistry and bacteriology, the sciences related to agriculture; and the supplementary studies of mathematics, economics, physics, and such branches as elevate the educated farmer to the intellectual level of other professions. Also instruction is given in wood and iron; the student is also taught how to handle and care for steam machinery, and is made thoroughly familiar with the mechanism of the farm traction engine. All students in the agricultural department are required to study dairying both as a science and an art.

The boys literally swarm about the hall of mechanic arts; for here is the latest and the best machinery in which they are all interested. Here they work in wood and iron, design, and do all the intricate things that belong to the knowledge of a proficient mechanic.

Students in this department are allowed to choose either the course in mechanical engineering or the course in electrical engineering. Each course leads to the degree of Bachelor of Science, and the two courses are idential until the beginning of the junior year.

The course in mechanical engineering is intended especially for young men who expect to choose an industrial vocation and for those who are already, or expect to be, connected with some of the manufacturing establishments o fthe country.

The course in electrical engineering is designed to meet the needs of those who desire to turn their attention towards electrical science, the designing, the installation and the management of electric light and power plants, etc.

The shops are well equipped with tools and machinery from the best makers in the country; the idea being not only to have the shops well supplied with the necessary tools but also to make each shop a model as regards quality of equipment and systematic arrangement.

The uses of the various tools in the shop are taught by a series of exercise pieces which the student is required to make. After completing the exercises, the regular work consists in building and repairing machinery in the machine shop, mending farm implements, and making tools in the blacksmith shop, and other useful articles in wood shop. So far as possible, all work in the shops is executed from drawings and blue prints, which must be followed accurately.

In the drafting room the student begins with linear drawing and follows a progressive course until he is able to make complete working drawings of whole machines, and finally he is encouraged to produce designs of his own and to make complete drawings and blue prints of them.

The scientific principles involved in machines and mechanical movements are taught in the class-room, as well as the application of mathematics to problems in mechanical engineering. The student is required to solve original problems and to depend upon his own judgment and ingenuity as far as possible.

Living is the art of arts. The course in household science consists of instruction in general hygiene, sewing, dressmaking, cookery, etiquette, aesthetics, domestic lectures. It has been arranged for the purpose of making better cooks, better seamstresses, better thinkers and better homes. This has been accomplished; for the ladies who graduate from this course are so popular that the supply of graduate housekeepers has never equaled the demand for them. And it may be incidentally stated, that as shown by the records, such a thing as a divorce case is absolutely unknown to the ladies who have taken this course. About one-third of the students are ladies, who are thus early acquainting themselves with the course that has elevated housekeeping to a science.

The course in pharmacy aims to teach the student facts and principles of immediate use in the drug store, adapting the work to the needs of the practical pharmocist and manufacturing chemist. It is recognized that thorough foundation must be laid for this work. By special arrangement with the Oregon Board of Pharmacy, the final examination of the senior class is conducted by the board. Those who pass this examination are thereupon granted certificates as registered pharmacists.

The young men take military instruction. They carry a Springfield rifle, handle a cannon, have signal statues; in fact perform every duty required of the soldier. So thorough is this course that many of the cadets are capable of drilling regiments.

The library is an important function in a college; for it is a means of self-education. The O. A. C. library which is located in a well-lighted and ventilated room as large as an ordinary chapel, is accessible to the students free of charge. There are 2850 volumes of literature, history, arts, sciences, and fiction; 300 volumes of government publications, such as geological survey reports, records of the Civil War, and records and reports of the different departments of the cabinet; and between 5000 and 6000 pamphlets, chiefly bulletins issued by the experiment stations of the various states. In addition to these there are received 80 regular weekly and monthly publications, magazines, journals and scientific works. The library is conveniently catalogued so that the student may easily turn to any topic that he may desire to study.

The college has six active literary societies which meet every week. Once a term each society gives a social literary contests and common events, the societies meeting in joint session with prominent citizens as judges. The Y. M. C. A. hold their regular sessions at the college every Sunday afternoon. These gatherings aid materially in developing the social and spiritual life of the members. Each year a popular course of lectures free to all students is given under the direction of the faculty by distinguished speakers from various parts of the state. At the chapel period the students meet with the faculty in song, prayer, and Scritptural reading, usually followed with orations by the seniors or with musical or rhetorical exercises by other students. Vocal and instrumental music intersperse various features of the college work so that a student in a career of four years may not leave the institution without the refining influences of this important art. Physical culture is encouraged in every way and the gymnasium and on the rtaining grounds. Bowling, fecing, Indian club swinging, dumbbell exer-

cises, football, basket ball, baseball, lawn tennis, occupy the spare moments of the student in a happy commingling of all classes. These social affairs, although under the direction of a committee of the faculty, are managed by the students who thereby acquire a training in social life destined to be of great value to them.

Corvallis, pre-eminently a college town, noted for social clubs, literary societies, and active churches which vie with each other in friendly interest and hospitality towards the young people. More and more as the college progresses patrons thither that they may be with their children and at the same time enjoy the refining influences and cultured of a college community.

BISHOP SCOTT ACADEMY.

The first effort made toward the founding of an educational institution for boys in the Pacific Northwest, by the Episcopalians, was opened in 1856 at Oswego, under the management of Bernard Cornelius, a graduate of Dublin University. Seventy acres of land, and a large dwelling house, pleasantly situated, were purchased for this purpose. The early venture was known as Trinity School. Owing to a lack of patronage of the people of the Pacific Northwest, and the great difficulties of conducting a school of this character so far away from thickly settled communities, there not being sufficient population here at that time to warrant such a school, the institution soon closed its doors to pupils.

It was not until after the arrival of the venerable Bishop Morris here that the talk of a school under the survilance of the church was again seriously broached. Shortly after his coming to Oregon he founded the Bishop Scott Grammar School. This was in 1870. Bishop Morris had received large gifts of land and other substantial offerings for the establishment and maintainance of the institution, and under his direct supervision it was conducted successfully until 1877. Since its founding the history of the Academy is so closely connected with the history of the city itself that any extended historical mention of Portland must of necessity include some reference to it. While it has been located at Portland it has exerted a powerful influence in educational circles of the entire Northwest. It is today the representative school of its character in Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana and British Columbia, and it is one of the ablest conducted and best-known schools of the Coast. In 1877 the school had attained a marked degree of proficiency, but just as it was firmly established the entire building occupied by the school was destroyed by a disastrous fire. In 1878 the main building of the present imposing edifice occupied by the school was erected, and the entire management of the school was placed in the hands of Dr. J. W. Hill, now one of the best known educators of the Coast. Dr. Hill effected an entire reorganization of the school and by wise and vigorous management soon placed it in a position among the leading educational institutions of the West. In 1887 he introduced military discipline in the school and its growth since that time has been rapid and of a most substantial nature. At this time the name of the institution was changed to the name it now bears.

The building now occupied by the school is pleasantly located in the best residence portion of Portland proper. The students enjoy all the benefits of city life and at the same time they are removed from its vitiating features. The curriculum of the school includes a thorough training in all the English branches of study as well as the classics. It has been the constant aim in the conduct of the school to maintain a rigid discipline and at the same time to surround scholars with all the influences of a refined, Christian home. Its management being imbued with the idea that the formative period of a boy's life lies between

the ages of 12 and 18 years. If the boy is properly handled between these years, if he receives a proper groundwork in good morals and is put in the right channel of thought his future character and his consequent career are fully assured. The school work has been carried on under this plan, and the efforts have resulted in the firm establishment of a preparatory school where character-building is considered of equal importance with thorough work in the class room. All needed attention is paid to the physical development by means of strict cilitary discipline which is maintained in the school, and by the opportunities afforded pupils for outdoor sports, and for proper exercise in a well-equipped gymnasium connected with the school.

All the appointments of Bishop Scott Academy are plain and comfortable and fully equal to the demands of the best conducted boarding schools. The building is heated by hot water, it is lighted by gas and is furnished with everything necessary to preserve the health of the pupils and to promote the highest physical development. The credit for the present high degree of proficiency of this school is due to its rector, Bishop Morris, for his wise counsel and oversight in a general way, and to the efficient services of the executive head of the school, the present principal, Dr. J. W. Hill.

♣ ♣ ♣

The Indian names for the snow peaks in the Pacific Northwest varied, as did those of the rivers. It was the rule to name locations on the rivers, but not the river itself. With the mountains, the name depended on the location of the Indians who spoke of them, each people designating them by some appelation peculiar to their own tongue. In some cases neighboring tribes adopted these. Some of the tribes called Mount Hood, Wi-ye-ast; St. Helens, Loo-wit; Jefferson, Pha-to; Adams, Klick-i-lat; Rainier, Tahoma; Shasta, Yee-ka. Mary's Peak was known as Chin-tim-i-ni, and Mount Coffin as Yee-eh-mas-tee.

♣

Astoria is the only place within the present limits of Oregon where the British flag floated from a flag-staff. It first kissed the breezes there on November 12, 1813, passing at that time to the control of the Hudson's Bay Company, who rechristened the location, calling it Fort George. The Stars and Stripes were again unfurled there on October 16, 1818, when the original name, Astoria, was resumed.

♣

The "Fort Walla Walla" of the Hudson's Bay Company was not the Walla Walla of the present, but was located on the Columbia river, at the old town of, or steamer landing known as Wallula. Upon the abandonment of the fort by the Hudson's Bay Company, it was occupied by the United States. In 1851 the stockade and buildings were burned and in 1856 the post was abandoned. The present city of Walla Walla was founded some years subsequent, and the present Fort Walla Walla, a military post of the more recent years.

♣

The city of Olympia was called Smithfield from its founding in 1845 until 1850, when it took the present name. It was called Smithfield after Levi L. Smith, one of the first settlers.

♣

The first coal deposits of any magnitude discovered in Washington, was in 1850. They were located on the Skookum Chuck river.

♣

Oregon's public school law was enacted by the first legislative assembly of 1849. The first school taught under the law was at Oregon City, C. F. Beaty being the teacher.

NESIKA WA-WA.

Again we have to apologize to our readers. This time it is for the lateness of the June issue of the magazine. Only those who have to do with independent printers and pressmen can appreciate the difficulties encountered in getting out a publication like the Oregon Native Son. First the electric baths, by which half-tone cuts are made, refuse to work and another has to be prepared, causing a delay of several days. Then a pressman goes to sleep and spoils a form, and several pages have to be run over again, another delay of several days. Then the press breaks down and has to be repaired, another delay of a few days, and then, when the magazines are all bound, it is found that the knife in the paper-cutter is too dull to trim them, and another delay is necessary to sharpen it. These are a few of the things which caused the delay of the issue of the June number. Now, friends, if any of you think you can do any better than we have done, without committing murder or suicide, come down and give it a trial, tussel awhile with the printers and pressmen, and if you are successful your fortune is made.

We call attention to the fact that the present is a double number, July and August. It will be remembered that we have attempted to get the magazine out and delivered during the last days of the month, but we find that the custom of issuing magazines on the first of the month is so general throughout the United States that an infraction of the rule leads to misapprehension, and, as we do not care to be considered freakish, we have decided to make the change. This can only be done by issuing a double number.

Let our subscribers understand that they will lose nothing by this change. They will all get their twelve numbers for the year's subscription. While there is a certain amount of humiliation as well as trouble incident to such delays as are above set forth we cannot but feel a little complimented at the large number of letters we have received that commence, "What is the matter? I have missed the June number of the Native Son."

♣ ♣ ♣

PURPLE AND GOLD.

Maxamilia Riddle Cabin No. 23, Native Daughters of Oregon, was instituted June 9, 1900, at Riddle Oregon. The following officers were elected: Past president, Mrs. Nellie Pence; president, Miss Maxamilia Nichols; first vice-president, Mrs. Ada Clough; second vice-president, Mrs. Ada Nichols; third vice-president; Mrs. Mell Quine; marshal, Mrs. Anna Brown; treasurer, Mrs. Mary Riddle; recording secretary, Miss Clara Riddle; financial secretary, Mrs. Minnie James; inside sentinel, Miss Dell Quine; outside sentinel, Miss Ethel Riddle; trustees, Ella Yokum, Mellie, Riddle, Mrs. Essie Dyer.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

EDWARD D. BAKER.

Col. Edward D. Baker was born in England and brought to this country with his father's family when quite young. His parents and family died, leaving him an orphan in the city of Philadelphia when but a mere boy. His father was a weaver, and he himself worked at that business. He obtained an education under many difficulties; first studied for the ministry, but soon turned his attention to law, becoming famous as an advocate in Illinois, to which state he had emigrated in his nineteenth year. After serving in the Illinois legislature for two years, he resigned, and in 1846 enlisted for the Mexican war and attained the rank of colonel of volunteers, acquitting himself with credit at the battle of Cerro Gordo. He was a representative in congress from Illinois from 1849 to 1851, after which he took an active part in the building of the Panama railroad. In 1852 he settled in San Francisco, devoting himself to his profession. In 1860 he came to Oregon from California and canvassed this state for the Lincoln ticket, and subsequently removed to Oregon, being elected senator in congress from this state in 1860. He took his seat in congress March 4, 1861. The war of the rebellion having broken out, he raised a body of men in Philadelphia, called the "San Francisco regiment," and while gallantly leading them in battle at Ball's Bluff, Virginia, against a superior force, he was shot from his horse and killed October 21, 1861. He is known in Oregon history as one of Oregon's greatest orators, statesmen and patriots.

HENRY L. PITTOCK.

The man whose name stands as the caption of this biography, was, as far as we have been able to ascertain, born in London, England, about the year 1835. He came to the United States with his parents when quite young, and spent most of his youthful years in Pittsburg, Penn. Here, it is presumed, he went to school and afterwards learned the printer's trade. The modesty of Mr. Pittock, who by nature, is a listener, rather than a talker, has made the ascertainment of more than a moiety of his earlier history next to an impossibility. Always ready to give publicity and praise to others for their doings, he has as uniformly shunned notoriety for himself in all its forms and phases. It is presumed however that the deep thinking business proclivities which have marked his life while a resident of this state, was a prominent feature of his boyhood days, for men seldom acquire such tendencies and business habits after arriving at mature years. In this connection, in explanation of the meagerness of early incidents in his life, it is fair to say that Mr. Pittock is at this writing absent from the city, neither is it probable that he would if at hand, on account of his retiring disposition, give the necessary information, if he knew it was to be used for the purpose of publication.

Mr. Pittock crossed the plains with the emigration of 1853, arriving in Oregon City in October of that year, and came to Portland in search of work the following month. Being a practical printer, he at once received employment in the composing rooms of "The Oregonian," a paper then published as a weekly by Thos. J. Dryer. From this time until early in 1861 Mr. Pittock was identified with the paper as an employee. In this latter year he accepted its ownership for the amount of back salary due him for work done on it. Believing that its future success lay in the publication of a daily paper in connection with the weekly, he determined to enlarge upon his undertaking, and, on the 1st day of February, 1861, the initial number of the "Daily Oregonian" appeared.

From a paper comprising four pages of four columns to the page, it has grown to one in size from ten to thirty-two pages with seven columns to the page. In the beginning, it was run off on a hand press at the rate of about a hundred to the hour, while at present it is printed on one of the finest and latest improved power presses in the world, and capable of printing 24,000 per hour and from four to twenty-four pages at a time.

Since Mr. Pittock has been identified with the "Oregonian," he has been the soul of its business management, and to him, more than to all others, is due its success.

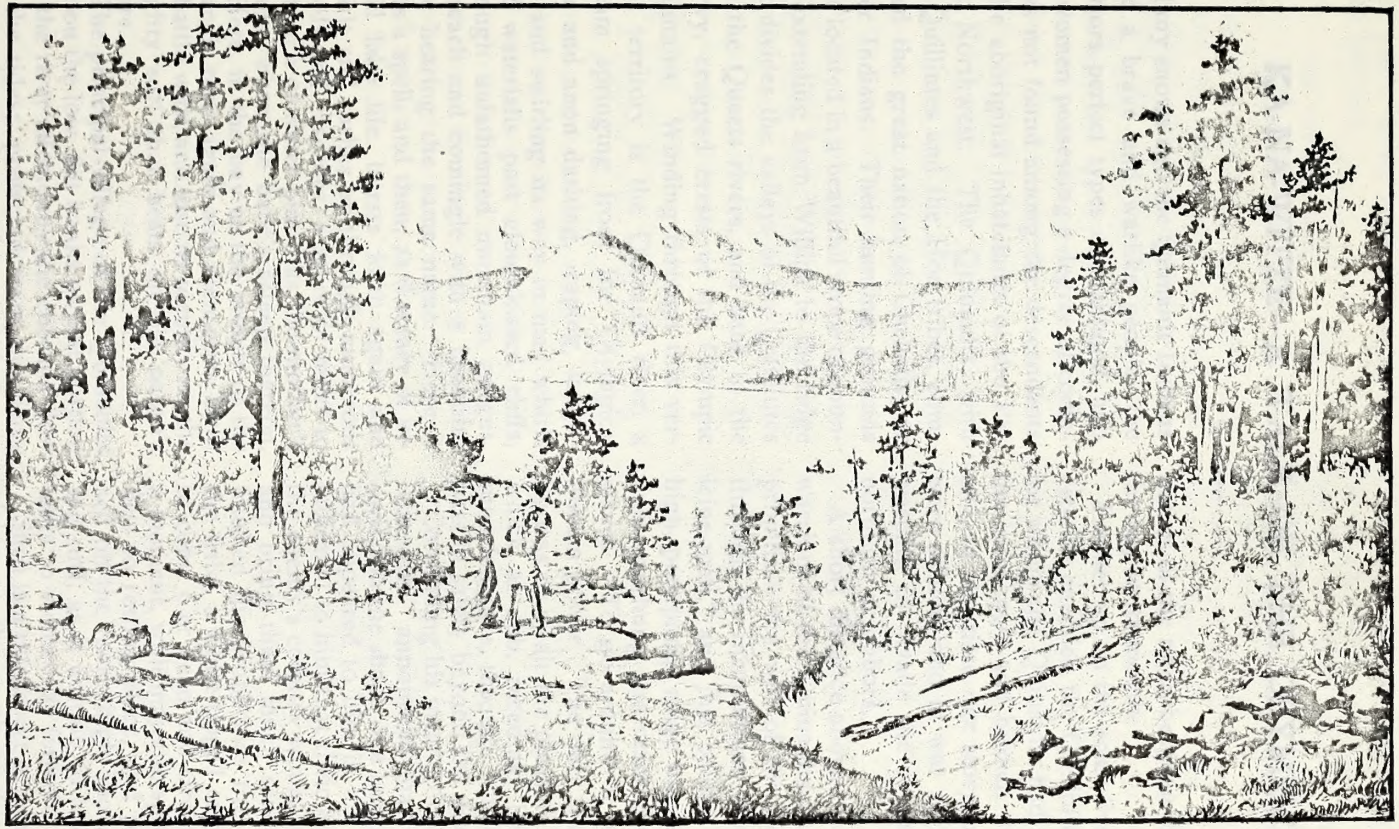
It is probable that at times the business prospects of Mr. Pittock were unpropitious and discouraging. If so, few, if any, know of the circumstances, for he has ever maintained the same apparently stolid indifference, and "smiled at honors won or lost."

On June 20, 1860, Mr. Pittock was united in marriage with Georgiana M., oldest daughter of the widely known and universally respected pioneers, E. M. and Phoebe A. Burton. Mrs. Pittock was born in Keokuk, Iowa, November 14, 1843, and crossed the plains with her parents in the immigration of 1852. As above stated she was married to Mr. Pittock June 20, 1860. The fruits of this marriage have been nine children, four of whom are dead. Of the survivors, four are girls, viz.: Susie, (Mrs. F. Middleton); Carrie T., (Mrs. Leadbetter); Kate T., (Mrs. Hertzman) and Helen Louise; and one boy, Fred F. Pittock.

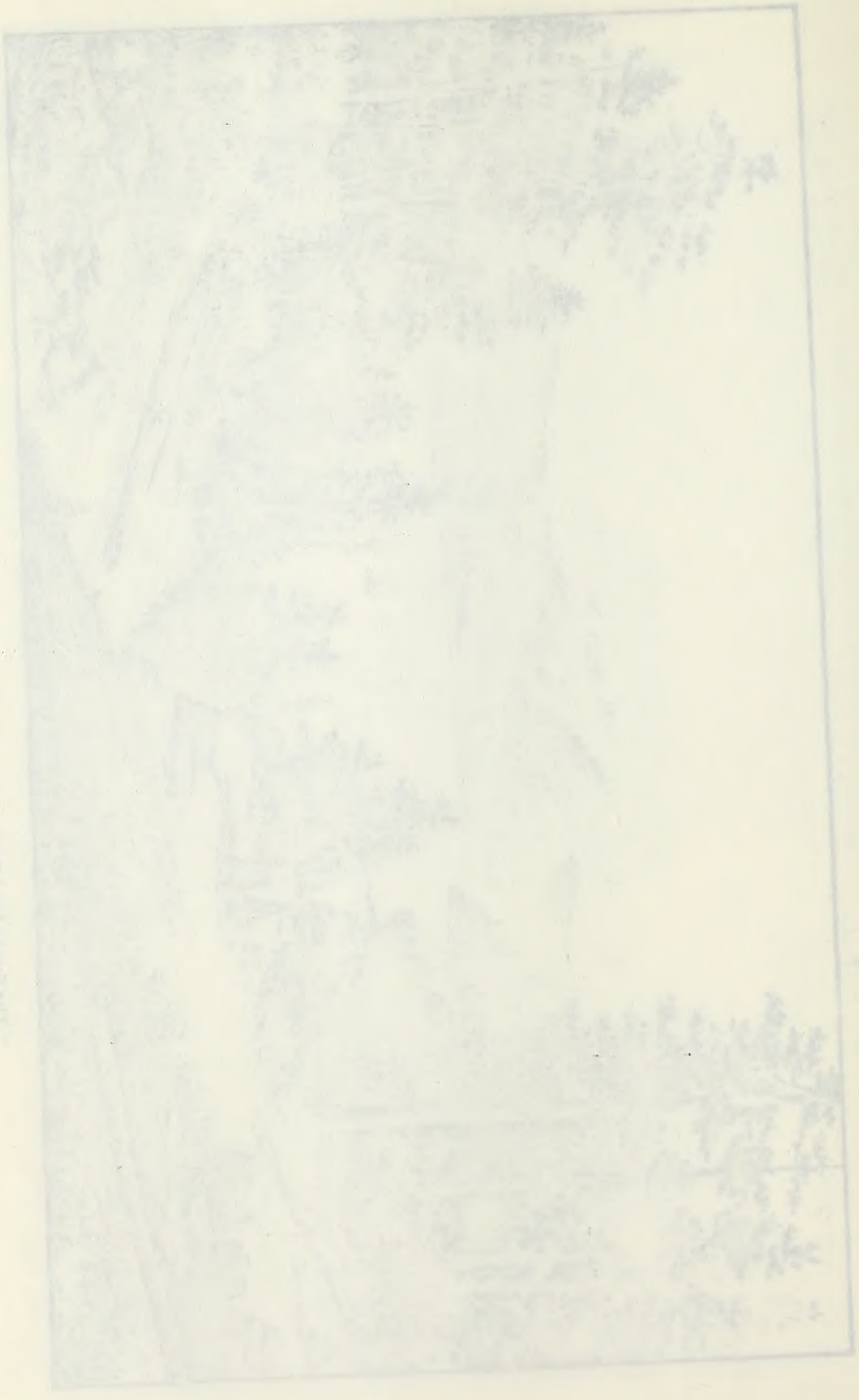
OREGON PINE.

Who boasts of palm, the tropic's crown,
Hath never seen the pine step down
The mountain side in kingly ease,
Our Coeur-de-Lion, warrior of trees;
White canyon streams their banners fling,
From Peak to peak the mountains sing;
In wid'ning curve the eagle sweeps
His dusky wing, and sentry keeps
Upon the heights, where burns a star,
The pine-king's oriflamme of war.

—Nellie Evans.



"The Sugar Loaf Peak, which stands in the valley above the lake."



KA-NA-WITZE—A TALE OF THE OLYMPICS.

Many snows ago the Quinault Indians were a brave and warlike people, the warriors perfect types of manhood, and the women possessing a degree of comeliness not found among the descendants of the aboriginal inhabitants of the Pacific Northwest. The Quinaults, with the Quilliutes and the Hoe tribes, composed the great nation of Chehalis, or water Indians. Their hunting grounds were located in a beautiful scope of country extending from Willipa to the ridge that divides the valleys of the Quilliutes and the Queets rivers, and back to the snowy, cragged crests of the Olympic mountains. Winding through this verdant territory is the Quinault river, a stream springing from the Olympics, ever and anon dashing, leaping, laughing and swirling its way in mad whirls and waterfalls past cloud-kissed cliffs, through unfathomed mountain gorges, to reach and comingle with a beautiful lake bearing the same name. Here it rests a spell, and then, as if weary of insipid lake life, bursts forth again and whirls and rushes on through numerous rapids and cascades, a score of miles to a stretch of water placid as the mother's bosom when the babe's asleep thereon.

Here, in the bay at the mouth of the river, it rests again and then goes forth to battle with, and lose its identity in, the mighty surf that beats on old ocean's shore.

The principal village of the Quinaults lay on the low, flat banks of that portion of the river affected by the ebb and flow of the tides; protected from the fierce ocean storms by the high sand dunes on the higher winter beach. Many of the tribe, however, dwelt along the middle waters of the river, between the lake and the bay at its mouth.

Farther up on the coast lived their inveterate enemies, the Quilliutes, a people for whom the Quinaults had resurrected the tomahawk and broken the calumet, and, at the time our story opens, were were painted and in war regalia on the warpath to invade the country of their northern neighbors.

A short distance above the village the warriors of the Quinaults had halted to propitiate the will of the Great Spirit, through the incantations of their "medicine-man," and just before them ran a high, precipitous ridge whose outer confines overhung and reached far into the waves. To go around it was beyond human power. The only way to pass it by was to await the pleasure of the tide, which at ebb, receding, left behind a tunneled cave, through which one could pass in safety beyond the granite wall.

Concluding his incantations, the "medicine-man" announced that the "Tomaowis," in the shape of a hugh white bird, had appeared to him in his visions and indicated to him that their incursion into the enemy's country would be successful and bring them much renown. As he finished his prophecies the "to-tem" of the tribe, a white-tipped eagle, was seen to come o'er head and circling there for a moment, with majestic spread of wing, flew to resting place, and perched himself on the rocks high above the combing surf, as if waiting to lead the Quinaults to victory, as foretold.

Such is a retrospect of what was transpiring on the south of this obstacle to ready progress. To the northward, fierce violence was contemplated. There

could be seen a pale face of youth's scarce years, flying with fleet foot, but closely pursued

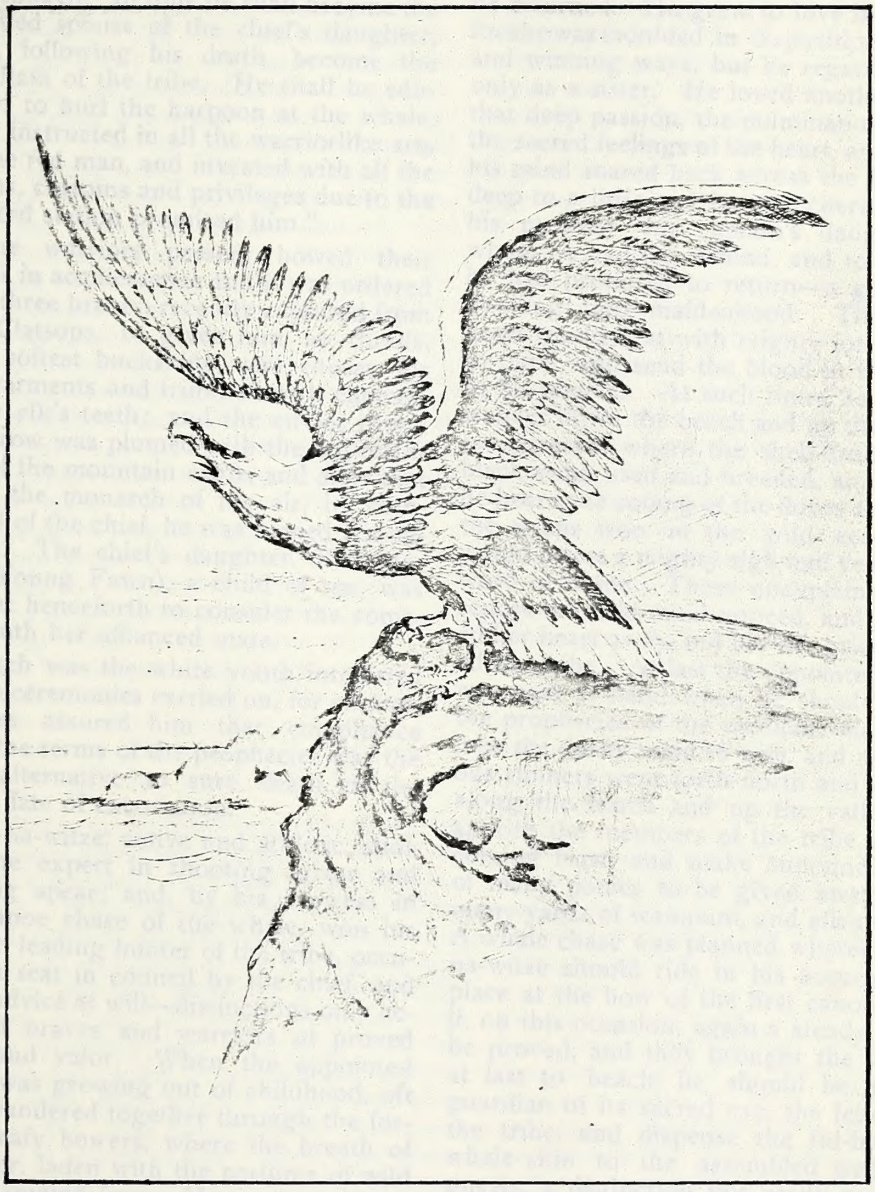
By warriors bold,
From tribes last told.

At short intervals his hand fell to his side and for the instant touched the trusty sheath-knife that hung there; then he turned and breathed defiance at his following foes—for in his knife he knew was an antidote for all their torments, tortures and ordeals. Over the hilltops and down the steep declivity from the elevated tablelands he passed to the beach below, and soon reached the obstructing wall of stone that seemed to bar his further progress, the tunneled way therein being obscured from view by mighty breakers dashing upon it with tremendous noise. He was about to halt and contend for life against unequal numbers, when the Sacred Seals, so the story runs, through pity for his tender age, fought back the waves and allowed him to pass beyond, closely followed by his would-be captors. Scarce had they cleared the southern portal, however, before a gigantic swell, held back anon by spirit power, rolled against and filled the opening to its roof, making a noise like booming cannon or heaven's thunder, as the waters, entering from either end, met within the confines of the cave, there to remain for several hours, for the tide was still at flood, and thereby cutting off retreat of those who had just passed through.

As the boy emerged from the tunnel he found himself among the Quinaults, who stopped him, and quickly over-powered and bound his stupefied pursuers hand and foot. The boy was nonplused at the turn affairs had taken, and, with folded arms, waited patiently for further developments. The limbs of the Quilliutes being securely pinioned, the "medicine-man" of the Quinaults approached the youth whom he believed to be the white bird of his vision, and offered him a plume which he had taken from the circlet of eagle feathers at his brow. Unaccustomed as the boy was to Indian ways, he recognized the action as a tender of peaceful token and an assurance that he had found friends. Neither did he hesitate to accompany them back to their wigwams at the mouth of the river. On his arrival there he was furnished bearskins and fur robes plenty, and was allotted a floor space in the tepee of the Indian chief. Their treatment soon advised him that he was considered a sacred being, come to them in answer to the prayer of the "medicine-man," to lead the northern warriors into captivity. Being bright of mind, he learned at once to speak in Indian signs, and 'ere a moon had waned away he spoke their language well. He informed them that he came from the land of the rising sun—a land inhabited by pale-faced people—and, in canoe whose masthead reached the clouds, had crossed the seas. He spoke of the perils of ship-wreck which he had endured; how a dozen men like him had swam ashore, been taken captives by the Quilliutes and all but he been murdered. His captors had reserved him for a fate or purpose he could not conjecture, but he had been closely watched by braves both day and night, until the morning—in the darkest hour, before the streaks of daylight appeared—he felt a breath upon his cheek, his thongs were quietly removed and his belt and sheath-kinfe restored. Then he was conducted by a gentle hand around the sentries and through the sleeping camp, and headed o'er the trail. No word was spoken, yet by intuition there was an assurance that some gentle creature would save his life. When his pathway meandered near the sea, he observed a seal-maid swimming in the smooth waters, the flows that rise and fall between the two first lines of combing surf, and when he loitered it appeared she urged him on. With morning's dawn a hurried glance informed him that he was pursued by swift and stalwart runners, but he hurried on with quickened speed, wondering what opportunity had in store for his escape. And then auspicious fortune launched him in the hands of his deliverers, who, with

him and the captives, returned to the chief's village.

The "medicine-man," entering his abode where no other dared to venture, of the white bird. This time it descended and perched upon the head of the pale-face youth, the sacred shell drake sought his protection and in his bosom



"Perched himself on the rocks high above the combing surf."

in solitude, was overcome by the Great Spirit, slumbered and dreamed—and in his dream there appeared again the vision nestled, safe from the talons of the pursuing sparrow-hawk. These were omnious signs, and he came forth and spoke

as of the "Tomanowis" in words of wisdom:

"The white boy," he said, "shall be adopted into the tribe. The Great Spirit has spoken. In time he shall become the wedded spouse of the chief's daughter, and, following his death, become the chieftain of the tribe. He shall be educated to hurl the harpoon at the whale, duly instructed in all the warriorlike arts of the red man, and invested with all the rights, customs and privileges due to the exalted station promised him."

The warriors present bowed their heads in acquiescence and it was ordered that three braves, recently captured from the Clatsops, be given him as thralls. The softest buckskins were chosen for his garments and trimmed with choicest ivory elk's teeth; and the circlet round his brow was plumed with the tail-feathers of the mountain eagle, and after that bird, the monarch of the air, by command of the chief, he was named Ka-na-witze. The chief's daughter, Kon-i-te-na (Young Fawn), a child of ten, was taught henceforth to consider the comely youth her affianced mate.

Much was the white youth interested in the ceremonies carried on, for circumstances assured him that compliance with the terms of the prophecies was the only alternative to sure death, or the worse fate of excoriation.

Ka-na-witze, active and athletic, soon became expert in shooting arrow and hurling spear; and, by his prowess in the canoe chase of the whale, won his way to leading hunter of the tribe, occupied a seat in council by the chief, and gave advice at will—distinctions only accorded braves and warriors of proved skill and valor. When the appointed bride was growing out of childhood, oft they wandered together through the forest's leafy bowers, where the breath of summer, laden with the perfume of wild roses, invited love. He grew to be an inseparable part of the wild maid's life, and in his absent hours she occupied her time weaving garlands in her hair and beautifying herself, as sweethearts do for those they love, by aid of nature's mirrors, the deep pools in shady nooks of crystal streams. She wept in grief when he departed for the whale chase or the war-path—she wept in joyousness when he returned. He grew to love her well, for she was moulded in disposition sweet and winning ways, but he regarded her only as a sister. He loved another with that deep passion, the culmination of all the sacred feelings of the heart, and often his mind soared back across the billowy deep to a little girl he ever cherished in his memory—his captain's daughter—whom he had left behind, and to whom he had promised to return—a girl just budding into maidenhood. Then his heart would beat with mighty force as if to burst, and send the blood in torrents to his temples. At such times he would wander down the beach and up the sinuous streams where the shell-drake and black swan used and breeded, and when he heard the cooing of the doves and saw the swans woo in the wild reeds, he would heave a mighty sigh and yearn for word of home. These unexplained absences the wild maid noticed, and grieved her heart away, but hid her grief from all the tribe. At last the appointed time was near at hand when he should fulfil the prophecies of the medicine-man and take the dusky maid to wife, and numerous runners went forth north and south, along the beach and up the valley, to apprise the members of the tribe of the coming feast, and make announcement of many ponies to be given away, and many yards of wampum, and elk's teeth. A whale chase was planned wherein Ka-na-witze should ride in his accustomed place at the bow of the first canoe, and if, on this occasion, again a steady hand he proved, and they brought the whale at last to beach, he should be made guardian of its sacred eye, the fetich of the tribe, and dispense the tid-bits of whale skin to the assembled wedding guests, a distinction not easily won or worn.

One day, with fullness of heart, he sought for solitude, and wandered down to where Coph Palis stands boldly forth within the surf, and swimming out he

climbed up to its top. While pondering o'er the situation of affairs, his brow within his hands, his attention was attracted by a mournful sound. Lifting his eyes, he observed the seal-maid swimming in the surf. In her embrace she bore another form with face white as the field lily, and beautiful hair, in long tresses hanging down and sporting with the waves. With the quickness of thought he sprang into the sea, and rescuing the fair one from the arms of the seal-maid, swam ashore and chaffed her limbs and breathed the breath of life again into her lungs. As she resumed consciousness he looked out on the sea, and then the setting sun, fired in the west, showed forth above the horizon the silhouette of a mighty ship, with broken masts and torn sails. From her bowels, as still he gazed in astonishment, burst flames of fire. While yet his eyes were riveted upon the thrilling scene there came an explosion with thunderous tones, which shook the earth and ocean, and threw the water heavenward like a hugh waterspout, and through the falling water of the giant geyser, the ship, whale-like, raised her stern and dived beneath the sea. Then it dawned upon his mind that the seal-maid had rescued the girl from the burning vessel and brought her safely to the rock.

When he scanned the face again, in consternation, he recognized his captain's daughter—the love he had left behind. With renewed efforts he chaffed and rubbed her sea-numbed limbs, and warmed her back to partial health, and when she had gathered strength sufficient, she told her story. How, his ship not returning, and remaining over-due while days grew to months and months to years, the captain's family had purchased a craft and followed his ocean trail in search of him. How, after cruising between countless points for many months, they found a rumor among the natives living many leagues to the south, of the wrecking of the vessel and the captivity of all those who had escaped alive therefrom. How, when nearing the point where they expected to gain reliable intelligence of the lost ship, and of the crew, if any chanced to be alive, their vessel had encountered heavy storms, and when dismasted and dismantled—the sport of ocean's wave—had taken fire, and for many days had burned away within the confines of the hold, until the heated decks became unbearable. Then she, being Catholic, kissed the Vatican-blessed charm hanging in her bosom, told her beads and sprang into the sea expecting death, but was saved from a coral bier by the seal-maid, who rescued her when despairing, and bore her toward the shore.

With sinking hopes Ka-na-witze thought of the wedding feast, and his heart stood still, for a while refusing to beat. The nuptial hour was near at hand, but to wed the dusky maid was beyond his strength and purpose. Neither would dissimulation long avail him, for food, raiment and tender nursing his new-found love must have. At last, with a supreme effort of mind, and with many doubts, he half-way led, and half-way conveyed her on his shoulder to Greenville Point, where the Indians awaited his arrival before proceeding to sea in chase of a monster whale now sporting a mile or more off shore, and brought her to the chief, there told his tale of love and sought releasement from inferred vow to marry his daughter.

Kon-i-te-ma heard it all as in a dream, fell sick at heart, and went forth to a projecting rock at the turning of the tide and looked down at the boiling, seething water below, and prayed the Great Spirit to forgive her contemplated deed. But the sacred seal-maid, appearing before her, forbid her further proceed, and clambering up and on the rock, in soothing tone spoke to her: "Fair maid," she said, "disappointment is woman's lot through life, and suffering for others is the greatest jewel of true womanhood. There is no balm to heal your crushed and bleeding heart, but there is contentment in duty. The forecast of the future shows immeasurable griefs and miseries resulting from inter-marriages of different races and colors. The legend runs,

'that a lineage of demi-gods, white in color, shall come amongst your nation, and the great sun of their arrival and inter-marriage shall mark the advent of

"Beautifying herself by the aid of Nature's mirrors."

incurable disease and decay among your offspring. The descendants of those who now multiply like leaves of the forest and are brave and skilfull with the arrow, the harpoon, and the spear, and proudly march to battle in war-paint and bedecked with feathers, will become dwarfed and shriveled with disease, will become the taunt of the white men, will grow fewer and fewer until they will be no

more in the accustomed haunts of the Quinaults.' The Great Spirit ,in taking your promised husband from you has saved you from the perpetration of a great wrong against your people. But linger no longer here. Even now Ka-na-witze is pleading his cause before the chief, your father. He will be sentenced to burn at the stake at sunrise, and the young white maid is threatened to become the wanton slave of Wakitup, who now succeeds to the chieftainship. But you must accomplish their escape. To-night, an hour before moonrise, I will hypnotize the braves guarding them and, though it tears asunder the cords of your heart, upon which true and requited love would play like the winds on an Aolean harp, and the fevered heat of your blood threaten to consummate the destruction of your body, if you would ever look upon the face of the Great Spirit over there in dreamland, go quickly to your father's dwelling and be convinced, and then to the "medicine-man" and invoke for them his aid and protection. Tell him the sacred seal-maid is to lead their flight, and if he disobeys her injunctions his dreams shall come to naught, and the Great Spirit shall raise up another, with more spirit power and wisdom than he, to take his place."

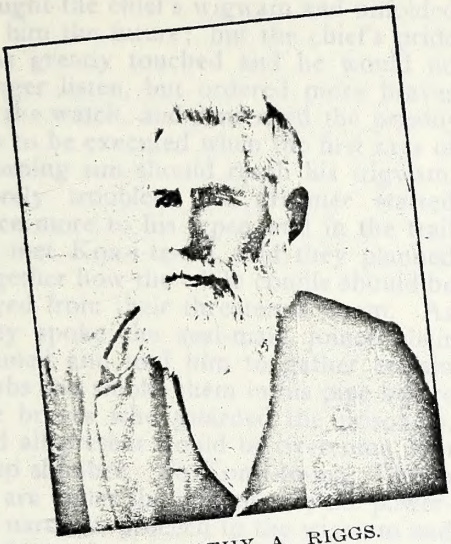
Thus spoke the seal-maid, and vanished beneath the waters. Then Kon-i-te-ma no longer contemplated self-destruction, but picking her footsteps down the cliff she quickly padled her birch canoe across the stream, and with the swiftness of a deer, ran to the wigwam of her father, where a council of warriors was being held. Through an opening of an elk-skin robe at the door Ka-na-witze was seen bound to a stake and the grief-stricken white maid by his side. As she looked upon him, her father rose and addressed him before the council:

"For many snows you have been amongst us and I have treated you as a son. The seal-maid preserved your life and led your enemies, the Quilliutes, into our hands. The "medicine-man" slept and communed with the Great Spirit, and in his vision the tribe's "to-tem," the white-tipped eagle, spread his protecting wings above your head. By his command you were adopted into our tribe, and the hand of my daughter, Kon-i-te-ma, promised you. She has now reached the years when the young men of the tribe are looking on her with longing eyes. The neriditary chief has demanded your life and her hand, and the council is divided. The medicine-man" has always defended you, pleading the will of the Tomanowis. Come, speak! Will you take my daughter and become my adopted son and, when the Great Chief over there in the sunshine behind the clouds of life has closed my eyes in the last sleep, follow me as chief of the tribe?

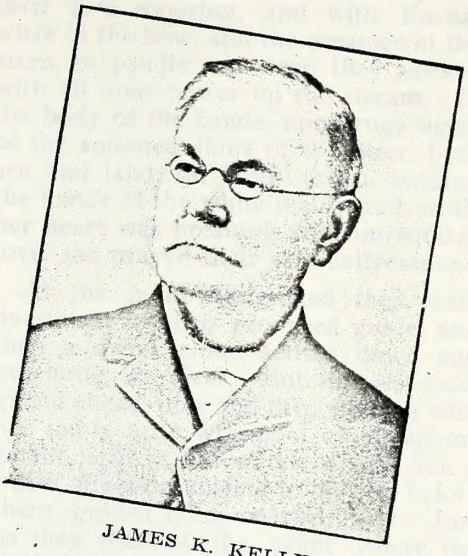
Ka-na-witze made signs that he would not speak unless they released his bonds. Obeying an order of the chief, attending braves sprung up, and his hands were quickly loosened, and thus he spoke:

"My chief, my father: True, for five great suns I have lived with your people. I was thrown amongst you when a lad, but already I had made two voyages across the sea, and on returning was to have commond of a ship. From the cradle I was betrothed to the white maid. For many moons I have been the companion of your daughter—I have loved and cherished her as a little sister, I have protected her from harm, and have worked to strew her path through life with roses. Yet I never gave her kiss of love, never taught her to look upon me as other than a brother. But, as it seemed that I was forever parted from my early-affianced wife, I would have married her. But the Great Spirit interfered, and in her rescue prohibited the contemplated wedding. We cannot leave you if we would. Therefore, if you cannot endure me and my promised bride amongst you, lead us forth and let us die in each other's arms."

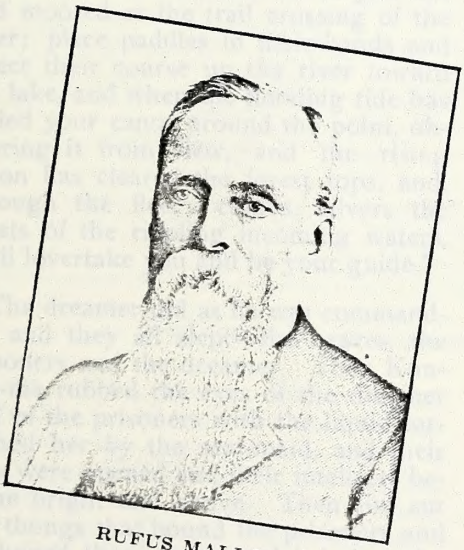
The "medicine-man" now sought his tepee and invoked the aid of "Tomanowis." When the coals of the prophetic herbs in his medicinal urn grew bright, his eyes were opened and he, too, saw eyes were opened and he, too, saw, down the lapse of time, wreck, decima-



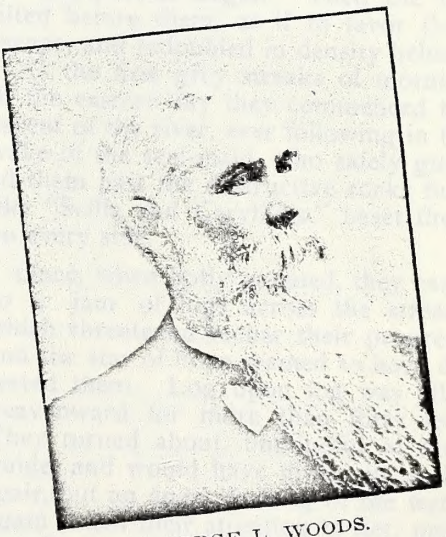
TIMOTHY A. RIGGS.
A Pioneer of 1846.



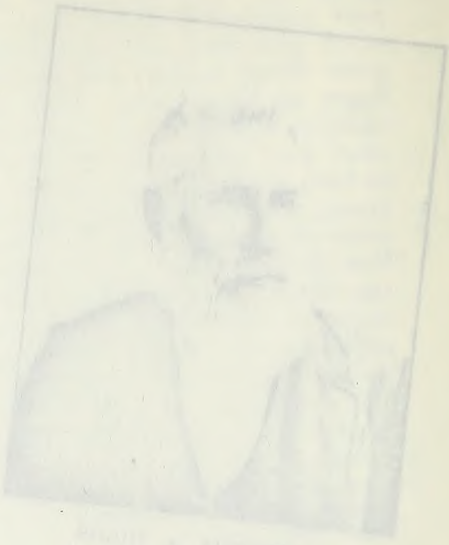
JAMES K. KELLY.
A Pioneer of 1851.



RUFUS MALLORY.
A Pioneer of 1858.



GEORGE L. WOODS.
A Pioneer of 1847.



tion and final extermination of his people from the cause asigned. Again he sought the chief's wigwam and unfolded to him the future; but the chief's pride was greatly touched and he would no longer listen, but ordered more braves to the watch, and sentenced the prisoners to be executed when the first rays of morning sun should reach his wigwam. Sorely troubled, the dreamer started once more to his tepee, and in the trail he met Kon-i-te-ma, and they planned together how the white couple should be saved from their threatened doom. As they spoke the seal-maid joined their council and told him to gather certain herbs and smoke them in his pipe before the braves who guarded the prisoners, and all present would be overcome with deep slumber. To Kon-i-te-ma: "When all are under the influence of the powerful narcotic, proceed to the wigwam and apply to the eyes of the prisoners, and the dreamer, the liquid from this elk's horn, and when they had shaken off their drowsiness, release the bonds of the prisoners and conduct them, with the dreamer, to the canoe which you will find moored at the trail crossing of the river; place paddles in their hands and direct their course up the river toward the lake, and when the flooding tide has caried your canoe around the point, obscuring it from view, and the rising moon has cleared the forest tops, and, through the fleecy clouds, silvers the crests of the rippling incoming waters, I wil lovertake you and be your guide."

The dreamer did as he was commanded, and they all slept—the braves, the prisoners and the dreamer. Then Kon-i-te-ma rubbed the eyes of the dreamer and of the prisoners with the liquid furnished her by the seal-maid, and their eyes were opened and their intellects became bright and active. Then she cut the thongs that bound the prisoners and beckoned them away, and led them by the trail, past the sleeping chief's house, to a little inlet where a canoe was securely tethered, obscured from view amongst the flags and water-lilies. And when the swells of the incoming tide commenced to break with a rilling laugh on the smooth pebbles of the beach, they left their safe mooring, and with Ka-na-witze in the bow, and the dreamer in the stern, to paddle and steer, they worked with all their power up the stream. In the body of the canoe, upon rugs made of the softened skins of the otter, both sea and land, sat Kon-i-te-ma, holding the hands of the white maid; and, while her heart was breaking with unrequited love, she prayed their safe deliverance.

At the point designated they were overtaken by their promised guide, and then a dense cloud settled down and overhung the river. But the seal-maid glided ahead, now and then striking with her tail a little whirlpool of phosphorescent light in the water, which, like a will-o'-the-wisp, flitting to and fro before them, guided them on their way. Just as they reached the point where the swift-running waters of the mountain stream lost themselves with those of the bay at its mouth, the shriek of the white-tipped eagle, left behind at watch, apprised them that the village was awakened and pursuit begun. Then the fog lifted before them, as if to favor their escape, and redoubled in density behind.

As the first grey streaks of morning lit the eastern sky they commenced the ascent of the river, ever following in the wake of the seal-maid, who safely guided them past the destructive rocks that, like "Scilla and Carybidis," beset them on every side.

Once, when hotly pursued, they came to a jam of logs across the stream, which threatened to bar their progress, and the star of hope seemed to have deserted them. Log upon log was piled heavenward for more than forty feet. They turned about, unmindful of their guide, and would have given up in despair, but an angry lashing of the water again called their attention to her, making her way through sheets of water between the logs, like channels in the floes in the polar seas, towards a streak of shining light beneath a giant log which seemed but the thickness of a tree leaf. Then the seal-maid disappeared,

and they were seemingly caught in a snare, and left to sure annihilation. Suddenly, however, there came a tugging at the canoe from underneath, which drew it downward and forced it violently ahead. Now destruction by drowning appeared inevitably staring them in the face. Preservation from present danger made them inflect their heads to the bottom of the canoe, and then in safety, while they held their breath, it was hurried through beneath a tree and into a long extension of smooth waters above. The pursuers, when they found their intended victims not within the promised trap, raised a yell that reverberated up the gulches leading out from the stream for many miles away. Without relaxation, however, they lifted their canoe across the jam and into the stream above it, and with redoubled efforts drove her on in hot pursuit. They now thought to overtake the fleeing canoe a short distance above, where the stream was much congested, and broke in a thousand cascades between the rocks, and then, in one mad leap, poured in a water-fall, down a paddle's length or more. But here the escaping boatmen took to poles and drove the canoe, hard after the seal-maid into the brakes where seemed no water for the watercresses, but where the channel led them in a gradual ascent past the threatening rocks and waterfall. This channel the pursuers were ignorant of, and were hindered many moments, precious to the occupants in the canoe ahead, in dragging their dug-outs round the obstacles to their passage. Two nights and a day, without relaxation, they pushed ahead. The second morning when the sun, still hidden by the hills, had painted the heaven's above with a million brilliant, shooting rays, and the sun-dogs sported in the eastern sky, the stream widened out into a beautiful lake whose banks were studded with giant trees of spruce and fir, extending for many miles beyond.

"Goes forth to the overhanging cliff to propitiate the Great Spirit."

All gazed in admiration at the magnificent scenery. The outlines of the mountain shadows cast upon the waters from the burning sun behind, and the reflected images, beneath the water, of the trees along the lake, made it seem that nature had reversed herself, so grandly beautiful was her mirrored work. But when the blazing monitor arose from the snow-peaked horizon, the enchantment seemed to dissolve, and the minds again descended to their present danger. Looking around they discovered the seal-maid had disappeared. Then, steering to a fallen log that measured half its length upon the lake, the dreamer took Kon-i-te-ma by the hand and stepping ashore with her, addressed Ka-na-witze:

"My white son, here will we wait the coming of our people, and attempt to turn them back from their wild design. Here at the beginning of this beautiful body of water, that of itself speaks of enchantment, I draw a dividing line. Go you and people the land above this lake and beyond the snows, but come not again among our tribe." Kon-i-te-ma, with the sweetness of forlorn contentment, spoke to the white maid, saying: "Sister, go: I give my love to you. I would have climbed beyond my sphere in life, but I smother my heart's desire. I cannot marry where I love, therefore no other man shall call me wife. The Great Spirit has promised a reward for my sacrifice. In sweet remembrance I will hold my stricken love in the happy life beyond the Great Sleep. If I save my people from their threatened fate, a tranquil happiness within view of the face of the Great Father shall be my lot. Farewell forever my sweet lady, and—my only love.

The white couple took a course for the sugar loaf peak which stands in the middle of the valley above the lake, and their canoe was but a little speck upon the water, away over in the distance, when the pursuers came to where Kon-i-tema and the dreamer waited. The Indians say that the white couple were lost, and their spirits still inhabit the giant sentinels of the Olympic Mountains, Mt. Olympus and Mt. Constantine; and, when the sun, sinking in the west, shoots his beams upon their crests, the spirits of Ka-na-witze and his spouse, dressed in bridal garments which in glistening whiteness rival the icy snows of winter thereabouts, are plainly visible.

When the pursuers came upon the dreamer, he stood with Kon-i-te-ma by his side as in a trance, and raised his hand heavenwards forbidding them to go farther in pursuit. "The lake," he said, "is fatal to our people. Stay within the confines of the valley bordering on the river below, and you shall multiply and remain a great nation."

But they were obdurate and would not listen ,and the chief coming up, ordered the dreamer and Kon-i-te-ma bound and placed in his canoe. "The dreamer is false and shall die," he exclaimed in wrath, "and my undutiful daughter shall marry a eunuch slave from the Clatsops."

They started again in pursuit, but a storm coming up they were driven to the shore, where Mt. Elizabeth stands as a sleepless guard over the lake. For many days they were weather bound and could neither pursue nor return, and then the Great Spirit frowned upon them, and they were all stricken with dread disease and fell in death like autumn leaves. At last in sore distress they released the dreamer, and in their sorrowful extremity sought his advice. He answered: "Return from hence, for hereafter no redmen can live around the waters of this lake. Come here and trap and fish and shoot the deer and elk when you will, but those who atempt to make their homes on the banks of its fatal waters shall die with this terrible scourge. The "Tomanowis" has spoken."

They returned to the village in the lowlands of the river bank near the beach. Kon-i-te-ma, stricken with the plague, escaping from her keepers, wandered out one night, and sat upon a rock o'erlooking the sea. In her fevered delirium she imagined the sacred seals were calling her and leaped out into the

boiling, breaking waters and was never seen afterwards. Now, when the storm howls along the coast no Indian will approach this point of rocks, for the moaning and wailing of the winds around the point they believe to be the voice of Kon-i-te-ma, and, while reticent on the subject before strangers, they tell anyone who gains their confidence, that sickness and dread unmasterful disease amongst them dates from the death of the old chief's daughter; and they will continue to degenerate until ehr spirit comes back to them in the flesh.
the disappearance of the old chief's daughter, and they will continue to degenerate until her spirit comes back to them in the flesh. Then they will reciver their former greatness. With the death of Kon-i-te-ma the sacred seals forever left the waters of the Quinault, and the ocean bordering on the land of this once prosperous Indian tribe.

Even now, whe nth eremnants of the tribe assemble at the agency, on the occasion of a "cultus potlach" or a "medicine dance," when the early autumn sea tells but a hushed story to the glistening agate beach, in the quietness of the small hours of after midnight, just as the silvery moon, before dipping beneath the ocean horizon, casts her last cold rays, like huge search lights, on the headlands of the coast ,the dreamer, accompanied by a brave, goes forth to the overhanging cliff and drops the choicest morsels of whale skin and dried elk into the waters. This is done to propitiate the wrath of the Great Spirit, so he will recall the sacred seals to their former haunts on the rocks that dot the shores. For a legend runs that Kon-i-te-ma was saved from drowning by the seals and borne away to other shores, and with their return will reappear the lost princess of their tribe.

H. D. CHAPMAN.

* * *

The first recorded date where a white man placed his foot upon the soil of the Pacific Northwest is given as July 14, 1775. The same date also marks the time when the first white man is known to have met his death at the hands of the Indians.

These incidents come to the pages of history from accounts of the voyages made by Spanish navigators. In the the year mentioned the ship Santiago, in command of Capt. Bruno Heceta, and Sonora, in command of Lieut. Bodega Quadra, were sailing up the coast, and upon arriving at a point now called Point Greenville, concluded to land. Capt. Heceta went on shore with a priest and a few others, for the purpose of setting up a cross. He met but a few Indians and returned safely to his vessel. Lieut. Quadra sent Pedro Santa Ana, his boatswain, and six seamen on shore for a supply of fresh water. They had hardly reached land before they were attacked by the natives and five of the party were killed by them, the remaining two lost their lives by drowning while endeavoring to swim to the vessel.

The first murder perpetrated by the Indians living south of the Columbia's mouth, was committed in what was named Murderer's Harbor, now believed to have been Tillamook bay. The Lady Washington, under command of Capt. Robert Gray, who afterwards discovered the Columbia river, ran his vessel into the bay, when some of the crew went on shore. Among those going was the captain's servant, a Spanish lad from the Cape Verde Islands, named Marcos Lopez. The Indians stole his cutlass, and in trying to recover it he was killed by them. This occurred August 16, 1792.

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It is said that a consignment of Oregon eggs shipped to California in 1849, on the General Lane, sold at the Sacramento markets at $1 each.

A TOUR OF THE WORLD.

JOHN J. VALENTINE, PRESIDENT OF WELLS-FARGO & CO., WRITES HIS FRIEND, AARON STEIN, OF SAN FRANCISCO, AN ACCOUNT OF HIS TRAVELS.

(Published by Special Permission of Mr. Valentine.)

Warsaw, Nov. 27, 1899.

DEAR UNCLE AARON:

After practically five days' stay in St. Petersburg we continued on to Moscow, twelve hours distant, and, in round figures, 400 miles to the southeast. The railroad connecting these two cities was built between 1848-'51 by Ross Wynans, of Baltimore, and he is reputed to have made a colossal fortune out of the contract. The line, perfectly straight, is through a country that in some respects resembles "the bad lands of Dakota," though more timbered, and in others the turf or peat lands of Southern Denmark and Northern Germany; and yet allowing for these natural disadvantages, I was surprised to find that no appreciable improvements in the conditions of living have made themselves manifest along this line of road in the fifty years since its construction. The peasant villages to be seen enroute are mere aggregations of log hovels, and those removed from it are said to present even a more shabby appearance. When winter comes, the occupants of these huts are not merely the peasant with his wife and children, but sometimes the cow, pig, chickens, etc., are also sheltered inside, and from all one sees and hears there is no doubt in my mind that the conditon of these peasants is more squalid today than any that prevailed amongst the African slaves in the United States before they were freed from bondage by President Lincoln. I am informed that these peasants hire out for sixty roubles ($30) per season; which, applying as it does to the whole year, brings them only $2.50 earnings per month; yet in the days of slavery a colored woman would earn double that amount in additon to her board and clothing; while a colored man would earn three times as much—board and clothing likewise included. Even in the Gulf States I have never seen a regular "plantation quarters" for slave labor more bare and primitive than the log huts which constitute the Russian peasant villages met with along the route between St. Petersburg, Moscow, and elsewhere.

Moscow, the railroad center of Russia in Europe, claims a population of 1,100,000. By reference to the atlas it will be seen that railroads diverge from this point in every direction. To the northwest runs the line to St. Petersburg and Finland, connecting with steamers for down the Gulf of Finland and up the Gulf of Bothnia, and on the south side of the Gulf of Finland with railroads to Courland and Seeland, and again by steamer thence across the Baltic; to the southwest by rail to Warsaw, Germany, and Austria; and south to the Caucasus and to Odessa, Batum, and other ports on the Black Sea; while almost due eastward extends the great Trans-Siberian road, of which some 3,000 miles are in operation—possibly more—as it is said trains are nine days enroute to the present eastern terminus. It must be borne in mind, however, that trains in Russia are not run as fast as in the United States. The ultimate termini of this Trans-Siberian Railway are to be Vladivostock, on the southeastern extremity of Siberia, and Port Arthur, on the Gulf of Pechili, China, recently acquired by lease—both facing the Pacific ocean, but

separated from it by the Japan Sea, and the Yellow Sea, respectively.

Moscow is situated on the Moskva River, the waters of which empty into the Volga, and it in turn discharges into the Caspian Sea. The city is said to be built on seven hills; and while these are not very conspicuous elevations they serve to relieve it from the dead-level monotony which characterizes St. Petersburg. Little is to be said of the city architecturally. It has a somewhat rambling appearance, and its general situation reminds me more of Chihuahua, Mexico, than of any other locality I can now call to mind, though it has no such background of hills. Many of its houses partake of Southern characteristics, resembling those of Mexican cities —having a driveway entrance from the street to an inner court or patio, in which are located servants' quarters, stables, etc.

The social atmosphere as apprehended by tourists is less marked by officialism than in St. Petersburg, and I infer there is more of neighborly intimacy between the masses of the population than exists in that city.

Nearly in the centre of Moscow, occupying one of its hills, is located what is known as the Kremlin, and as the chief historic interest of the city—if not of Russia—centres in the Kremlin, I will be a little more specific in describing it. The Kremlin of Moscow was begun originally by the construction of a little building—a monastery, called "St. Savior in the Wood." Around this modest structure grew up in time a regal settlement, justifying the tradition that the Kremlin dates back nearly a thousand years. Certainly it is that it has been a fortress for hundreds of years—that it was captured by the Poles and wrested from them by the Tartars, and from them was retaken by the Russians. It is somewhat triangular in shape, and the total length of its surrounding walls is nearly two miles. It is situated on the highest of the seven little hills within the limits of the city, protected on one side by the Moskva River, and on the other by a moat which can be flooded from the river. Entrance to the enclosure is had by five different gaets. From each of the four corners of the walls rises a massive tower of considerable magnitude, and along the intervening spaces there are sixteen smaller towers, all intended for defense; though, of course, worthless as against modern artillery.

Within the Kremlin enclosure are the Great Palace, the Little Palace, the Arsenal, the Law Courts, three churches in which the emperors are respectively crowned, baptized and married, (and up to Peter I, were buried) one Convent, one Monastery, the Tower of Ivan IV, a Statue of Alexander II, and the "Big Bell of the Kremlin." This bell is about 25 feet in diameter and 30 feet high. It formerly hung in a wooden tower in front of the original little monastery already mentioned. Its weight is said to be 200 tons; and 7 tons is the weight of a comparatively small section of it lying by its side. This fragment was broken out of the bell when it fell, years ago, the tower itself being burnt.

The palaces in the Kremlin enclosure do not require elaborate reference, though each is important as being the place where one of the various ceremonies of an imperial coronation is conducted. What is called "The Treasury" in the royal buildings, contains a great number and variety of valuables and costly gifts of all kinds presented to the royal family—but I shall mention only one, that of the Japanese Government to the present emperor at his coronation, a large ivory eagle, settling or alighting upon a mammoth Cryptomaria stump. The distended wings must be eight feet from tip to tip. The carving of the plumage is exquisite, and the entire piece is magnificently executed in every respect. In view of the magnitude of the Emperor's domains, the prowess of the Muscovite people, and the commanding position of the Russian Government in the affairs of the world, the Japanese conception of a fitting memento seems exceptionally felicitous.

The three churches, already referred

to as within the enclosure—viz: the Assumption, the Annunciation, and that of the Archangel St. Michael—are not attractive specimens of architecture viewed from the outside, and inside the walls and ceilings are literally covered with paintings, some of them undoubtedly of artistic merit, but marred and defaced by the application of barbaric ideas relating to Icons—i. e., they are largely covered by gold sheets, gold leaf, or gold foil; and the effect produced is something like the combination of colors and figures in a soiled and faded crazy-quilt. A grotesque and amusing wall decoration of one of these churches portrays the incident of Jonah and the Whale. The mammal is pictured as a sort of flattened-out, tailless salmon, with the head of a goose, its bill widely open to swallow Jonah head first. As he likewise emerges head first from this singular nondescript, my guide very aptly remarked: "He go in head first; he come out head first; so he turn around inside."

Looking from any of the towers within the Kremlin walls the stranger is struck by the number of spires and minarets which are visible in all parts of the city, and I was told there are no less than four hundred and fifty public churches in Moscow, to say nothing of private chapels, shrines, etc.

The church of St. Basil, with its eleven towers and eleven chapels, just outside the Kremlin walls, is deserving of mention. It was built in the time of "Ivan the Terrible," and presents a grotesque appearance. The completed structure so highly pleased that amiable monarch that by way of showing his appreciation of the work he had the architect's eyes put out in order to prevent the possibility of his constructing another which might eclipse this church.

The "House Romanoff," not far distant, an unpretentious building, is interesting as being the birth-place of the first of the present Russian dynasty. In it are still to be seen the cradle, toys, etc., of Czar Michael, who was the first to proclaim himself "Emperor of all the Russias."

Another feature of Moscow deserving of mention, is the old city wall, outside that enclosing the Kremlin. The foundations of this old wall rest upon that originally constructed and maintained by the Tartars, during their period of supremacy in Russia—i. e., the latter part of the twelfth and up to the latter part of the fourteenth century.

A pleasant relief from the distortions on the walls of the Kremlin churches and the gruesome spectres conjured up by the church of St. Basil are the fine paintings which adorn the modern church of St. Savior, located in another part of the city and built in commemoration of the defeat of the allied French forces, when they marched upon Moscow in 1812. The church is a single cross in form, and while its exterior is not particularly imposing—though of magnitude—the interior is singularly fine, stately and impressive. To the height of probably thirty feet the walls are finished in highly polished stone work—marble, jaspar, porphyry, etc.—and above this height, including the ceiling and the interior of the magnificent dome, they have been decorated by three of the best living Russian artists—Verestchagine, Makouffsky and Semaratzky. "The Last Supper," by Semaratzky, immediately in the rear of the chancel, bears no resemblance in design or treatment to that of Leonardo da Vinci, but it is strikingly effective in its own way. In addition to other admirable features of this noble structure the effects of light, as introduced, are unusually good. Some fifty feet above the floor, at each of the four extremities of the cross, are large and beautiful stained glass windows which shed a flood of softened light throughout the whole interior.

The palaces, the churches, the monasteries and the convents of the city all contain paintings of merit and interest, but the most modern and the most pleasing are those to be found in the church of St. Savior, and in a notable private col-

lection donated to the city by the Tritjakoff brothers, merchants of Moscow—now both dead. These gentlemen occupied themselves with business affairs most successfully, but were possessed also of cultured taste, and in the splendid gallery of paintings which they devised to the city while living are to be seen some of the finest specimens of Russian pictorial art. In this collection there are many, many pictures of notable excellence, indeed.

Two places of interest that we visited just outside the city are Sparrow Hill and Petrofsky Palace. The former is to the south and there Napoleon had his headquarters, in a two-story stuccoed brick house which is now used as a "vodke"—shop for peasants. From here he issued his demands for the surrender of Moscow, which were answered by the burning of the city. The condition of the road we traveled from Moscow to Sparrow Hill was such as to suggest that the thousand cannons of Napoleon's now in the Kremlin might recently have been dragged over it. The Petroffsky palace is on the north side of town, and here, after the burning of Moscow, Napoleon declared himself Emperor of Europe. Five days later, however, began that world-memorable retreat, of the awful disasters attending which between nine hundred and a thousand French cannon in the Kremlin but faintly intimate the story.

But of far more interest to me than the relics of by-gone dynasties and evidences of the throat-cutting proclivities of the human race, was the presence in Moscow of a distinguished man whose life has been one long struggle and sacrifice to mitigate the evils, privations, and hardships of his fellow-beings. I refer to Count Leo Tolstoy. Sending him my card, he very promptly and courteously invited me to call in the evening, which I did. During the interview I had the pleasure of meeting him and two of his sons, each of whom—father and sons—speak good English; hence there was no bar or hindrance to our conversation. Count Leo Tolstoy asked various questions relative to our country in general and California in particular; but his chief interest, from first to last, was centered in the attitude of the United States toward the Philippines. This he profoundly deplored, because, as he said, it is in effect a nullification of the position our country has hitherto occupied amongst the nations of the world.

BERLIN

Berlin, December 4, 1899.

Having despatched my letter on Moscow. I will record a few observations on Warsaw, the next city of especial interest along my line of travel. A glance at a map will illustrate this, Warsaw being situated on the main route from Moscow to Berlin, to which city my course was directed. The country traversed before leaving Moscow presented much the same general features as that between it and St. Petersburg. We passed successively the towns of Smolensk, Minsk and Brest. The last named being near the borders of Poland, the country thereabouts already begins to assume a much more inviting appearance. There are beter farm improvements, finer timber tracts, more and better farm lands, more comfortable cabins for the peasantry, etc., and there is apparent on all sides a more advanced stage of civilization and progress; though in none of these particulars is it to be compared with the carefully cultivated farms, pleasant homes and villages of Scandinavian countries. About the latter there was an all pervading neatness and tidiness which distinguishes the rural scenery of eastern Canada and those of our own New England states, and to which Russia furnishes no parallel whatever.

The city of Warsaw is located on the river Vistula, (Weichsel) which, rising in Hungary, finds its way through Cracow, Warsaw, etc., to the Baltic at or near Elbing and Danzig, in northeastern Germany. Two fine bridges spanning the river connect the east and west sides of Warsaw—the one upstream being for ordinary passage and that lower down for railroad crossing. The city is built

mainly on elevated ground, the greater and best part of it being from 50 to 75 feet higher than the districts immediately adjoining the river. Its population is said to be over 600,000; of whom 150,000 are Jews, chiefly congregated in one particular quarter, and in that quarter may be seen a community as weird-loking and diversified in costume and calling as can be found on Hester Street and its vicinity in New York City—but not more so. Having visited both localities I make bold to say that Hester Street and the courts and alleys which together constitute the so-called Russian-Jewish quarter of New York, present quite as strange and uncanny aspects as the Jewish quarters of Warsaw; or, for that matter, of any other European city I have yet visited; and I believe the density of population in the New York locality mentioned is greater than that found in the "Ghetto" of Warsaw.

The old royal palace of Poland, in Warsaw, has been divestd of its interior trappings and valuable belongings, and hence had no attractions to offer; but even if it had, there is a tiresome monotony about the contents of palaces that eventually palls upon the interest of a traveler. What remains visible and attractive here of the former royalty of Poland is the summer palace of King Poniatowsky, which is kept in perfect repair and maintained as he left it over one hundred years ago (about 1795), and is still utilized during the summer as a visiting place of the Russian Emperor. This cozy little abode of royalty is the most home-like of any of the palaces I have ever visited, and they have been comparatively numerous. There is a unique feature of the grounds surrounding it that deserves mention—viz.: an out-door summer theatre. The stage and settings of this are on a tiny island in a little lake not far from the palace walls, while the auditorium consists of seats arranged along the opposite shores nearby, the whole being located within the confines of a park which must be very beautiful in the summer season. Not far from this charming retreat is one of the newly extended and most fashionable avenues of the city,—the Champs Elysees. This is a broad, well-paved thoroughfare, line don either side by handsome modern houses. In this connection, it may be stated that there is little or no odor or appearance of antiquity to any of the principal cities of Northern Europe. That has passed away. The growth and improvements during the present generation have been as remarkable in Europe as in America. There are important cities in Northern Europe that in fifty years have increased 400 per cent in population; and while all the material evidences of this growth and prosperity are as modern and fresh as in New York City, Chicago or San Francisco, architecturally they are far more symmetrical, artistic, and pleasing than those of our American cities.

However, the subject matter of this budget is Warsaw, sole and in particular, not Northern Europe, which will be considered later. One of the main streets of Warsaw, and next in importance to the Champs Elysees, is known as Jerusalem avenue, a lively commercial thoroughfare. Here, as well as in other cities visited, all streets are clean and tidy; for there is exercised that constant supervision that obtains under a government paternal in its chief characteristics. This paternalism finds some most admirable manifestations,—as I shall possibly mention in a future letter. While Warsaw has collections of art, those visited are not important enough to require special comment, and the churches, practically as numerous as elsewhere, may be placed in the same category. It may be noted, however, that the Roman Catholic, not the Russian—so-called "Greek" churches—largely predominate. The opera and the circus are deserving of special mention, for the performances attended in both places were very good. In all these cities I have made it a rule to attend the opera, circus, varieties, etc., as well as the churches, for they all afford opportunities of seeing the habits, dress and

demeanor of the people in-doors, which I wish to observe as well as their walk and conversation out of doors. I think it not unfair to say that to a casual observer the Poles give evidences of greater cultivation and refinement than do their northern neighbors. The opera, "Ernani," presented at the Warsaw opera house, being one with which I am familiar, afforded me an opportunity of making comparisons, and the general excellence of the performance was scarcely second to that of the Copenhagen company, which is decidedly the best operatic troupe I have heard in Europe. In its own peculiar way the circus performance was not less good and enjoyable.

There is the usual display of monumental statues scattered about the city, but none meriting special comment, because whatever commemorates the achievements of Poland is minimized by Russian authority, and that which exalts and glorifies Russian domination is not pleasant for an American to contemplate. I will not indulge in sentiment, and therefore refrain from dwelling upon the several partitions of Poland (the process of carving it having thrice been repeated between 1770 and 1795), whereby a gallant people now numbering 25,000,000 to 30,000,000 have been deprived of national existence. In these days regret over such a mournful vicissitude in a nation's history is out of fashion; the trend of our times being in the direction of the poet Pope's dictum: "Whatever is, is right!" Hence nothing disreputable that ever happened was wrong; and "the cry of the little peoples" is not to be heeded for a moment. However, the political advancement of Austria and Germany during the past fifty years has undoubtedly exerted a reflex influence and given to the Poles within their jurisdiction a reasonable measure of representation, as viewed from the standpoint of European imperialism. Whether as much may be said of Russia and its slice I am not so sure; but even there the status of citizenship is better than it was.

Considering the direct relations of Moscow and Warsaw to the tragical events of 1812 in the career of Napoleon Bonaparte, one of the most intensely interesting sights in the latter city is the panorama or cyclorama of the crossing of the Berezyna river by Napoleon's army during its dreadful retreat from Moscow in midwinter. It presents a ghastly spectacle of human suffering, distress and agony, so realistic in its general and detailed execution that it caused me to shiver with horror at the thought of the awful misery and overwhelming disaster that overtook Napoleon and his grand army in its effort to impress upon all Europe the advantages, benefits and ennobling and elevating influences of "the strenuous life," as it is now called in America. No picture ever drawn by historian, poet or painter can convey an adequate sense of the indescribable horrors of that retreat. Of Napoleon's invading army, 300,000 were sacrificed in that ill-fated campaign,

I had contemplated going from Warsaw to Cracow, the ancient capital of Poland, some distance further south, but dead kings and potentates having been served up to me in every style, every day, for the previous three weeks, I concluded not to have the repose of the kings of Poland intruded upon, and so continued my journey due westward to Berlin, where I am now, and find much to engage my highest interest,

BERLIN

Berlin, December 12th, 1899.

My last budget, the topic of which was Warsaw, bore date Berlin, Dec. 4th, and here I still am, having occupied two weeks in looking in a desultory way at the city and its environs.

From Warsaw to Berlin, the country traversed was not dissimilar from that met with in Scandinavia. the stretch of land extending southeast from the shores of the Baltic is principally rolling, similar to that of Northwestern Illinois or Iowa, and practically all of it is under cultivation. The farm houses, farms, etc., are neat and tidy, and the people, so far as seen, are healthy, robust-looking specimens of humanity.

The city of Berlin forms a subject of greater magnitude than any yet treated of in this correspondence, and all its diversified and notable features are too numerous to be mentioned within the narrow limits of a letter. Topographically it occupies a dead level, though the ground has an ascent toward its southern boundary, reaching an elevation in that quarter of about 100 feet above the valley. Including its several suburban annexes of late years, there are now probably 2,500,000 people congregated in and about what is one of the handsomest great cities of continental Europe—a phenomenal growth attained within the last forty years, its greatest impetus having been acquired from the war indemnity exacted from France. The river Spree with its several branches flows through Berlin, and contiguous thereto forms a junction with the Havel, that river in turn emptying into the Elbe, and it into the Baltic sea. It is therefore not lacking that pleasing feature so noticeable in other cities of Northern Europe, — namely, canals; which here, as elsewhere, connect with the rivers traversing the various sections of the city and still continue to serve in a measure the needs of commerce, to which in times past they sustained an all-important relation.

An item of special interest attaching to this water transportation is the apple traffic from Bohemia carried by boats, that country being drained by branches of the Spree. These apple boats are to be seen daily throughout the city discharging their cargoes. They are about the width and twice the length of an ordinary American canal-boat, and are usually propelled with long poles, both men and women performing this fatiguing labor.

A region of country called the Spree Forest lying along the river not far from Berlin is populated by a primitive but very estimable people, in part of Slavonian origin—Wendisch, so-called—who amongst themselves speak a dialect unintelligible to the aristocratic Germans of Prussia. Their settlements or communes have no regularly laid-out streets, the houses being built along the paths, roadways, or streams winding through the woods. The products of their toil are conveyed to market on canal boats such as described, though often of smaller size, so as to accomodate themselves to he lessening volume of water in some sections whence they come. These boats, whether large or small, are usually sold after their cargoes are disposed of, and the late owners—orchardists, truck farmers and others—when they again have occasion during the following season to market their crops, come with a new boat built during the interval of waiting. Another reason for speaking of the Spree forest and foresters in connection with Berlin is to mention the popular nurse girls who hail from there. Their quaint costume at once arrests the eye of the visiting tourists, and intelligent citizens have told me that this locality furnishes the city relatively a greater number of children's nurses than any other of similar population in Germany. The lives and habits of this peculiar people are simple and wholesome to a notable degree.

Returning to Berlin: The central avenue of its social and business activity—the thoracic artery, as it were, of its circulating humanity is the famous broad boulevard located in the center of the city and known as Unter den Linden (Under the Lindens), with its four rows of lime trees separated from each curb by about 50 feet of roadbed, and altogether quite 300 feet in width and nearly a mile in length. It was laid out originally by the Great Elector Frederick William, over 200 years ago, but did not assume its commanding prominence until Frederick the Great gave it his personal attention. Its entrance is from the wooded park known as the Thiergarten or Animal Enclosure through the Brandenburg Gate, which faces westward. What claim this shady tract of land has to its suggestive title beyond the probability that wild animals once infested it, I have not learned; the name Animal enclosure, (more literally, Animal Garden) suggests the idea of its

having been utilized for a time as a royal zoo. At present it is simply a finely wooded park of several hundred acres within the city limits, its western boundary extending to Charlottenburg, an independent municipality of about 150,000 people.

Reverting briefly to the Brandenburg Gate, the grand entrance to Unter den Linden at its western extremity: This shapely, classical structure is surmounted by the famous and spirited bronze group—a figure of Victory, standing erect on her triumphal car, guiding and urging forward her four impetuous steeds—one of the popular idols which Napoleon Bonaparte carried off after the campaign of 1807, when Germany lay prostrate at his feet, and which seven years later was returned to the city, in what might be called the general restitution of all things looted by that imperial despoiler. Unter den Linden extends eastward from this splendid gateway nearly a mile, and terminates at the base of the finest equestrian monument in Europe that of Frederick the Great, where the fashionable avenue is succeeded by an irregular plaza or open space in the heart of the city, on one side of which flows the Spree, spanned here by several bridges, the finest of which, the Great Elector's bridge (Frederick William of Brandenburg) is ornamented with a number of notable statues.

All along Unter den Linden, from one end to the other, is lined on both sides with remarkably handsome buildings—business houses, princely residences, hotels, etc., most remarkable of all being the public bulldings on and near it, many of them possessing great historical interest. About the plaza (Lust-Garten) succeeding the street, the group of government buildings looms up at once bold and majestic. On the north side is, first, the National Gallery, opened 1886; and fronting this, with ample intervening space, is what is termed the Old Museum and Gallery, opened 1855; while a little to the west of it on the same line is the University of Berlin. Not far distant from the Museum on the same street to the westward, is the palace of Emperor Wm. I, (Kaiser Wilhelm") and the Arsenal—the latter building justly famous for the many interesting objects it contains relating to the martial achievements of Germany, its warlike equipments and trophies of war; and in the same vicinity is the old Prussian castle or citadel, the city residence of the present Emperor Wm. II., which is also filled with objects of highest interest— historical and artistical. On the side of the plaza due west is the palace of unfortunate Emperor Frederick III ("Unser Fritz," of Franco-Russian War fame.) On the east side of the Spree, facing the plaza is the Bourse or Stock Exchange, a very imposing and symmetrical building about 300 feet long by 100 feet wide. Its interior is divided into three rooms separated only by fine granite columns—two tiers of them, one above the other— extending from floor to ceiling, which is probably fifty feet in height at the walls, rising to a greater height toward the center of the roof, which is supported by arched iron-girders. Beyond this, somewhat parallel with Unter den Linden ,are other notable structures; while on the west side of the river and more nearly facing the eastern extremity of that street and its remarkably effective equestrian monument of Frederick the Great is the new cathedral. Judiciously interspersed here and there throughout the city, in the numerous "breathing places," or little squares with which it abounds, are fine monumental groups and statues—among the rest that of Martin Luther, which is noted as occupying a spot which was formerly set apart for public executions. Near by is the Marien Kirche (St. Mary's Church) which was founded 1000 years ago, quite the oldest church edifice in Berlin. Next to the Prussian Castle (the Schloss), westward, is the National Memorial Monument to Emperor William I.—unveiled March 27th 1897—a grand equestrian statue of that distinguished Emperor ("Kaiser Wilhelm") in bronze, on a lofty pedestal, with an attendant female figure bearing

a wreath in one hand, and grasping the reins of the horse with the other. There are other female figures—a winged Victory stationed tip-toe on a globe at each of the four corners of the pedestal—and behind all extends an elongated semi-circular colonnade, richly sculptured and decorated overhead, ending on each side in a spacious pavilion, surmounted on the top of the colonnade by colossal quadrigae, after the style of that so conspicuous over the Brandenburg Gate. Not far distant is that other dominant and magnificent equestrian monument of Frederick the Great and his Generals, facing the plaza and terminating the Unter den Linden,

It would be indulging in tiresome detail to attempt to enumerate all the prominent buildings on or adjacent to this central plaza, and in other quarters of the city—the Prussian House of Commons, the Museum of Arts and Industries, the Ethnographical Museum—these three at the intersection of Prince Albrecht and Koniggratzer Streets; but the new cathedral occupies the most commanding position and is in fact most conspicuous structure of the plaza group. It is not yet completed, but expected to be next year. It is Romanesque in its architecture, built of yellowish gray sandstone, and has a central dome and four corner cupolas—two of greater magnitude being placed on the front corners. The entire edifice is an appropriate conception, though rather overloaded with ornament about the roof. What surprises me in Gothic Germany is the prevailing style of architecture in its most notable public buildings, which is Grecian or Romanesque. Whether the predilections of Fredierick the Great for French and Italian literature, art and taste as well as some other things, influenced subsequent potentates, I know not, but certainly his architectural taste has found followers: and it may be mentioned here incidentally that in his collection at San Souci the paintings of greatest merit are those by French artists—Watteau, Lancret, Pesne, et al. There is a fair distribution of becoming monumental statuary, bronze and marble, in the neighborhood of the plaza, on the Elector's Bridge and Unter den Linden, but without further ado, I will return to the other extremity of the latter. About two blocks north of the Brandenburg gate stands the new Reichstag building, also Romanesque, and like the Cathedral, built of yellowish gray sandstone. It is impracticable to attempt a minute description of these buildings, any one of which would require more time than is at my command, but in general terms that of the Reichstag may be characterized as comparatively massive and impressive; though it has defects, to which I may yet refer, The Victory column stands but a short distance west of the Reichstag, at the head of Victory Avenue, a new thoroughfare, probably half a mile long, which passes through the Thiergarten not far from the Brandenburg Gate. On both sides of this avenue Emperor William II is erecting marble statues, commemorating his ancestors of the Hohenzollern family—the dynasty to which he belongs, founded by the Great Elector of Brandenburg, Frederick William, over two hundred years ago. Leaving for the moment Victory Avenue with its new statues—and its towering column about 370 feet high (shaft and pedestal) we turn westward through the Thiergarten park on a fifteen minutes' drive to the Memorial Church of Kaiser William I, which has just been completed by the present Emperor and which again is of Romanesque style of architecture. While in general this building is admirably finished inside, its peculiar charm is a delicately and finely wrought marble statue of our Lord in the midst of the chancel, the figure exceptionally pleasing in form and attitude and the face very beautiful indeed. Immediately to the west of this church is a five-story buliding, also constructed by the present Emperor, to conform with the architecture of the church; a circumstance mentioned here because I will further on refer to this particular feature of architectural oversight exercised not only in Berlin and

northern Germany, but also in Northern Europe, the result attained being an architectural harmony, symmetry, and propriety very apparent in European towns and cities.

Referring to the public buildings of Berlin in general, the National Gallery and the "Old Museum," already referred to are classic in style and are within a square. or enclosed on three sides by a colonnade or peristyle of double columns which is architecturally attractive and becoming. The Bourse, same style of architecture, is a handsome structure both externally and internally; and I may say that all the notable buildings are imposing and effective in design, though I will take the liberty of criticizing some. The dome of the Reichstag is too low; it does not have adequate breadth of base where it rests on the roof of the structure. I think in this respect the architectural aspect of the government building decidedly defective. Next I turn to the Victory column. The approach and foundation of dark-red or reddish-brown granite are appropriate and becoming; also the massive square pedestal or plinth on which as a base it rests; and the bronze bas-relief on each face of the square, illustrating Germany's prowess in arms, are excellent. So is the column itself—a round fluted shaft 200 feet high, encircled three times throughout its length by an ornamental band of captured cannon—Danish, Austrian and French—gilded and ranged side by side, their muzzles pointing upward; but the gilded figure of Victory on top is, in my opinion, disproportionately large, and her extremely unconventional attire and flashy attitude make her seem lacking in dignity. Another exception I note is to the City Hall—in a different quarter—a square red brick building devoid of any architectural significance and quite defaced by a brick tower rising midway over the front of the building. This tower resembles a railroad water tank, and reminds me of that which rises from the center of the ferry building in San Francisco, which looks as if it had been dropped down from above and gone too far through.

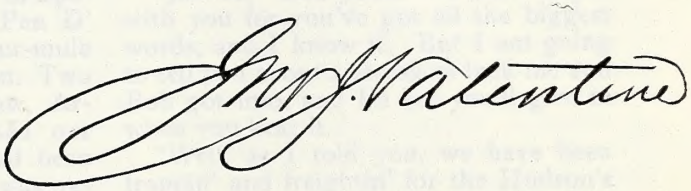
I have spoken elsewhere of the house erected by the present Emperor near the Memorial Church to establish harmonious surroundings for the latter, my purpose being, as stated, to refer later to a custom which prevails in all cities of Northern Europe—namely, that whenever anyone, be he emperor, prince, financial potentate, or ordinary citizen puts up a structure he must respect the regulation which provides against excluding sunlight from the street or dwarfing by undue proportions improved property adjoining a new building. No house is permitted to be built higher than the width of the street upon which it faces; moreover the architect's designs must first be submitted to an official commission, which decides whether the building will be in proper keeping with the character or prominence of the section in which it is to be located. This does not mean that the commission exercises arbitrary power in determining the architectural design or ornamentations of private buildings, but merely that they shall not radically contrast with their surroundings, nor infringe on the rights of some humbler property holder in the same neighborhod. This, so far as I have observed, is a general rule in Northern Europe, and the result is that European cities are much more symmetrical, harmonious, and pleasing to the eye than they are in America. In none of my travels in continental Europe, past and present, have I ever come across one of those sky-scraping architectural freaks or monstrosities which deface our own cities.

The spirit of paternalism in Berlin which is not confined to architectural matters is not without its advantages. For example: a policeman, thrusting down the ferrule of an American's umbrella carried horizontally, was asked, "Why did you do that?" To save you from the possibility of injuring some other person's eyes," was the reply. Walking along the street I noticed a

drunken man, the only case I met with during my two weeks' stay here. He was what Americans call "in a weaving way," but not otherwise demonstrative. A few feet behind him—never nearer than five to ten feet—walked a policeman, who was evidently escorting him to his home to see that no harm should befalll him by the way. The same paternal spirit applies also to public vehicles, street cars, cabs, etc., the drainage of houses, and various other things too numerous to think of. In fact the citizen is taken care of, whether he will or no. The average American may on first thought say that this is irksome; yet it is not, and I can very well understand why an intelligent Berliner may prefer the administration of affairs of his own city to that of American municipalities.

As to impressions of the people of Berlin: this is not my first visit to Germany, but all the former pleasant impressions have been renewed and confirmed by later contact with this common-sense, kindly people, who in their customs, appearance and manners differ litle from ourselves. Berlin, of course, is democratic, or more accurately speaking has the spirit of social democracy, as Hamburg, Bremen, Copenhagen, Christiania, Stockholm and Helsingfors likewise have. All these great northern cities are imbued with democratic principles—not radical in the main, but sturdy and insistent; with what seems to me a disposition to assert their rights, but in a spirit tolerant of long-established conservative institutions, and the patience to await a fuller development of liberty.

Yours truly,



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WASHINGTON'S FIRST MILL STONE.

In the July number of the Washington Historian is found an article with reference to "the first mill stone ever used in Washington," which is as follows:

"H. H. Spalding, of Almota, presented the State Historical Society with the first millstone ever used in Washington. It was ground out of a piece of granite along in the 40's and used by the Indians near Alpowa to grind the grain they were taught how to raise by Mr. Spalding's father and his colleague, Dr. Whitman. These two pioneers crossed the plains together in 1836. Alpowa, where the stone was used, was the home of such noted chiefs as Red Wolf and Timothy and is located in Whitman county, on Snake river. The millstone was hewn out of a piece of granite. It is three feet in diameter, a foot thick and has a hole in the center seven or eight inches in diameter."

The writer of the article has evidently forgotten that history states that the Hudson's Bay Company had a flouring mill near Vancouver in the early thirties, and that it was maintained for years, supplying the needs of the settlers in all parts of the Pacific Northwest where their stations or posts were located, besides furnishing flour to the Indians.

WAS IT LUCK OR PROVIDENCE?

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"There is no such thing as luck," said the young school master. "Nothing happens. Everything which occurs is the direct result of causes sufficient to produce that result. No one believes in luck but the most ignorant people; and I cannot understand why anyone should believe such stuff. There is nothing to support the idea whatever."

It was a cold evening in December, of 1862. We were sitting before a fire of blazing pine logs on the south side of the Spokane river, Washington state, near the site now occupied by the city of Spokane. We were enroute from Pen D' Orille lake, traveling with a four-mule team to Walla Walla, Washington. Two brothers, John and Robert Shaw, Arthur Grey and myself, composed our company. The schoolmaster had been teaching at Fort Colville and was returning to his home at The Dalles. The brothers had been for several years trapping for the Hudson's Bay Company and, becoming tired of that pursuit, were seeking other scenes. They were good, manly, honest fellows, but extremely illiterate, which fact annoyed Mr. Grey not a little. John, who was the most talkative of the two, was continually being corrected in his ideas and speech. In fact, Mr. Grey was one of those teachers who never dismiss school, but feel it their duty to correct error wherever they find it. There was constant friction between these two.

The remark with which this sketch opens was called forth by John who persisted in speaking of luck, both good and bad. His eyes opened wide when his pet notions about luck were thus unceremoniously attacked.

"Don't you think anything ever happens that wouldn't happened if everything had gone on smooth and regular?" he asked, at the conclusion of the schoolmaster's remarks.

"I can't say as to that," answered Mr. Grey, smiling, "but I adhere to my original statement. There is no such thing as luck and I assure you, if you had enjoyed any educational advantages, you would agree with me. I know you are honest in your conviction and I would gladly instruct you about such things, but your mental vision is so extremely limited I find it difficult to make you comprehend what I say."

"Jist so," said John. "I can't argue with you for you've got all the biggest words, and I know it. But I am going to tell you about a streak of luck me and Bob got into, and I'll bet you'll give in when you hear it.

"Well, as I told you, we have been trappin' and freightin' for the Hudson's Bay Company up in British Columbia. Trappin' is done mostly in the winter; so is freightin'. They used dogs for horses and the rivers and lakes for roads. A good pullin' dog is worth ten dollars an' a well-broke greyhound is worth a hundred. They run the greyhounds on the express.

"We was up on the lakes about four hundred miles above Fort Colville. We had bad luck all the time and never made anything. We took a notion to quit and started down a foot, packin' our blankets and camp things on our backs. We made it all right till we got in about thirty miles of ———.

"One evening we struck a parara and it commenced to snow. We couldn't see wheer we was goin' no more than nothin'. Maybe we went around, and maybe we went straight ahead. Jist about dark we cum to a little grove of pine trees. Right in the edge of it there was an old cabin. We went in and got out of the

storm. There was a fireplace and plenty of wood layin' around. We struck a fire and felt purty good, but the chimney smoked so it drove us out doors. Bob looked up and said, 'thar's some boards layin' across the chimney." He climbed up to take them down. Jist as he throwed the boards off his holt broke an' he fell. I run out, and thar he was, holdin' his leg with both hands. He fell in a hole where they tuck the mud out to build the chimney and broke his leg. It wud jist swing around sideways. I never was so bad skeered in my life. but I helped Bob in and he laid down on the blankets. I didn't stay skeered long. I knowed I would have to fix that leg somehow. I'd seen sich things done and went at it. I made a lot of splints and got it all straight and tied it up with some strings we found in the cabin. Then we commenced to think about our cussed luck. There was no doctor anywhere in reach. Bob couldn't walk, he was too big for me to pack on my back and we were nearly out of grub, and it was snowing terrible. I wish you had been there to argue the case then. How would your cause come in then? Why Bob didn't fall ten feet. I seed a man once fall fifty feet and it didn't hurt him a bit.

"We jist had one little streak of good luck, we wus in the cabin where I could keep Bob from freezing to death. It kept on snowing an' next mornin' it was knee deep and snowin' still. I told Bob we must hold out till it quit, then I would go for help. So we eat light that day.

"I had my old Yager, but there was no game in that country then. Bob had been at me all the way to throw it away, but I held on to it. I got in a good lot of wood and kept the cabin warm. Long towards mornin' I thought I heard something trampin' around the house like horses or cattle, but I knowed thar wan't any such stock around. Jist as it wus gittin' light, I heard a kind of snort and knowed thar was sumthin' out thar. I peeped out of a crack and thar stood a big buffalo not ten feet from the cabin.

"My heart cum right up in my mouth and nearly choked me; but I poked the old Yager out and let him have an ounce bullet right in the ear. He didn't know what hurt him. He went down kerwhollop. Bob yelled out, "what in the nation ar' you shootin' at?"

"I've killed a big buffalo."

"'Not much,' said Bob, 'thar ain't a buffalo in two hundred mile of here. You must a killed sumthin', though, for I hear it kickin.'

"'By the Moses, Bob, I tell you I've got the biggest buffalo you ever saw. He's right here against the house as dead as a door nail. We can live on him till you git well.'

"'What's that,' said Bob, lookin' toward the other side of the cabin.

"I crawled over and peeped out that side, thinkin' it might be another one. I cum near a jumpin' out of my boots. I would a done it, only I didn't have them on. The whole grove was full uv 'em. They was a standin' around under the trees to keep out of the snow. I never saw it snow harder. I loaded up the old gun and downed another big bull. The gun didn't make much noise. They don't know you when thear's snow on the trees. It never scared 'em a bit. I kept on loadin' and shootin' and seein' more buffalo all the time. Bob got so excited I could hardly make him lay still an' not hurt his leg. He twisted around so he could see out and I had to give him the gun an' let him shoot one. He done it in good shape. I kept on shootin' all morning. When thar wasn't any more in sight I crept out to see what I had done. They was layin' everywhere. Thar was three standin' out in the edge of the grove. I crawled out and got one of 'em; the other two ran off on the parara. They cum back after a while, and I got 'em both. What made them act that way nobody can tell. When I had counted 'em I had twenty-eight as purty beeves as you ever saw. All seal fat. The fust thing I done was to skin out a piece of the one by the house for breakfast. Bob was nearly tickled to death. He laughed at everything I said. Bob's

got a long head on him. While I was shootin' he was studyin' up what we was goin' to do with all that meat. I wus just poppin' away, without thinkin' of anything. I jist killed 'em because I seed them, like a weasel in a hen-coop. But Bob's idea was to sell them to the company. I forgot to tell you that the company was short of Pimecan. That's part of the reason we quit 'em. They said they couldn't let us have it but twice a day.

"Every trapper knows it gets too cold up thar to work on anything else, so a lot of us pulled out for a warmer country. Thar was plenty of it stacked up in the buffalo country, but the lakes and rivers hadn't froze over so they could get it in yet.

"What's that you say? You don't know what Pimecan is? Well, that beats me. I never heard of the like of that. What would you say if I didn't know what bread and meat wus? Don't know what Pimecan is! Well, I'll be doggoned! Say, did you ever hear of the Hudson's Bay Company afore?"

"O yes," answered the schoolmaster, feeling he was now being placed on solid ground, "The Hudson's Bay Company is the largest fur company in North America. It has several thousand trading posts and employs several thousand men, besides purchasing all the furs taken by the Indians."

"You bet they do. It is the biggest company in the world. It has eat up all the buffalo in the United States. Every bit of it was made up in Pimecan afore they touched it. An' you never heard of it afore! Why man, that is the only thing they can eat down thar and keep warm. Up thar on the lakes it is about the only thing they think about when the thermometer gets down a couple hundred below freezin'. When they get out of Pimecan nobody dasent leave the fire. Why, the dogs know what Pimecan is and won't stretch a trace unless they git plenty of it. If a dog starts out on them lakes in the winter, without his belly full of Pimecan, he is a dead dog, sure. And you never heard of it! Well, I'm clean done up! With all your education you didn't know what Pimecan was! But I am glad there's something you didn't know. I thought you knowed most evrything. It makes me feel like I wouldn't be so uncomfortable any more when you are talking. But maybe I am wearin' you out like you do me sometimes. If that is so, I'll jist quit now. I ain't got nuthin agin' you. I really wish me an' Bob knew as much as you do. But I don't see how you could have got along without findin' out somethin' about Pimecan. Are you tired? If you are, say so."

"No," answered the very much worried but good natured school master, "go on. I assure you I am very much interested in what you are relating. Please go on with your story."

"That's good. Now I'm all right. I'll tell you all about it, and tell it as quick as I can; but it stretches over a good deal of ground. Maybe you would like to know jist how they make it. Well, the first thing is to skin the buffalo; then cut the skin up and make little sacks jist big enough to hold fifty pounds of the meat; sew them up with strings off the hide, and fill 'em with meat. After it is cooked a little, then pour two gallons of hot tallow in each sack, sew it up and your Pimecan is done. The taller makes it all solid and it will keep fresh all winter. There were some old traps in the cabin, and among 'em I found a big camp kettle. That was jist right to cook our meat in. Then I went to work on our buffalo. I worked all day and night to get as many of 'em cut up afore they froze as I could. Bob sewed up sacks and kept the pot bilin'. I tell you we worked. Day and night we never let the fire go out. It kept on snowin' an' got colder and colder. I had to chop the meat with a hatchet. We kept on bilin' and stackin' up the sacks until we had the cabin nearly full. We worked four weeks as hard as you ever see men work, an' then I had ten buffalo we hadn't touched, except I took the insides out the furst day. But they was all right. They wus froze as hard as rocks. Bob's

leg wus gittin' along furst rate. We hadn't nothin' to eat but meat. When the snow got a little hard I made a pair of snow shoes and started for the fort. I left Bob plenty of wood and meat to work on. After I struck the lake the travelin' was purty good. Thar wus about fifty men at the fort and not a pound of Pimecan in camp. When I told my story, they jist laughed at me. One feller said, 'What's the use of tellin' such stuff? Thar ain't no buffalo in this country. You are jist a blow-hard.'

" 'Now look here,' I said, 'I don't like that and ain't goin' to take any more of it. I ain't no liar, and won't stand any more foolishness. I don't care whether you believe me or not. I've got the stuff —6000 pounds of it—all stacked up in the cabin.'

"After while they thought maybe I wus tellin' the truth and wanted to talk about it. One feller, the only one that had any sense, asked me if I found a salt mine in the cabin, too. I told him I put it up without salt in it. Then he wanted to know if I had any of it with me. I told him thar was some in my pack. That told the tale. They knowed if I had bought the Pimecan it would be salted.

"Next mornin' twenty men started back with me. We tuck all the dogs and sledges they had. They was the best tickled set of fellows you ever saw when we got to the cabin an' they found I wasn't lyin' about the Pimecan. I sold it all to them right thar—for thirty cents a pound. As soon as they were gone with their load I commenced on the frozen buffalos. They hauled an' me an' Bob biled and stewed until thar wan't a pound of good meat on the bones.

"When we got done we tucked Bob in one of the sledges, I had saved a good buffalo robe to keep him warm, and went down to the fort. His leg was nearly well.

We bought the team that brought Bob down for sixty dollars and started to Fort Colville. We had four good pullin' dogs and came most of the way on the ice. When we were on the land the snow was packed hard. We had lots of pervisions and felt purty good.

"It takes a good driver to run a dog, you bet. Most anybody can drive a mule, but a man has got to know a few things to drive a dog. They are so much smarter than a mule. If they ain't managed right they will take up all kinds uv tricks. Most of their harness is made of raw hide, an' ever now an' then a dog will turn thief and git up in the night, when you are asleep, and eat up his harness. That's worse than a balky mule, I tell you. After you feed your dogs, after you stop at night, they go off and dig down in the snow, four or five feet, so they will be warm. If it snows you can't see whar they are, the holes is all covered up. A good dog will always come when you call him for breakfast, but a rogue will sometimes lay still and let you whistle until he gets too hungry to stay any longer. You've got to be careful not to feed too much so your dogs will be hungry in the mornin'. You've got to know jist how much each dog needs. The first night Bob fed. I was busy gittin' supper and didn't see what he give 'em. Bob never druv much an' fed them all they wanted. That night it snowed. In the mornin' when we called, not a dog showed up. Their bellies wus full an' they had a warm nest. They jist laid low. Me and Bob whistled ourselves nearly to death. No use, nary a dog was ready to be hitched up. We had to lay thar until next day. We wus mad as blazes. I found what looked like a dog's nest and run a pole down in the snow. He came out a yellin' but I couldn't find any more. Late in the evenin' they all crawled out for some more Pimecan. They didn't git much. Next mornin' when we called 'em they wus ready for their breakfast, I tell you. After that I done the feedin' an' we got along all right.

"When we got to Colville they said the sleighin' wus so good we drov on to the lake whar we struck you fellers. I held on to my old Yager. I ain't never goin' to let that go. It is my lucky stick an' I think purty near as much of it as I

do of Bob. Now, what do you call that but luck, pure luck? Every word I told you is true. Thar were no buffalos ever seed near thar afore, and I bet thar won't ever be again. It is a long way too far north for 'em. Then who ever heard of 'em actin' that way? Why didn't they run when I shot the fust one? Who ever heard of a band of 'em millin' around a cabin until they wus all killed afore? How do you suppose I'd got along after Bob broke his leg if that meat hadn't come along or bin sent jist as it wus? If that ain't pure luck, I don't know what you'd call it. It wan't no management, shore. Me and Bob didn't think about calkilatin' on sich a thing. I wasn't even thinkin' about buffalo when I heard 'em trampin' around the cabin. And packin' that old gun three hundred miles—it ain't worth six bits—why I didn't throw it away when Bob wanted me to, if it wasn't to be used to help us out of a scrape? O, pshaw! It ain't no use to talk about thar bein' no luck and about everything comin' round regular like. Its agin reason. If everything is jist pushed along by some other thing, why can't you tell me what's goin' to happen? Thar wouldn't be any bettin' if a feller could tell what's a comin'. Luck? I tell you thar is luck and lots of luck all around every day. Most of it is bad luck, too. That was the furst streak of good luck me an' Bob ever had since we wus born, breakin' that leg. We've got twenty-seven hundred dollars to show for that leg-breakin' scrape, besides the dogs we left at the lake to sell.

"Now, what do you say about thar bein' a cause for everything? What caused every thing to turn our way all at once when every thing had been dead against us all along? Bad luck runs in our family. I've heard Dad say he had bad luck all his life."

The schoolmaster had been deeply interested in John's narrative. When he paused, apparently for a reply, Mr. Grey said:

"It would be difficult, if not impossible, for me, not knowing all the circumstances preceeding and connected with the story you have related, to account for all which occurred affecting you and your brother. But I was thinking the buffalos might have been frightened out of their range by hunters or a storm and, becoming lost, wandered up in that cold country, not knowing where they were going. They might have sought shelter from the storm you speak of, in the grove about the cabin. Possibly you shot the leaders of the band first and the rest, accustomed to their guidance, lingered until they all fell victims to the well-directed shots of your deadly Yager. There are many ways it could be accounted for on a rational ground, without doing violence to our reason by thinking it was caused by luck or mere chance, or that it happened without sufficient cause. While I deny that there is any such thing as luck, as it is understood by uncultured people, I do not wish to be understood to deny the existence of an over-ruling Providence which watches over us at all times, and it may be this Providence aided you and your brother in your distress."

"That's it," said John, "I thought I'd fetch you afore I wus done with you. It don't make any difference to me whether you call it luck or Providence. If it wan't for them big words of yourn it would be the same thing. I will always believe them buffaloes would never a left the range they wus born in, and cum two hundred miles north to git killed, if Bob hadn't broke his leg, and that, too, when Pimecan wus up to the very highest notch. Good night, Grey; I'm goin' to turn in.

G. A. WAGGONER.

SOUTHERN OREGON INDIAN WAR.

ENGAGEMENTS, EXPERIENCES AND INCIDENTS GRAPHICALLY TOLD.

By proclamation of Governor Curry, the governor of Oregon in 1855, the Second Regiment Oregon Mounted Volunteers, was enlisted for the protection of the homes of the settlers in Southern Oregon against the depredations, cruelties and massacres committed by the Indians living in that portion of the state at such time. Among the companies comprising the regiment was Company B, composed of residents of Lane county. It numbered one hundred and three officers and men, and was mustered into service on October 23, 1855. The company was commanded as follows: Laban Buoy, captain; A. W. Patterson, first lieutenant; Pleasant C. Noland, second lieutenant; William H. Latshaw, first sergeant; L. Poindexter, second sergeant; John F. Winters third sergeant; Marion C. Martin, fourth sergeant; William Kelsay, first corporal; H. C. Huston, second corporal; F. M. Riffle, third corporal; John Buoy ,fourth corporal.

At an early stage of the war Dr. Patterson resigned the lieutenancy and was appointed one of the surgeons, this position being more preferable to him. Sergeant Poindexter was elected to fill the vacancy.

February 24, 1856, Captain Buoy, who was a veteran of the Blackhawk war, resigned, and Second Lieutenant P. C. Noland was elected captain. "Ples" is still hale and hearty, although he saw service when a mere lad in the Mexican war. Johnathan Moore, one of the best and bravest young men, was made lieutenant, which position he filled with honor. While fording Lost creek some years later, where the village of Trent is now located, he was accidentally drowned. Mrs. John Hampton, whose home is in this city, was a sister of his.

We made our first camp near Dr. Patterson's, on what is now twelfth and Patterson streets. Eugene was but a village then. Two stores was all the town contained. This was before the era of railroads, telegraph lines, streetcars, electric lights, etc. Probably there was not a threshing machine, self-binder or mower, or any of the things just mentioned, from the Mississippi to the Pacific ocean.

The winter, or at least a part of 1855-6, was very cold, a fact we easily found out, for we were encamped at Yocum's in tents, not far from the village of Canyonville. W. H. Byars, since surveyor-general of Oregon, was then a young man, making his way, like many other young men of today, by working during vacation at anything he could find to do, which in this case was carrying the mail on horseback once a week from Roseburg to Jacksonville, and it was our duty to escort him through the big canyon, a distance of 11 miles. Besides doing escort duty when required, squads of troops, from a dozen to perhaps 40, would be detailed at places remote from the principal settlements to guard the settlers, who would frequently "fort up" and all live at the same place for mutual protection.

Camas valley, situated at the source of the Coquille river, 25 miles southwest of Roseburg, was the scene of a lively skirmish one beautiful morning in the early spring of 1816. Ten of our boys were located at H. Martindale's house, which was used as a fort for all of the valley. During the night a large band of Indians surrounded the fort, with a view of murdering all they could, and stealing stock. While a portion of the red devils were dodging behind trees, shooting at us at every chance, the others were

rounding up all the horses and cattle that the valley contained. During the hottest of the fight the officer in charge saw about a dozen Indians at a distance of nearly 400 yards away. Knowing that there was but one gun in the fort that would do execution at that distance, the owner was ordered to a sheltered position outside, where he could have a good opportunity to make a sure shot, which he did. I will desist from giving this soldier's name, for he is a very bashful old fellow, and to see his name in the Native Son would be sure to bring blushes to his weather-beaten face.

When the Indians had secured all the horses and cattle in the valley, except one horse belonging to William P. Day, which during the fight ran to the fort and was taken inside, they left, going along a mountain trail leading to the meadows on Rogue river. We soldier boys were set afoot also. One of our boys were then sent in haste to Looking Glass, where most of Company B was then stationed. Captain Buoy soon arrived with reinforcements, and, following the Indian trail, came to a place where they had cooked and eaten a hasty breakfast. An Indian riding a mule and left as a rear guard, was killed, his mule also. A running fight of several miles ensued, but it was not known that any more Indians were killed. There was no one killed or wounded on our side. But no doubt others, with the writer, recollect very distinctly the zip of the bullets.

While in a reminiscent mood, I will relate an incident that occurred in our company while encamped at the farm of L. D. Kent, on the South Umpqua river, in the vicinity of the town of Dillard, but on the opposite side of the river. Mr. Kent, as was the fashion in those days, and probably is yet, was the father of a number of buxom daughters, who, with many other maiden qualities, delighted in "tripping the light fantastic toe." It is scarcely necessary to say that in Company B were a number of boys who took delight in this favorite pastime. One day Captain Buoy had business at Roseburg which detained him over night. Before starting he called the men on parade, and in language as near as the writer can recollect, addressed them about as follows: "Boys, business reqiures my absence from camp tonight, and before leaving I wish to say that it is not necessary to inform you that for a number of evenings some of you have been in the habit of going to Mr. Kent's and have danced so much I am sure the girls are tired. It is my urgent request that this evening ,at least, you remain in camp and give the girls a rest.

The sequel will show how the request was heeded. During the day one of the sons of Mr. Kent came into camp and invited certain ones of the boys to come to the house in the evening for the regular dance. One of the boys, Robert Clark, an inveterate dancer, was omitted from the list of the invited ones, at which he was not at all pleased. Clark had a messmate and a valued friend, who, for certain reasons, I will in the present instance, for brevity's sake, name Mas H., although I fail to find such a name on our muster-roll. Mas H. said to Clark: "Leave the matter to me, and about the time they get to dancing in good earnest we will bring the boys out of the house much faster than they went in," to which Clark agreed. About 8 o'clock Mas H passed out by one of the guards and told him that if he heard any firing going on up the river not to pay any attention to it. In less time than is required to write this, "Bang! Bang!" went a heavily-loaded gun, and also what seemed like Indian yells. Before the racket above the camp had begun, Clark had placed himself near the door of the house, and at the first shot opened the door and yelled "Indians!" If it had been a real, instead of a false attack on the camp, it could not have caused more consternation. Lieutenant Moore was in the crowd, and as the other boys climbed over each other to see which could reach the camp first, he continued to urge them to "Keep cool, boys! Keep cool!" A tiny branch ran between the house and camp, with but a small log for a bridge, and into it "Johnathan" (Lieutenant Moore) with some others, tumbled pell-mell. Then some of the boys

advised the lieutenant to keep cool When the dancers reached camp they were greeted with a hearty laugh by those who had remained. When the captain returned ,the wri—excuse me, Mas H., I mean—proceeded at once to "acknowledge the corn," and received from the good old warrior the commendation, "You did just right."

Early in the spring of 1856 a number of companies of troops were sent to the Meadows, down Rogue river, where it was known the Indians had gone out of our reach, as they fondly hoped. We fought them a number of times, but since the river intervened it was difficult to know just how many we may have killed. Our loss was very light. One day a detatchment was taken from the different companies to reconnoiter the enemy. To reach them was a very difficult matter, on account of the deep canyons and the rough country to be crossed. The Indians were found, but it not being thought best to bring on an engagement at that time, a few shots were fired and the retreat ordered. When camp was reached and the roll called it was found that one of Company B's men, F. M. Splawn, was missing. Volunteers were at once called for, and many responded at once, but by the time the precautions were made for the return, it was too late in the day. It was the intention to make the search early next morning, but almost before dawn the camp was aroused to a wonderful degree by the guard's calling out, "Splawn's in camp!" and the good.news was repeated, "Splawn's in camp!" Sure enough, there was the same brave Frank that we had all mourned as dead. Each one was anxious to learn the particulars of his escape. When the retreat was ordered, Frank, as usual, was in front, and did not learn, till later, that he was left to fight the savages alone. In order to avoid, if possible, the shots of the Indians, who were in plain sight of him, he took refuge in some bushes, which were riddled for awhile with the deadly missilies intended for the brave soldier. Here he remained until night, when he escaped from his hiding-place -without any injury. After traveling all night over the roughest ground imaginable, he reached camp as above related just at daylight, but it was weeks before he overcame his rough adventure.

War incidents would not be complete without an occasional anecdote, and the following was told on Captain Johnathan Keeney to the writer by General McCarver, at that time our quarter-master-general. It seems that the captain wanted to procure some provisions for his men and applied to the commissary in charge in vain for them. This enraged the old man, who at once sought an interview with General McCarver. After making known his wants, the general informed him that if he would make out a requisition it should be filled. "To sheol with your inquisitions." was his answer. But his wants were supplied.

On April 25, 1856, McDonald Harkness, and another man, whose name is forgotten, left Fort Leland for the Meadows. When but a few miles from our camp they were shot at from ambush and Harkness was killed, the other man escaping. The most horrible sight we witnessed during the entire campaign was when his body, stark naked and mutilated in the most shocking manner, was brought into camp on a packmule in charge of Captain Crouch's company.

In June, 1856, the Indians that had been engaged at intervals in killing the settlers of Southern Oregon surrendered and were placed—a portion of them—on a reservation set apart for them, part at Grand Ronde and the others at Siletz. On July 2, 1856, our company, each and every one, received an honorable discharge and were mustered out at Roseburg.

For the best of reasons ,the fashion of sending the troops home in palace cars and feasting them on the fat of the land, so much in vogue now, was not practiced then to any great extent ,for the very good reason that we had no rail? roads. Mounted on the hurricane deck of a cayuse kuitan ((Indian pony), after serving their country to the best of their

ability, the boys—our honorable colonel, Judge Kelsay, called us all boys—were glad, soldier-like, to return to our homes.

Although we furnished our own horses, guns and blankets, and waited for seven long years for the niggardly stipend of $11 per month, yet we were not pensioners, no matter what disability we acquired in defending Oregon homes. If the reader should ask if we did not get interest or a premium on the gold we received, after waiting so long for our wages, the answer would be: "We received greenbacks, and they were worth 40 cents on the dollar."

For the lack of some other excuse, the pension office has decided that the volunteers in our Indian wars were not mustered in by a United States officer; hence are not entitled to pensions. For several years the surviving Indian fighters have made repeated efforts to secure a pension, but were met with repeated and continued obstacles, but before the present session of congress adjourns it is to be hoped that the veterans will have the satisfaction of knowing that their efforts to prevent this country from remaining in the hands of the savages has been recognized by the government, and that they will receive the justice due them, after a lapse of so many years.

There are now 1000 veterans living and 300 widows. The pension bill asking for a monthly allowance of but $8. The original number of enlistments in the Indian wars of this state were 7000, but all have answered "Here" to the last roll-call, with the exception of 1000, and nearly all of those remaining are of an advanced age.

Small though the pension is, it will be greatly appreciated by these defenders of civilization and will assist them in a large measure, for a very few of them are provided with a surplus of this world's goods. A tardy recognition of their services would be considered better than none at all, but congress must soon give this merited recognition, or there will be no veterans to receive it.

SAMUEL HANDSAKER.

♣ ♣ ♣

It is a rather singular fact that an American was one of the first to carry furs direct from this coast to Canton, China. Lieut. John Gore, a Virginian, who was with Capt. Cook, took charge of the expedition after the death of the captain at the Sandwich Islands, and the death of Capt. Clerke, his successor, who died at the Russian settlement of Peter and Paul, or Peterpaulaski. Gore sailed from this port in October, 1779, reaching Canton the following December. While the ship had been on the Northwest coast the officers and men had purchased a quantity of furs from the Indians in exchange for knives, old clothes, buttons, and other trifles, not, however, with any reference to the value of the furs as merchandise, but rather for use on board ship as bedding and for clothing. They found out from the Russians their worth in the Chinese market, and upon taking them there disposed of them for upwards of ten thousand dollars. These furs, and a few carried by Capt. Benyowsky in 1770, were the only ones that had ever arrived direct from the sealing grounds.

The Lewis and Clarke exploration party left St. Louis on May 12, 1804. Those crossing the plains were: Capt. William Clarke, Capt. Meriwether Lewis, Sergts. John Ordway, Nathaniel Byor and Patrick Gass; Privates Wm. Bratton, John Colter, John Collins, Peter Cruzatte, Robert Frazier, Reuben Fields, Joseph Fields, Geo. Gibson, Silas Goodrich, Hugh Hall, Thos. P. Howard, Jean Baptiste Lapage, Francis Labiche, Hugh McNeal, John Potts, John Shields, Geo. Shannon, John B. Thompson, Wm. Werner, Alexander Willard, Rich. Windsor, Joseph Whitehouse, Peter Wiser and York, the negro servant of Capt. Clarke, the two interpreters, Geo. Drewyer and Toussaint Chaboneau, and the latter's wife, Sacajawea and her baby.

OUR FIRST PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS.

In writing of the introduction of the art of printing into the Pacific Northwest, historians word their statements in such a manner as to imply that the booklets, etc. printed were the work of some one of the missionaries connected with missions of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. In consequence of this, readers find that the credit has been given to several different ones.

The first press used was known as a "Ramage." It is about the size of one of the larger of the letter-press copying presses of the present. It was taken from Boston to the Sandwich Islands in 1819, and was there used by the missions of the Board for several years in their work. When their needs required a larger press, the first received was set aside. About 1839 it was purchased by the native Christians and donated to the Oregon missions.

On its arrival it is said to have been first taken to the mission at Waiilatpu, in charge of Dr. Whitman, but almost immediately thereafter, was taken to Lapwai mission, in charge of Rev. H. H. Spalding. Here it was set up and the type placed in order, by E. O. Hall, a printer who had brought it from the Islands. He being the first printer to come here, and might be called the father of the many "devils" which have been known to our numerous printing establishments since. All writers agree that the first to learn typesetting under him were Rev. Spalding and Cornelius Rogers. It is probable, however, that the first booklets printed were the work of Mr. Hall, and it is also no doubt a fact that Rev. Elkanah Walker, of the Tshimikan mission, assisted by his co-laborer, Rev. Cushing Eells, was the author, in the main, of the first booklet printed. This was in the Spokane language (Salish or Flathead tongue). Afterwards other booklets, etc., were printed in the Nez Perce (Sahaptin) tongue.

In writing of this circumstance in our pioneer history, some authors say Mr. A. B. Smith, of the Kamiah mission, assisted by Lawyer, chief of the Nez Perces, was the author of the matters printed, others give Mr. Spalding the credit. While it is true that these missionaries labored in this behalf, those who are conversant with the facts, state that the first to be printed was as above noted.

There is now but one known full copy of the booklet referred to extant, it be-in the library of the Pacific University, at Forest Grove. It comprises sixteen five by six inch pages. Its title is:

ETSHIIT
THLU
SITSKAI
THLU
SIAIS
THLU
SITSKAI SITLINISH.
LAPWAI.
1842.

The translation literally is:

First
the
Writes
the
Lesson
the
Writes Creator.

Freely translated it is, "The first that was written. Thus writes the Creator."

From this title may be obtained an idea of its contents. On the second page is given the alphabet, the key to their pronunciation, and figures. Then follow three lessons in spelling and the Spokane numerals. Five more lessons follow in simple sentences and short stories. All of this fills nearly all of the first ten pages. The remaining six, at the beginning of which is a picture of the Bible, are filled with four more lessons, which give the main truth of the first part of the Bible. This is headed "Kaikolensutins Sitskai," or "God's Writings." The greater portion of the work is in relation to the doings of Adam and Moses, though there are some lessons devoted to God and Christ.

LEGENDARY LORE OF THE INDIANS.

A TALE OF THE FLOOD AND OTHER STORIES.

About all the history the small boy of the early sixties, living in Oregon, was able to become conversant with, was learned while he sat at his mother's knee and listened to her read "Peter Parley" or relate biblical tales. The small boy felt that the stories would be interesting to others, and when he could find a listener, repeated them. Old Wapatoo Dave, chief of the Wapatoos, often visited the neighborhood and the small boy became well acquainted with him through donation of victuals and trading off, in exchange for beads, bows and arrows, etc., some of his father's clothing. Occasionally bartering away apparel which had by no means outlived its usefulness, at the expense of a sound threshing.

As a result, Dave and the small boy grew quite confidential, and there was frequent interchange of stories. Among those told by the former was that of the deluge as found in Holy Writ. A like happening had come down to Dave, through his ancestors, which he related. According to his version, the causes which led up to the event were about the same as those told in the Bible, the righteous among them were, however, less in number than those who found shelter in the ark, consisting of but one person, and that a woman. Unlike Noah she received no warning of impending catastrophe, and was unprepared for its coming. When the rains began to fall, she endeavored to seek safety from the flood by retreating to higher ground, but the angry waves were soon beating against mountain's pinacle, ready to engulf her beneath their flow. At this juncture, a large fish, which she had kindly fed in days gone by, swam to her place of refuge, telling her to get upon its back and he would save her. This she did, the fish all the while swimming around with its back out of the water until the anger of the Great Spirit had been appeased and land again appeared.

Danger past, the fish came close to shore, when the woman once more walked the earth. She had been in delicate health prior to the flood, and not long subsequent to its subsiding, she became the mother of twins. From these was the earth again re-peopled. At the time the legend was told, the small boy was of that age when he thinks his little brother or sister is a present from the doctor, and through this, discredited Dave's story, thinking it could not be possible for such a present to arrive when the doctor had been drowned.

THE RATTLESNAKE.

There are various traditions among the Indians, relative to the first days of man upon the earth, all more or less pointing backward to remote period when some occurrences took place. Lapse of time, different environments surrounding, and the natural changes in the wording of the circumstances causing tale of happening to materially change. All of them have a version of man's creation, a flood, cause for the changes in the earth's surface and concerning phenomena.

Among the numberless legends, there are several wherein a white man or woman, sometimes both, occupied a prominent part in the world's beginning. Rarely is it, however, that statement is made that this continent was peopled in the first instance by a race descended from white ancestors, who came from another land, and that situate across the main.

A tradition current among the Flatheads bears out this idea. They say, that a long time ago their forefathers came from far over the waters, so long ago in

the past that the stars of night had not been formed and the sun nowhere near its present size.

This mystic people were all gigantic in stature and very warlike. There came a time in their existence that they were ruled over by Sko-malkt, a woman. To a portion of her subjects her reign was unsatisfactory and they brought about an insurrection. Gathering her warriors about her, she gave rebellion battle, driving her foes before her towards the sea until they had retreated to the outer confines of a small penninsula putting out from the main land. Here they made a desperate stand, defeating all efforts made to capture them, or force capitulation upon terms the besieging officers offered. At last, Sko-malkt commanded that the narrow strip of land connecting be severed at the next ebbing tide. This order was carried out and away went her discontented subjects drifting toward the east to battle with wind and wave on ocean's breast.

For many days they were tossed here and there. So long that the food supply on hand was exhausted. Starvation coming upon them, all but two, a man and a woman, soon paid nature's debt. Their lives were saved by the coming upon the shore of a disabled and helpless whale. About this time they noticed that their island was slowly sinking, and made preparation to prevent their going down with it by the construction of a canoe. This completed, they placed therein a supply of whale's blubber and pushed off to await the will of time and tide. Many days and nights intervened before they reached the eastern shores of the Pacific. These were then much farther inland than now, the surf beating at that time upon a shore line which is at present western boundary of the Okanogan country.

They had been so long exposed to inclement weather that their original whiteness of complexion had assumed a dusky hue. From this pair descended the Indians of today, the reddish color of their storm-tossed ancestors becoming one of the characteristics of the race.

AN ANIMAL AND STAR UNITE.

The Makah Indians of Neah Bay have a legend to the effect that the creation of their ancestors was due to the union of some animal with a star which fell from heaven. That the men among them partook more of the nature of the terrestial body, while the women inherited the characteristics of the earthly parent. Through this belief arises the idea that the males among them are the superior of the females, and should be waited upon by the latter, which is the usual custom, not only among them, but among all tribes.

HALF GODLIKE, HALF ANIMAL.

The Shastas ascribe their origin to the falling of one of the daughters of the Great Spirit from the top of Mt. Shasta to its base, where she fell among a family of grizzly bears. Until she was grown she was brought up in ignorance of her parentage, and on arriving at maturity, married one of the sons of the mother grizzley who had reared her from infancy. After her marriage she gave birth to children who were the progenitors of the Indians. This is why the Indians living around Mt. Shasta will never kill a grizzley bear, and whenever one of their number is killed by such kings of the forest, they are burned where they fall, and all passers by throw upon the place a stone until a great pile is erected to mark the spot.

BAD EGGS.

Ages ago an old man by the name of Toe-oo-lux, or South Wind, while traveling to the north, met an old woman called Quoots-hooi, who was an ogress and a giantess. Toe-oo-lux, being hungry, asked for food. She told him that she was herself without anything to eat, and gave him a net, with advice to try his luck at catching fish. He accordingly dragged the net and succeeded in securing in its meshes a "tenas eh-ko-le" or grampus (little whale). This he was about to kill with his stone knife, when the old woman cried out to him to use a

sharp shell instead, and not to cut it crossways, but slit it down the back.

Toe-oo-lux was probably related to the bird now called a jackass, and stubbornly refused to do as directed, cutting the whale across the side, and was about to take off a piece of blubber, when the fish immediately changed into an immense bird, that, when flying, its wings completely obscured the sun, and the noise made by their sweep shook the earth. As soon as the transformation took place, the bird, which the Indians call Hah-ness, or thunder-bird, flew away to the north and lit upon Swal-al-a-host (Saddle mountain), situated not far from the mouth of the Columbia river. Toe-oo-lux and the ogress then journeyed northward to search for Hah-ness, and one day, when Quoots-hooi was engaged in picking berries, she found the nest of the thunder-bird, full of eggs, which she thought of making a meal of.

The first egg she broke did not seem to be a good one, whereupon she threw it down the mountain side, before it reached its base, however, it became an Indian. This was continued until there were no more eggs, but in the valley below was gathered the ancestors of the tribes constituting the Chehalis nation. It is said that the husband of Hah-ness was the god E-cah-ni, who ran a ferry across the river named after him, which empties into the ocean a few miles below the Columbia's mouth.

It is probable that this tradition causes their superstitious belief that the first salmon caught must not be cut across, but split down the back, otherwise the salmon would leave, and no more be taken during that season.

THE RAVEN A CREATOR.

Among some of the tribes living along Puget Sound, there are traditions that the creator of the first Indian race was a raven. While to him is conceded the fact that his was a master hand in the work, its accomplishment is related in so many ways, and in so brief a manner, that it is difficult to frame the legend into anything more than a mere statement.

CREATED FROM THE BEAVER GOD.

There lived east of the mountains in the "Wee-te-tash" age, a family of giants, consisting of four brothers and a sister. The latter wanted some beaver-fat, and asked her brothers to procure it for her. Her request was no easy matter to bring about, as there was but one beaver in all the Pacific Northwest at that time, and was of monstrous size, ferocious and dangerous. This did not, however, deter the brothers from their endeavor to seek him out, kill him and bring home to their sister the wonted fat.

After searching for him for some time he was at last found near the mouth of the Palouse river, up which he was turned. A little distance up the stream they came near enough to strike him with their spears, but he suceeded in getting away from them again, making, in the struggle, the first rapids of the river, and then dashed onward. Again the brothers over took him, pinning him to the river's bed with their weapons, but he escaped a second time, making in this encounter the second falls of the river. Again he was pursued and captured, this time with disastrous results to him, still he was not overcome without a stubborn fight, in which his struggles formed the great falls of the river. The fat secured, the brothers cut up the remainder of the body and threw it in various directions, and as the pieces fell here and there they became Indians, the ancestors of the present Cayuse, Walla Walla, Umatilla, Nez Perce and other tribes. The Cayuses, so daring, energetic and more successful in days past than their neighbors, were said to have been the beaver's heart.

CHINOOK ACCOUNT OF TRIBAL ORIGIN.

The Chinooks acount for the origin of the various tribes in a somewhat similar manner, and also as to how some of the

great lakes, they say existed east of the mountains, were drained. According to their legend, there lived in the long, long ago, in Lake Cle-el-lum, a monster beaver god, who claimed himself a sort of Neptune of that body of water and its surrounding shores. Although the lake abounded with fish, much more than he could possibly consume, he would not permit anyone to come near it, expecting him to share his food supply. Many champions had sought to kill him, but he had overcome them all. Some he dragged into the waters and drowned them, others had died of fright at his ferocious appearance before they had attacked him. His selfishness coming to the knowledge of Coyote, he determined to visit the scene and bring about a better state of affairs. Arming himself with a spear, which he fastened to his wrist with a strong cord, he approached the lake. Upon his arrival the beaver disputed his right to trespass upon the grounds of the lake, when Coyote threw his spear into him. The beaver plunged down to the bottom of the lake, dragging poor Coyote with him. On and on through its waters they went, each endeavoring to get away from the other. Finally they tore through the mountains into the lake which covered the Kittitas valley, and from there they threshed around, cutting the Natchez gap, and on and on, cutting the Yakima gap. At last they reached the Columbia, where Coyote endeavored to check the speed of the beaver by grasping the trees along the banks of that river. No tree or stone would stay the beaver's progress, as its forward moving seemed to be aided by some invincible power. The monster's strength held out until it reached the mouth of the river, when, through loss of blood and injury from the spear-thrust, its life went out as it reached the breakers. Coyote found himself so far exhausted that he had to call on the musk-rat for assistance. When he reached the shore he took the beaver, which he brought to land with him, and cut it up, making of it the present race of Indians. Out of the legs he made the Cayuses, saying that they would always be swift runners. Of the head he made the Nez Perces, Walla Wallas and kindred tribes, saying that such people should be intelligent and strong in war. Of the ribs, the Yakimas were made, and out of the belly the coast tribes, fat, short people, with big stomachs. Other tribes were made of the remaining parts, each being endowed with characteristics represented by them. The blood he took up in hand and threw it towards the country of the Snakes and Sioux, indicating in the action that these tribes should be a people of blood and violence. Upon completing his work he again returned to the upper waters of the Columbia. Somehow, in his creation of the coast tribes, he failed to make them perfect, leaving them without a mouth. The god E-cah-ni, however, hapened to pass along and seeing the fault, rectified it by taking his stone knife and cutting a mouth for them, imperfectly, though, as they all were crooked.

F. H. SAYLOR.

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The first debating society organized west of the Rocky mountains had its birth at Oregon City. There is a controversy as to its proper name. Among those given are, Falls Debating Society, Falls City Debating Society, Oregon Lyceum, and Falls City Debating Society and Oregon Lyceum. It was organized in the autumn of 1843, and nearly all of the men then in the Willamette valley, and might be added, Oregon, were members of it. Questions concerning the welfare of the settlers were discussed during its meetings, and it is more than possible that at such times the plans were laid for the establishing of the Provisional government on a permanent basis.

THE LOST CABIN.

By Sam L. Simpson

I had the "blues." For already I had become satisfied that the young metropolis of the Northwest, which Hope, with the typical vermillion finger, had pointed out to me as the city among ten thousand where crowding cases and flowing fees would overwhelm the ambitious disciple of Blackstone, had really more "law" than it could conveniently carry with any prospect of municipal progress. Had every inhabitant of the place given himself up entirely to the spirit of acrimonious and implacable litigation, the felicitous equipose of demand and supply would not yet have been restored; on the contrary, a gaunt forest of legal "limbs" would have remained idle and unappropriated—waving bleakly in the winter of inevitable decay. A "heart of oak," supposing it to be in the law business, could not, under these circumstances, have been joyously imponderable; and it was no wonder that my own, being of very common timber, weighed heavily on this April night, and dragged me down into fathomless depths of despondency. What was I to do when the few hundred dollars brought with me had wasted utterly away? This interrogatory rose upon me again and again with a sphinx-like emphasis that was appalling. While amusing myself with reveries of this cheerful nature, some one rapped at my office door, and, in response to my "Come in," not uttered in the gentlest tones, a tall young man, of dark complexion and habited in a suit of heavy brown cloth, entered. I recognized him, after the usual salutations had passed, as a person who had, for several weeks, been sojourning at my hotel, the C—— House. Taking the chair I proffered he seated himself near the stove, and, bending upon me from under a pair of heavy, black eyebrows, a glance glittering and keen with scrutiny, said, "It's a nasty night for April!"

"It is, indeed," I replied, stooping to replenish the stove; "and you seem to have had the benefit of it."

"Yes, I had some difficulty in finding your office—and that reminds me that I did not come here to discuss the weather, but to talk business."

He bent his head for a moment as if to reflect, and I fixed myself in an attitude of respectful attention, my first fee being the idea which was uppermost in my mind.

"Are you satisfied with this?" and as he spoke, he waved his hand satirically toward the single Falstaffian column of law-books, largely recruited from the Patent-Office Department, on a shelf against the wall opposite.

I smiled, and without waiting for further answer, he proceeded:

"If you succeed at all in the practice of the law in Portland, it will be after years of patience, persistent effort and a life of hideous economy and privation. I believe that you realize this yourself, and for that reason I have come here tonight to share with you a valuable secret and to solicit your assistance in a project which, if successfully prosecuted, will enrich us both."

A suspicion of double-barreled burglary flashed across me, and I suppose he must have seen something of the kind in my face, for he resumed immediately, with an impatient gesture, "Nay, it is honorable; and all I ask of you for the confidence I am about to repose in you, is a pledge of secrecy in the event that you do not join me in the project to which I have alluded."

Having received every evidence of good faith on my part, he drew his chair closer to me, and then looking toward the door, suggested that I had better

lock it. I got up to attend to that, and when I resumed my seat beside him, he had lighted a cigar, and was evidently going to be comfortable. He held his cigar case toward me, and asked:

"Did you ever hear the story of 'The Lost Cabin.'"

I never had.

"No? I will tell it to you now. In the spring of 185—, while the southern border of Oregon was ringing with the battles of that memorable war between the heroic settlers of the territory and the Shasta and Rogue River Indians, two brothers by the name of Wilson—James and Henry—arrived at Jacksonville, and, getting together a small party of hardy and experienced miners, set out, fully armed, to prospect for gold along the rivers and among the broken ranges of mountains southward of that then prosperous mining town. The party had been out for several weeks, meeting with but little success, and had just lost one of their number in a skirmish with the Indians, when a council was called, and all but the Wilson brothers concurred in the opinion that it was best to return to Jacksonville, and wait for the conclusion of the war.

The Wilsons were of a haughty, obstinate spirit, thorough in mountain craft, and brave to recklessness. With them, daring was a habit and danger a luxury, and they held out against the arguments and entreaties of their more prudent comrades, until it was agreed finally, that they should have the greater part of the provisions, ammunition, etc., and continue in their search, while the others would retrace their steps by the shortest and safest route.

"On the morning of parting, James Wilson rose up in his stirrups, and swinging his rifle aloft with an arm splendidly muscular, exclaimed: "Good-bye, boys! and good luck to you, but we can't go back. There is gold somewhere yonder behind that smoky line of mountains, and we are going to dig it out, though all the redskins of the wilderness stand guard over it! We'll come back rich as kings, boys! or leave our bones to bleach there; it's a glorious battle-ground!'

"This high speech fired the heart of of the retreating party for a moment, and some of them turned, as though they, too, would fain peril their lives for that without which life is more bitter than death; but the momentary flash of heroism went down, and, shaking their heads in denial, they rode away, shouting back rude words of cheer.

"They never met again. The main division reached Jacksonville after many days of wearisome and perilous travel, and waited in vain through lengthening months for some tidings of the Wilsons. Their story is sealed to all, save me. I owe my own knowledge of their further progress and final fate to the fact that we were cousins and confidential friends. With this word of explanation, I will give you so much of the history of the brothers as came to me in the letters of James, written at San Francisco, in the year 1859. I have them here"—and, as he talked, he drew forth a packet of perhaps a dozen letters, much worn, creased and soiled, and held them in his hand—"but I have no need to recur to them, as I have read them many times.

"Well, from the point of separation the Wilsons continued in a southeasterly direction. They at first traveled with every precaution against surprise, but finally relaxed their vigilance, as they were seemingly beyond the range of the hostile tribes.

"At last they reached a green and narrow valley, walled in by precipitous mountains, around which meandered, over and among the boulders of richly-colored rock and across beds of smooth and shining pebbles, the limpid waters of a snow-fed stream. Here they determined to rest and recruit themselves and their jaded animals, while they leisurely and thoroughly prospected for gold the region immediately about them.

"Desiring to remain in the valley for some time, they concluded to put up a rude log cabin, which would protect their camp equipage, and, pierced with

loop-holes, fort fashion, would serve as a defense against Indian attack.

"On the morning after their arrival, Henry began to construct timber out of which to construct the temporary home and fortress, while James went forth, gun in hand, to replenish their impoverished larder. About ten o'clock he killed a deer which he shouldered and started for camp. He reached the little stream perspiring and thirsty, for the day was warm, and threw his limp burden down upon a pebbly bar while he stooped to get a drink.

"No sooner had his lips touched the water than his eye was arrested by the sparkle of certain small objects scattered among the gravel of the bottom. A miner is ever on the alert; and so, plunging his hand into the pellucid water, he drew forth a handful of the gravel for examination.

"It was gold!

"Yes, there it was, in coarse yellow grains and lumps—richer than a dream. He dropped suddenly to examine the bar on which it stood; it, too, was gorged with the glittering metal, and he rose with a whoop of joy that made the woods echo, and brought Henry running to the spot—for he had heard it and recognized his brother's voice, on the other side of the little valley. You can imagine their ecstacy. They had known poverty all their lives, and there before them was wealth—sudden, splendid, exhaustless. But I must not linger. Working together they finished their cabin that day, and the next began to gather the gold. The labor was not great, and within two weeks' time they had heaped together a marvelous quantity of it, and began to contemplate a return.

"Life was now precious, and, after thinking it over and weighing the chances for and against the practicability of getting back unmolested, they were convinced that it was best to remain where they were until the volunteer forces under General Lane, which they knew were on the way, had reached the hostile country and relieved the hard paths of mountain travel from the wily foe that lurked on every step. Having made an excavation in the center of the cabin floor, they lined it carefully with rock and, in the vault thus formed, deposited their treasure, tied up in bags of dried and undressed deerskin. This was done in case an attack from the Indians should compel them to flee, when, of course, it would be impossible to carry the heavy metal.

"But no attack was made, and, after a lapse of several weeks, they arose one morning and agreed that it was time to be upon the homeward trail. The sheeny forest leaves waved in the soft winds of morning, and the fresh air was musical with the songs of bird, as, fully armed, they strode forth spiritedly to bring in their horses, which had grown fat and vigorous upon the bountiful pasture.

The cabin stood near the stream, in the edge of the wood, and when they had approached within forty yards of it, suddenly a score of rifles crashed upon them from the bank, followed by the terrible war-cry of the Shastas.

Henry, who it happened was in front of James leading two of the horses, sank with a deadly groan, his horses rearing and falling at the same time. The Indians burst from their cover and sprang forward with all the echoes of pandemonium. James emptied his rifle with fearful aim among them, and drew his revolver. The Indians knew the kind of music they had to face, and, having neglected to reload, dashed back to the cover of the bank. The resolute miner saw his salvation in this movement, and hastily tossing a noose halter over the head of the only horse that remained uninjured, leaped upon his back and was out of immediate danger in an instant—careering down the valley with the scattering shots of the enemy singing over his head. The war party being afoot he was not followed, and finally reached the frontier settlements, after a journey of incredible hardship.

"As the Indian war continued without abatement, he took passage to San Francisco in order to obtain medical advice

in regard to his health, which exposure and privation had badly broken. Then it was that he began the correspondence with me. I was in Chicago at the time.

"Unexpectedly receiving news of his death, in the fall of 1859, I hastened to San Francisco, and received from the hands of his landlord a little bundle of papers, among which I found this. Read it; no explanation is required."

He handed me a folded sheet of paper, on which a letter had been begun, in a cramped, ungainly, but still legible hand. Here it is:

"San Francisco, Oct. 26, '59.

"Dear Cousin: I had hoped to see you before this, but the end has come sooner than I expected. I dreamed of that cabin in the wilds of Oregon, last night, and saw poor Harry fall again before the cowardly shots of these cowardly Shastas; and I think it is nearly over. I must write what I intended to have spoken, and endeavor to give you such directions as will enable you to find the cabin, for you must find it, Theodore, and enjoy its hiden gold. The first part of your course is plain enough: Start from Jacksonville and keep the California road for——"

Here the hand of death stayed the revealing pen and there remained only a black and shapeless ink-blot, as a fit emblem of the mystery that wrapped the whereabouts of the lost cabin. I turned from the paper and looked at Harper—for such was the name by which he introduced himself to me.

"That is all I know about it," said he, "and here is my proposition: Let us jointly purchase an outfit and spend the summer in the mountains of Southern Oregon. With the clew we have I verily believe we shall find the cabin."

"I am with you," and I gave him a steadfast grip.

Harper flushed with pleasure at the prompt and hearty acquiescence, and we sat talking over the details of our expedition until the gray eye of dawn looked in, and, with a cold, unsympathizing stare admonished us that our sitting had been unnaturally protracted.

It was the middle of May, when, deeming the southern mountains free from snow, and the rivers passable, our final preparations were completed, and we were ready for the road.

My books, consisting of a little law, in calf, and much patent-office, in muslin, were consigned to a common grave in a dry-goods box, and the key of the office gracefully consigned to its owner.

We had a saddle-horse apiece, two pack-animals, and provisions for six months. After several days of uneventful travel, we reached Jacksonville. This point was the beginning and the end of the written instructions of James Wilson; and we looked wonderingly toward the south, where a wilderness of mountains, vales and rivers—much of it yet untrodden by the foot of civilized man, stretched away under the serene sky.

There was the ink-blot of the unfinished letter!

We were not to be frowned back, however, by the difficulties that stood in our way; and, after a day's rest, we again took the California road, with the intention of following it for one day longer.

This brought us to a point where, in all probability the party of prospectors headed by the Wilsons had borne off from the beaten track into the chartless regions of the southeast.

Even adopting this general direction as the axis of exploration, the field to be surveyed was almost hopelessly wide. The Wilson party undoubtedly made a considerable departure from their intended course, in order to avoid the actual theatre of the Indian war, but, with this solitary concession to prudence, must have sought to reach that portion of the country with which rumor and the geological outlines of the earth's surface indicated as gold-bearing. Careful inquiry had put us in possession of these latter facts, and we, too, turned to the southeast, but at no great angle from the stage route.

Our progress was slow, tortuous and at times unutterably difficult. Hewing a trail through woven thickets, scrambling over miles of fallen timber, lost in

the twilight of labyrinthine canyons, straining toward the summit of some rocky divide—where the summer sunshine burned like a flame—across turbulent rivers and by the still margins of unknown lakes where the great firs shadowed themselves in somber solitude: what a road to fortune!

We were generously armed and had no fear of personal danger, for the fierce tribes that had formerly hung upon the footsteps of the hunter and gold-digger here, and had disputed the encroachments of civilization in the bright valleys far to our right had "ceased from troubling" and were agriculturally "at rest" upon government reserves.

We knew, however, that a few unmanageable bands had refused to accept the arbitrament of Christian rifles and were still abroad somewhere in their native haunts—from Klamath to the sea—committing theft, arson and an occasional murder.

But our hearts were fired with the "accursed lust for gold" and we were not to be deterred by idle fears. We were possessed of a spirit that toil could not exorcise, nor peril quell!

Weary weeks had elapsed, when, one day we reached the base of a precipitous chain of mountains trending westward and directly in our course. A few miles to our left we found an accessable path; but, surveying the range with our glass for a great distance on either side, could se no other depression in its clear-cut line. This, then, was the only gateway to the southeastern country beyond, and through it the Wilson party must have passed, without a doubt. At the entrance of the pass we found the dim vestiges of a campfire and began to hope that we were right. Further on we found where an axe had been used here and there, and knew that we were on the footsteps of white men. Was it the Wilson trail?

James Wilson, in his letters to Harper, had spoken of a lofty rock, bearing a rude resemblance of an hour-glass, at the base of which is a mineral spring. It was there that the separation had occurred and the main party turned back. The western peaks were crowned with sunset gold, and our day's march was almost done, when unexpectedly, we halted before a lofty bowlder shaped like an hour-glass; and at its base, staining the rock, over which it flowed, we found a spring—bitter with mineral constituents.

By that token the battle was half won, and dismounting, we unpacked our tired and unspirited horses and went into camp for two days, in order to gather strength for the final struggle. Then we were again in the saddle with our face still to the southeast, and toiling on. The scenery grew wilder and more rugged. We were in the region of volcanic agonies, of fierce upheavals and lava floods. Interminable difficulties rose before us, but they were met with heroic resolution and finally overcome. Harper became moody and abstracted; and the stress of sustained anxiety had so worn upon my spirit that even in slumber the troubles of the day were repeated. The boundary between my sleeping and waking thoughts ceased to be clearly defined, I think, and this abnormal condition of the mind may account for what is otherwise inexplicable in what I am about to relate.

We had camped for the night and it was near sunset. Harper, overcome by fatigue, lay asleep with his head upon a roll of blankets. For the hundredth time I had drawn the unfinished letter from my pocket, and sat with my back against a tree, perusing it dreamily, with a lead-pencil which had fallen out in getting the letter, also in my hand. I remember wishing that some spirit-hand would seize the pencil and complete the letter, when, to my infinite surprise, a shadow, like that of sudden twilight, fell upon all things around. I was somehow conscious of a preter-natural presence, and, looking up, beheld immediately in front of me, a man, or the shadow of a man, tall and muscular, with a brown face and bushy beard. He wore a miner's grey flannel shirt—without a coat—and had a

revolver belted to his side. I seemed to be utterly without the power of speech or motion, and looked into the sad and sympathetic eyes he turned upon me, with a sense of awful fascination. I could see Harper dimly through the semi-darkness, but the quiet of slumber still lay upon his weary face. Then night seemed to close down, and I awoke with a start to find that the evening had advanced and that my companion was kindling a fire. I turned to look for the letter and found it at the foot of the tree against which I had reclined; but what did I see? In the blank space below the ink-blot to which I have referred was a rude drawing in pencil! It seemed to represent two ranges of mountains intercepting each other at right angles. In the center of the rectangular space on the lower side was a small diagram, resembling the large one in shape. I took it to the firelight for closer inspection: It was the representation of a miner's pick.

Who had done this, and what could it mean? Was it the idle and unmeaning tracery of my own unconscious hand, or was it the effort of some superior power to direct us in our search for the Lost Cabin? At all events, I could make nothing of the mysterious symbolism before me—pregnant though it might be with precious revelations—and thought best not to mention the circumstance to Harper.

In the afternoon of the next day we were at the foot of another mountain wall spiked with the grey shafts of fire-scathed firs, and with here and there a rocky peak towering high in the smoky atmosphere. Through a system of mighty canyons hewn in these mighty rocks, we penetrated the range and halted for the night upon an open spot where the grass was abundant; and after refreshment, forgot, in the narcotic languors of the pipe, all physical weariness and mental strain.

On the morning following we climbed a lofty eminence that shot into the sky like the spire of some Titanic temple, and with our telescope swept the unknown country before us, serene and beautiful under the flattering tints of a summer sun. To the right, and running nearly north and south, lay another range of mountains, intersecting at right angles that through which we were passing—the drawing below the ink-blot! There, upon the great face of nature was the realization of the pencil-sketch; and its symbolism was as clear as light; away in that central region to the south the mystic emblem of the pick marked the locality of the vault of gold! With the agitation consequent on so sudden a revelation, I turned toward Harper, with this interpretation of the secret I then divulged; and he, too, was stirred to the inmost depths of his imaginative nature.

On—on we went in a dream of wonder and future wealth, and nothing impeded our progress now, until at last we entered a narrow valley walled in by precipitous mountains, and bordered on each side by a beautiful stream. We knew that we were upon sacred ground; and along the shadowy fringe of the forest, where the fretted waters sang a barbaric rune, we rode, silent as spectres. A resistless magnetism drew us on, and not a word was spoken. Our very heart-strings might have snapped with their terrible tension. We turned a projecting angle of the wood, and a square, black object half buried in a tangle of weeds, was before us. We had found the Lost Cabin!—nothing now but an empty pen of scorched and blackened logs.

I disentangled a pick from one of our packs and stepped within the enclosure. It, too, was choked with weeds; and, bending them aside, I beheld, grinning upon us in its hideous solitude, a human skull! Poor Harry! The Indians had intended that he cabin should be his funeral pyre, but only the lighter materials of the roof had ignited and the green logs refused to burn. I struck the pick into the ground near the center of the cabin. Once more I lifted it and drove the long wedge of iron to the handle in the loose soil. The point fastened in some tough substance; and, at the same

instant, Harper, uttering a cry of mortal anguish, fell heavily at my feet, as a rifle-shot roared in my ear and I dropped into oblivion.

Then it was night, a long, starless and dreamless night of clouded intellect and slumbering soul. When the cunning forces of nature had repaired the fragile structure and the dawn of reason came, they were telling the story of a stage-driver on the Oregon and California route, who, many months before, had captured a nude and sun-bronzed wild-man —gibering like a monkey, but harmless as a babe—near the boundary line, and had sent him north to Portland. It was southern wilds.

For the rest, Harper must have fallen by the accidental discharge of his own rifle; and my mind, strung by the high excitement of the search, weakened by the despotism of one absorbing idea, and dazed by the apparent interposition of the supernatural, had given way under the shock, and the mere instincts of the animal nature had provided me with sustenance and prolonged my life.

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A COUNTY WITH A HISTORY.

Silver Bow county, Montana, has more of a history connected with it than usually falls to the lot of the average county in the United States. Until the sixties no one seemed to care very much whether it was a part of the territory known as the Louisiana Purchase, and belonging to Spain; to France; again to Spain; then back to France, or belonged to Great Britain or the United States by right of discovery, and for the very good reason that no inducements were offered for its settlement until that time. It was rather of "the dog in the manger" order. Did not want others to have it, and it was tacked on to the nearest neighbor, not because its presence would lend lustre, advantages or benefits, only to know where to find it.

Prior to 1712 the native races held undisputed claim. From that year until 1762, when, it is said, that France reckoned it as a part of her territory. In 1762 her title was transferred to Spain, and in 1801 Spain retroceeded it to France, and in 1803 France sold it to the United States.

In 1804 it was divided, the southern portion being called the district of Orleans, and the northern portion the district of Louisiana, the latter being placed under the jurisdiction of Indiana. In 1805 it was called the territory of Louisiana. In 1812, when Missouri was carved out of it as a state, it was placed under the jurisdiction of Missouri. In 1814 it became Arkansas territory, and in 1834 Indian territory. In 1845 it was supposed to be a portion of the original Oregon. In 1846 the provisional government of Oregon created the county of Vancouver, since known as Clarke county. This county embraced no definite boundaries in so far as its eastern limits were concerned, except that the whole of the Oregon territory, claimed by and acknowledged as belonging to the United States, that lay to the eastward, was a portion of the eastern counties thereof. This was true of the territorial government of Oregon as well. Upon the assumption of statehood by Oregon in 1853, this "unknown quantity" became a part of the territory of Washington.

At this time the boundaries of Clarke county were more particularly defined —extending on the west, from a point on the Columbia river below Vancouver, to the summit of the Rocky Mountains, a distance of some six hundred miles. Clarke county was subsequently divided. Skamania county being created out of its eastern portion, the orphan falling within its limits. Afterwards the county of Skamania was divided, its eastern portion being designated as Walla Walla county. Subsequently Walla Walla county was cut down and the county of

Spokane created out of its eastern portion. The latter being deemed a little larger than it ought to be, it was reduced by the creation of Missoula county from its eastern section. In March, 1863, Washington lost jurisdiction by reason of the creation of the territory of Idaho, within which it was placed.

In 1864 the territory of Montana was created and Missoula county was given over to its jurisdiction. On the meeting of the first legislature, in 1865, the county was divided into two counties, the severed portion taking the name of Deer Lodge county. Upon the assumption of statehood by Montana further changes were made by taking away, in 1881, a portion of Deer Lodge and erecting it into Silver Bow county.

It will be seen from this that Silver Bow county has been, since 1845, under the jurisdiction of a provisional, four territorial and one state government and has been a portion of seven different counties, and, if a portion of the Louisiana Purchase, under the jurisdiction of three monarchies, and was a district and under the jurisdiction of a state and four territorial governments prior to such date.

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The first oysters taken from Shoalwater Bay for market, were gathered in 1851 by Capt. Chas. J. W. Russell. This gentleman was then a resident of Pacific City, then located on the shores of Baker's Bay, but now no more. He shipped them from Astoria to San Francisco. The first shipment that was made direct from the Bay, went in a schooner, the shipper being Capt. Feildsted, the owner of the vessel.

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The first federal officer to reach Washington (territory) after it was cut off from Oregon, was J. Patton Anderson, the U. S. marshal of the new territory, who arrived at Olympia, July 3, 1853. Gov. Isaac I. Stephens, the first governor of the territory, did not arrive until November of the same year.

The first federal judges were Charles Lander, chief justice, and Victor Munroe and O. B. McFadden, associate judges,

The first territorial court was held at Cowlitz Landing, on the first Monday in January, 1854. Victor Monroe, associate justice, presiding.

The first legislature convened at Olympia on February 27, 1854. Geo. N. McConaha was the first president of the council, and F. A. Chenoweth the first speaker of the house. Both houses were democratic.

Columbia Lancaster was the first delegate to congress. Miles C. Moore was the last governor of the territory, and Elisha P. Ferry the first governor after it became a state. He had also been governor while it was a territory.

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Both General Lane and Geo. L. Curry were twice governor of the territory of Oregon. General Lane was the first appointed to the position, and his second term was the shortest of all those holding the office, it being but three days. Gov. Curry first held the office as acting governor. His second term was the longest of all the territorial governors, being four years, seven months and three days.

Of the state governors, S. F. Chadwick was the only one to occupy the executive chair except by direct election. By being secretary of state he succeeded to the office upon the resignation of his predecessor, Gov. Grover. His term of office, so far, has been the shortest.

Governors Grover and Pennoyer were the only ones elected to succeed themselvs, and Gov. Pennoyer the only one to serve two full terms. Gov. Moody served the longest single term—four years, three months and twenty-nine days. The present incumbent, T. T. Geer, was the first native-born Oregonian to be nominated and elected to the

OREGON'S PIONEERS.

(Respectfully Dedicated to Martha Avery's Cabin No. 18, Native Daughters of Oregon.)

How shall the tale of the West be told?
Who will write it in letters of gold?

Where is the one whose magic pen
Shall make its heroes live again?

Under the sod they silent sleep,
Over their graves we silent weep.

Silent for never a tongue can tell
How well they wrought, how bravely fell,

And are they gone, these heroes bold,
Can sodden clay such spirits hold?

Shall deeds like theirs forever lie
Hidden from heart and ear and eye?

Since the westward march began
Earth's best blood has led the van.

Ever bore the battle brunt,
Nature's heroes in the front.

Sung far and near in martial lays
The warrior has his meed of praise

Extolled in life, when life has fled
He sleeps with laurels 'round his head.

Yet never our nation's lusty cheers
Have rung for its western pioneers.

Though they have stood a guard to keep
While all the Nation was asleep;

Though western soil, from flood to flood,
Is enriched with patriot blood.

And every hill and every vale
Holds touching tragic thrilling tale.

Though they made a desert sod,
Touched as if by Aaron's rod,

Blossom o'er its wide domain
With flowers, fruit and golden grain.

Where their campfire smoke has curled
There our banner was unfurled;

While their cabins rose in air
They were building house more fair

From Missouri's tawny flood,
Where the painted savage stood,

To Pacific's golden gate,
They were building house of state;

True of hand, and heart and eye,
They were building to the sky.

Well they builded 'neath their domes
States and empires find their homes.

Years have fled on hill and plain,
Campfires brightly blaze again,

Children of that faithful band
Meet to join in heart and hand

And to whisper, soft and low,
Of the days of long ago;

Well they know such tones are best,
For their heroes are at rest.

Though no clarion bugle tone
O'er the world their fame has blown.

Yet we stand with upraised eyes
Joyfully looking to the skies,

And whisper low above their sod,
"These were heroes known to God,

Under the sod they silent sleep,
Over their graves we silent weep;

Silent, for never a tongue can tell
How well they fought, how bravely fell.

G. A. WAGGONER.

OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

GEO. H. HIMES, Assistant Secretary.

Dr. James McBride, a pioneer to Oregon of 1846, was appointed as United States minister to the Hawaiian Islands by President Lincoln. Soon after going there he had the American coat-of-arms placed over the entrance of the American legation.

In 1864 an English man-of-war stopped in Honolulu, having on board two cadets in the English navy, both sons of peers. One of them, Lord Charles Beresford, is now high in the service. This was during the war of the rebellion, when England was rather unfriendly to the United States, and many Englishmen were inclined to think that the United States goverment was of no special consequence, and was practically destroyed.

One night Lord Charles Beresford and his friend, in order to show their contempt for the United States government, went to the American legation, tore down McBride's coat-of-arms, and hired a native to row them with it out into the bay where their ship was anchored.

On learning next morning that the coat-of-arms was missing, the American minister instituted a search, and soon found the native who had taken it to the ship. A search warrant was procured and the coat-of-arms brought back by an officer. The commandant of the man-of-war and the English minister at Honolulu imemdiately called on the American minister and offered an apology in the name of their government for the insult which had been offered. After having made their apology, they stated that they supposed that this was satisfactory, and that they had atoned for the offence. The American minister informed them that this was not satisfactory, an dthat these two young lords, who were officers of the British government, had not only comitted the theft, but had, by their act, insulted the government represented by him. He further said that, having taken down the coat-of-arms with their own hands, he would not be satisfied until they themselves put it back where they got it. At this the English minister and commandant vehemently protested, saying that such a demand was humiliating and disgraceful, and could not be complied with. The American minister, however, insisted on a compliance with his demand, saying that the disgrace consisted in the act of stealing the coat-of-arms, and that nothing short of this would be considered reparation for the offence. After considerable diplomatic correspondence and some delay, the English minister agreed to comply with the demand of Dr. McBride, and the latter mentioned the next noon as the time when the coat-of-arms should be replaced.

It was soon noised about Honolulu that the two young men were to replace the coat-of-arms the next day at twelve o'clock. When the time came, thousands of people from the city and surrounding country were there to witness the ceremony. A photograph of the scene was taken, and it is said that a relative of minister McBride in Salem, now has a copy of this photograph. The young fellows also apologized to Dr. McBride for the insult.

Minister McBride reported the affair to Secretary Seward, who complimented him and demanded an apology from the English government, which was made, and the two young men called home and dismissed from the navy for five years.

It is said that the first white child born west of the Willamette river was the eldest son of Medorum Crawford, a pioneer of 1842.

PACIFIC NORTHWEST CHRONOLOGY.

1542—It is said that Juan Rodrigues Cabrillo, a Spaniard, sailed up the coast as far as 44 deg., landed and returned south. This would be somewhere in the neighborhood of Port Orford.

1578—Authorities differ as to the distance which Sir Francis Drake, an Englishman, sailed up the coast. There is no record of his having landed north of San Francisco bay.

1592—Is given as the date upon which Juan de Fuca, a Spaniard, discovered the straits which now bear his name. It is doubted whether he ever saw them as claimed by him.

1603—Sebastian Vizcaino, a Spaniard, named Cape Blanco, also reported a snow-capped peak to the eastward, calling it San Sebastian (Mt. Shasta). He also discovered a river, supposed to be the Umpqua. Capt. Aguilar, one of this expedition, claimed to have discovered the Columbia river.

1742—Two sons of Chevalier de La Verendrye, of Montreal, led an overland expedition to the Stony mountains (Rockies), coming as far west as the country embracing Missoula, Deer Lodge and Silver Bow counties in Montana. On May 19, 1744, they set up a monument and christened the country "Beauharnois."

1763—Kadiak Island settled by the Russians.

1766—The river "Oregon" was conceived in the mind of Capt. Johnathan Carver, of Connecticut, who made an expedition into the country adjacent to the headwaters of the Mississippi in that year. This river has borne several different names, among them being: Spanish—Esenada de Asuncion (Assumption Inlet, Esenada de Hecta (Heceta Inlet), Rio de San Roque (River of San Roque), Rio de Aguilar (River of Augilar), and Rio de Thegays (River of Thegays). American—River of the West, Oregon and Columbia. Indian—Shock-a-tili-cum, Chuck-a-lil-um, Wik-a-itli Wam-a-kil, Pe-koo-un, Ka-kis-ne-na, Nis-koot-sum, Ka-nix, Wahna and others. It was not the custom of the native races to name a river, but rather localities upon the same.

1774—Lieut. Juan Perez, a Spaniard, sailed as far north as 54 deg. On his return trip he discovered a mountain now called Mt. Olympus. He gave it the name of Sierra de Santa Rosalia.

1775—Capt. Bruno Heceta, a Spaniard, planted a cross on July 14th, upon a point to which he gave the name of Punta de Martinez (Martyr's Point), a location now known as Point Grenville. On the same day some of the crew of one of his vessels went on shore for a supply of fresh water, and were massacred by the Indians. This was the first recorded instance where the blood of the white race was shed in the Pacific Northwest. On the following 17th he discovered the mouth of the Columbia river, mistaking it for a bay, giving it the name of Ensenada de Asuncion. Point Adams he called Cabo de Frondosa (Leafy Cape), and to Cape Disappointment the name of Cabo de San Roque.

1778—On March 22d, Capt. James Cook named Cape Foulweather and Cape Flattery. The latter had been previously (1774) called Punta Martinez by Perez. Several of those accompanying Captain Cook subsequently achieved celebrity. George Vancouver, a follower in discovery, was his mid-shipman; John Ledyard, of Connecticut, the first American to set foot on the Pacific coast, who was one of the petty officers, became a noted traveler. He went on shore in Alaska on the 8th of October. Another of the crew afterwards became a distinguished geographer. This was Admiral Burney, of the British navy. While on

his way to North Pacific waters, Capt. Cook discovered the Sandwich Islands, January 18, 1778, naming them in honor of Lord Sandwich of England. On his return voyage he put in to the islands, and while there, February 16, 1779, he was murdered by the natives. He was succeeded in command by Capt. Clerke, who soon died, leaving the command to fall to the lot of Lieut. Gore, a Virginian. Capt. Gore sailed to Canton, China, and there disposed of the first furs that had come to that market direct from the sealing grounds of the Pacific Northwest.

1785—Capt. James Hanna, an Englishman, arrived. Not for the purpose of exploration, but to gather furs for the Oriental market. He was quite successful, selling his cargo in the Cantonese market for $20,000. This was the first expedition coming to the North Pacific waters solely for trading purposes.

1787—Capt. Dixon, an Englishman, was the first to establish the fact that Queen Charlotte Island was an island. He named it in honor of his vessel.

Capt. Berkeley, an Englishman, commanding the Imperial Eagle, an American vessel, entered the Straits of Fuca this year, making certain their existence, which had previously been doubted. Later on he sailed down the coast, making a landing at Point Grenville. Some of the crew of the vessel went on shore, and, like the Spaniards of 1775, they met their death at the hands of the natives. As a memorial to their sad fate the captain named the island near the point, Destruction Island. This had been called by Heceta, Isle de Dolores (Isle of Sorrows), at the date his men were murdered.

1788—The American sloop, Lady Washington, of Boston, arrived at Nootka on September 17th. She was commanded by Capt. Robert Gray, who afterwards discovered the Columbia river. She was the first American vessel to carry the Stars and Strips around the world. On the voyage up the coast, the vessel was run into Murderers' harbor, since known as Tillamook bay. While here one of the crew was murdered by the Indians, supposed to be the first occurring south of the Columbia river, of one not a native.

Capt. John Mears, an Englishman, arrived at Nootka in the spring of this year. He came as the supercargo of the vessel, but was the real commander. The vessel, however, carried a Portugese captain and papers. Capt. Mears secured from a native Nootka chief a "spot of ground in his territory" in exchange for a brace of pistols. Upon this he built the first vessel constructed in the North Pacific. He named her the Northwest America, and she took her maiden plunge into the wave on September 20th of this year.

It is not generally known that the Chinese were pioneers to North American waters during this year, but such was the case. In the early struggles among the powers of the old world to secure a footing upon the northern shores of the Pacific—Spain, Russia and England made every haste and resorted to various expedient to acquire title by occupation or discovery. The English conceived the idea of colonizing with people from other countries who would not only be dependent upon them, but also, probably, intermix with the natives, which might exert a controlling influence over the latter class. The plan was to induce some of the Chinese to come on board of their vessel with the idea that they were to be taken to Bengal, and instead bring them across the ocean to the place or places where it was suitable for the founding of a colony. It was also a part of the scheme to touch at the Hawaiian Islands and there pick up enough Kanaka women to supply each of the Celestials with a wife. They succeeded in inducing some seventy Chinese to come on board their ships, when sail was set for the Pacific coast. At Honolulu quite a number of women were obtained and it was not over long before their destined port—Nootka Island—was reached, but the Spanish seamen had raised the red and yellow flag

before their arrival, and when the English mariners attempted to make a landing for their intended purpose, the Spanish captains seized their ships. It is said that they put the Chinese brought over to work, but what ultimately became of them has not been made a matter of history. The vessels bringing them were the Princess Royal and the Argonaut.

(To be continued.)

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NESIKA WA-WA.

Several of our subscribers became somewhat alarmed over the non-appearance of the last issue of the Native Son at its usual date of delivery, and wrote asking as to the reason why they did not receive it. Among those enquiring about the delay was one of our agents. Her message was as follows:

Yoncalla, Oregon, August 8th, 1900.

NATIVE SON PUB. CO.,

Klose Tenas Man:—Klone moon o'coke mika papah wake chaco copa conomox o'coke kloochman, Mrs. Susan Smith, pee ole man C. H. Westernheiser, Yoncalla. Nesika hyas mesahche, copa nesika spose mika wake copa yaka. Klose mika hyas mamook chaco o'koke papah, copa skookum chickamin kuitan, pee klonas mesika kokshut klose tumtum. Mika Klose Tilicum,

SUE BURT, Agent.

In pioneer days there were but few but what understood this language, and the children frequently could speak it as well as they could English. Now-a-days, those who can understand the simplest words are like the primitive inhabitants —who were at one time numbered by the thousand—very rare.

♣

Among the laws passed by the last session of the Grand Cabin, Native Sons of Oregon, was one which permits cabins of the order to admit to membership all desirable candidates over eighteen years of age. This is certainly a move in the right direction, for the first society a young man becomes identified with, and in which he takes an interest, is the one which he holds dearest. From the fact that other orders require applicants to be twenty-one years of age, this class of membership is ineligible to membership therein, and they are left to remain out of a society or join the Native Sons.

Allied to this order at the earliest limit of admission, they will retain a kindly feeling for it in all ways that tend to its upbuilding, and when once its principles are fully understood, are never forgotten and will, as a rule, most certainly imbue them with better citizenship, and in all ways promote actions serving to uphold our flag, foster home endeavor, and bring honor to the brave and noble pioneers whose efforts laid the foundations of the great Pacific Northwest.

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Contributions are solicited on any subject interesting and connected with the history of the original Oregon. Reminiscences of pioneers are especially wanted. The native born should endeavor to secure data of all kinds from their pioneer parents and send the same to us for publication.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

TIMOTHY A. RIGGS.

Timothy Ambrose Riggs was born October 28, 1825, in Ray county, Missouri. At that time this was the extreme frontier, consequently, with no public schools, his education was extremely limited.

In early life he learned of Oregon through the perusal of a short history written by a Mr. Edwards. In the spring of 1846 he, with his parents and other members of his family, started for the far-away land, halting a few days at Iowa Point, on the Missouri river, long enough to collect the emigrant company.

On the 5th day of May they began crossing the river and, as the only means of transportation was the ordinary flatboat, propelled by hand, three days were consumed in crossing between twenty and thirty wagons and stock.

His father, Thomas Riggs, who was taken sick a few days before crossing, died on the evening of the 7th, and was buried the day following, on the bluff overlooking the river. On the same day the company started on the long journey, saddened by this severe and unexpected loss.

On the last day of September the subject of this sketch, with one other man, arrived at Phillip Foster's on the Clackamas. The Fosters were the first family of white people they had met after crossing the plains. On the next day the family arrived and a few days after went on to Oregon City, the objective point of immigrants in those days.

During the following year he farmed in partnership with Dr. P. Welch. In the fall of 1847 he settled in Linn county, where Crawfordsville now stands. In the meantime he purchased a few books and studied at home until he acquired sufficient education for ordinary business transactions.

In 1850 he was elected County Treasurer of Linn county, that being the first year that there was any revenue collected in the county and it amounted to $1162.50. He was allowed two per cent for receiving and disbursing the same, $23.25 in all.

In 1851 he was elected County Assessor, being the second person to fill that office. He performed that duty in fourteen days and made his report to the County Clerk on the 15th, for which he was allowed $5 per day, or $75

In 1856 he enlisted for three months in the Rogue River war, under Captain James Blakely, and was elected second lieutenant by the company.

In 1861 he was engaged in the lumber business, and at the time of the flood, his property was all swept away by the high water, and afterwards his house was burned, with all its contents. In 1862 he was elected Sheriff of Linn county for two years, and at the present time is serving as County Surveyor, having first been appointed to fill a vacancy caused by the death of E. T. T. Fisher, and in June of this year was elected to that office.

On the 10th day of June, 1849, he was married to Miss Celia Russell. Nine children were born to them, seven of whom, four sons and three daughters, are still living.

Mr. Riggs has lived a quiet life, and has enjoyed the confidence and respect of his fellow citizens, as is evidenced by the many calls to fill positions of trust which he has always discharged with credit to himself and his constituents. He and his wife are members of the Christian church at Albany, Oregon, where he resides, and takes a lively interest in all benevolent undertakings. Though almost 75 years of age, he has not thought it time to cease leading an active life, and the people of his county seem to agree with him in that decision, having recently chosen him to fill an office whose duties demand the most robust among a younger generation.

GEORGE LEMUEL WOODS.

Gov. George L. Woods, was born in Boone county, Missouri, July 30, 1832. At the age of fifteen he crossed the plains with his parents, Caleb and Margaret McBride Woods, pioneers of 1847, who settled upon a claim in Yamhill county soon after arriving. He attended the first school taught in the "classic shades of Yamhill," the building being a log cabin. Among the scholars attending were Hon. John R. McBride, Dr. James C. Shelton and Dr. L. L. Rowland. All these students wore buck-skin suits and moccasins for footwear. The teacher was Dr. W. L. Adams. He subsequently attended school at McMinnville College. In 1853 he was married to his cousin, Miss Louisa A. McBride, daughter of Dr. James McBride. Mr. Woods worked at carpentering and farming until he could secure an education, occupying his spare moments in study. He read law, and was admitted to the bar in 1858. He came prominently before the public in 1857, by organizing republican clubs throughout the Willamette valley, before whom he spoke on the political issues of the day. In 1863 he was

appointed county judge of Wasco county, and in 1864 was elected presidential elector. In 1866 he was elected governor of Oregon, serving four years. In 1871 he was appointed governor of the territory of Utah by President Grant, which office he held four years. He then removed to California and resumed the practice of law, principally in San Francisco. While a resident of California, he ran for the office of congressman, but was defeated.

He returned to Oregon in 1885, locating in Portland, where he practiced law until his death.

Governor Woods, as an attorney of the higher rank, and as a speaker, was one of the most eloquent known to the Union, and his services as a campaign orator were eagerly sought for, far and wide. He died in Portland, January 14, 1890, lamented by a host of friends and sorrowing relatives.

RUFUS MALLORY.

Hon. Rufus Mallory was born June 10, 1831, in the town of Coventry, New York. At the age of twenty he taught school and read law at Andover, New York, and later in Iowa. He came from the latter state to Oregon in 1858, locating in Roseburg. Here he continued his legal study and was admitted to the bar in 1860. During that year he was elected district attorney for the first judicial district. In 1862 he was elected a member of the legislature from Douglas county, Soon afterwards he removed to Salem, and in 1864 was elected district attorney for the third judicial district. In 1866 he was elected congressman. In 1872 he was elected to the legislative assembly from Marion county, and when the legislature convened, was chosen speaker of the house. In 1874 he was appointed U. S. district attorney, and in 1878 was reappointed to the same office. In 1882 he visited India as special agent of the government.

Mr. Mallory was originally a whig in politics, but upon the overthrow of that party identified himself with the republicans, a party in which he has been an influential factor in Oregon, advocating its principles on the stump, representing it in various conventions, both state and national.

As a lawyer Mr. Mallory takes rank among the best in the state. His legal abilities have been tested in many important cases which have attracted wide attention because of the new and novel questions involved, and on no occasion has he failed to acquit himself admirably. One of the remarkable cases in which he was identified as prosecutor was the conviction of the murderers of Beal and Baker, whose guilt was fastened upon them upon the slender beginning of a hat-band lost by one of them at the scene of their crime. He is now practicing law in Portland.

Mr. Mallory was married June 24, 1860, to Miss Lucy A. Rose, daughter of Aaron Rose, the founder of Roseburg. The fruits of the union has been one child, a son.

JAMES K. KELLY.

Hon. James K. Kelly was born in Center county, Pennsylvania, February 16, 1819. He graduated at Princeton College in 1839, and soon after began the study of law. After admission to the bar he practiced his profession at Lewiston, Pa., where he remained until 1849, when he crossed the plains to California. The gold excitement being at its height he tried his luck at mining during that winter. His venture netted him handsomely, when he went to San Francisco, opening a law office there. In 1851 he removed to Oregon. He first located at Pacific City. But soon removed to Oregon City. While here he was appointed one of the code commissioners, which prepared the first code of laws for the territory. He served for four years as a member of the territorial council from Clackamas county—during the time he was president of that body for two years.

In 1855 he served as lieutenant colonel in the volunteer service. His command was engaged in battle with the Indians east of the Cascades on several occasions, one encounter lasting four days. The hostiles were routed with great slaughter and their losses disheartened them so that they would not thereafter come out in open fight.

On his return from military service he resumed the practice of law. In 1857 he was a member of the state constitutional convention, and three years later was elected state senator to represent Clackamas and Wasco counties. He met with great financial loss in consequence of the flood in 1861, and he removed from Oregon City to The Dalles, where he remained until 1869. In 1864 he was defeated for the office of governor, the state being overwhelmingly republican.

In 1870 the legislature was democratic, so it elected Mr. Kelly United States Senator. At the expiration of his term he resumed the practice of his profession, locating in Portland. Subsequently he removed to Washington, D. C., where he now resides.

His wife was Miss Mary Millar, to whom he was married in 1863. They have two children, a son and a daughter.

THE FISHERMAN.

Over the sand bars rolls the swift river,
Sweeping the boulders by the cliff's lee;
Winding, widening, onward it ever
Hides in the deep moaning sea.
Over the cliffsides the haze of the ocean
Rises as passes the day to its sleep,
Sullenly, gravely, the angry commotion
Comes—'tis the voice of the deep.

Dipping, racing, the boats from the offing
Seeming like sea birds, list 'neath the sails,
Fearless, dauntless, the boatmen are scoffing
Signs of the bleak southern gales;
Dashes the spray from the bows, and the surges
Lash the lithe forms in the teeth of the wind;
Bravely, gaily the fisherman urges
His boat from his rival behind.

Ring the loud songs of the toilers' devotion,
By the bleak island the fleet pinions white
Swinging near the mad waves of the ocean,
At anchor will wait for the night;
Then, as the cloud-rifts awaken the starlight,
Mirroring gleams in the deep waving skies,
Over the billows the lone guiding farlight
Brightly enkindles and dies.

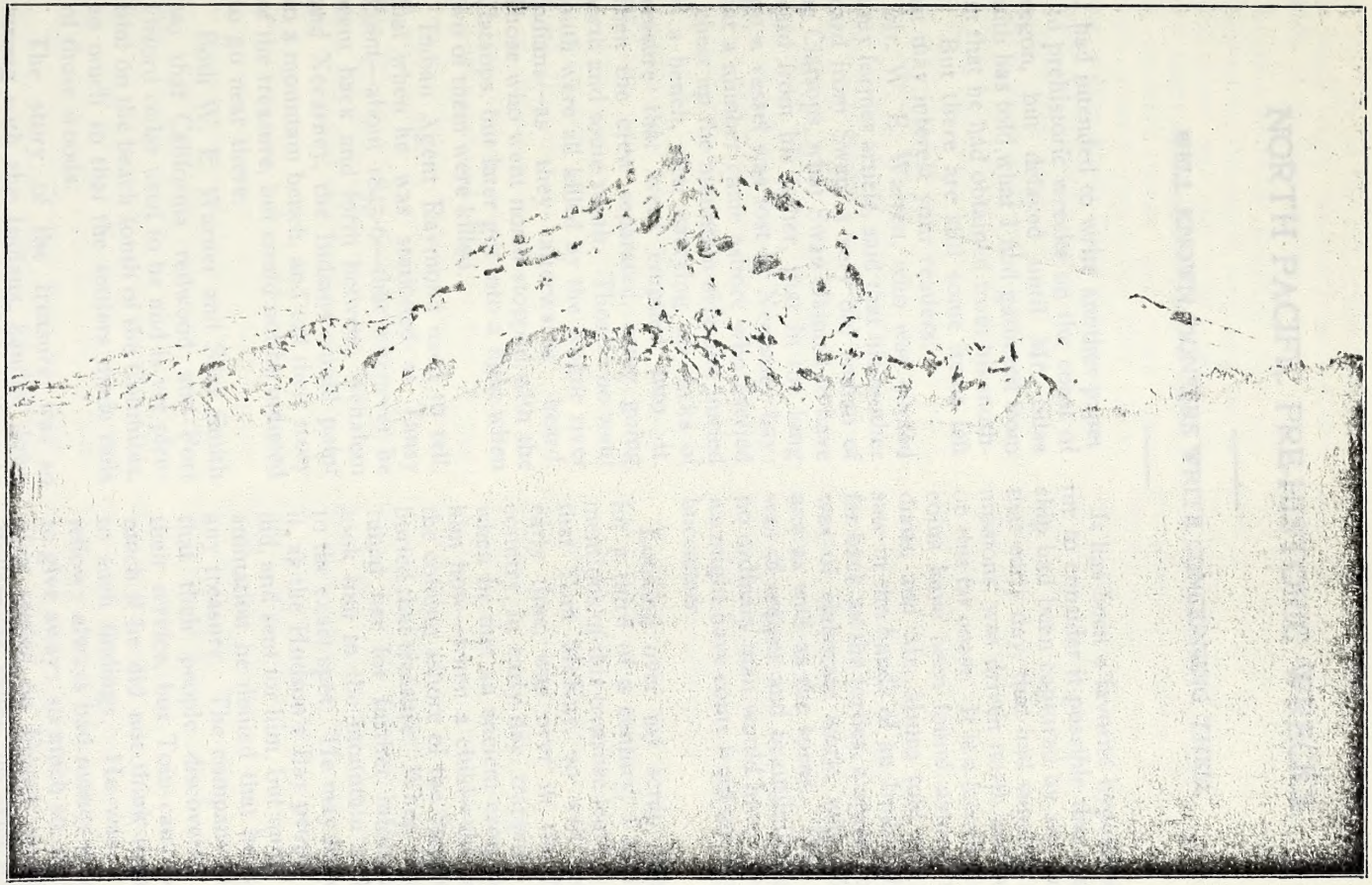
Echo the rappings, I hear the low shifting,
Fisher and boatman behold the glad hour,
Soon the lone vessels are silently drifting,
Darkly the clouds above lower;
Swiftly the tide to the sullen lines bears them,
Nearer, nearer they hear the surf's roar;
Dauntless the boatmen, an instant prepares them
To strive for the low island shore.

Rising, advancing, the surf in its raging
Sounds the dread knell, as a demon it seems;
Night and the storm are mad billows engaging
Warfare the shrill tempest screams;
But the flood tide to the rescue advances,
Vain is the might of the tempest so ill,
As the lithe boat on the white cresting dances,
There is a moment of skill.

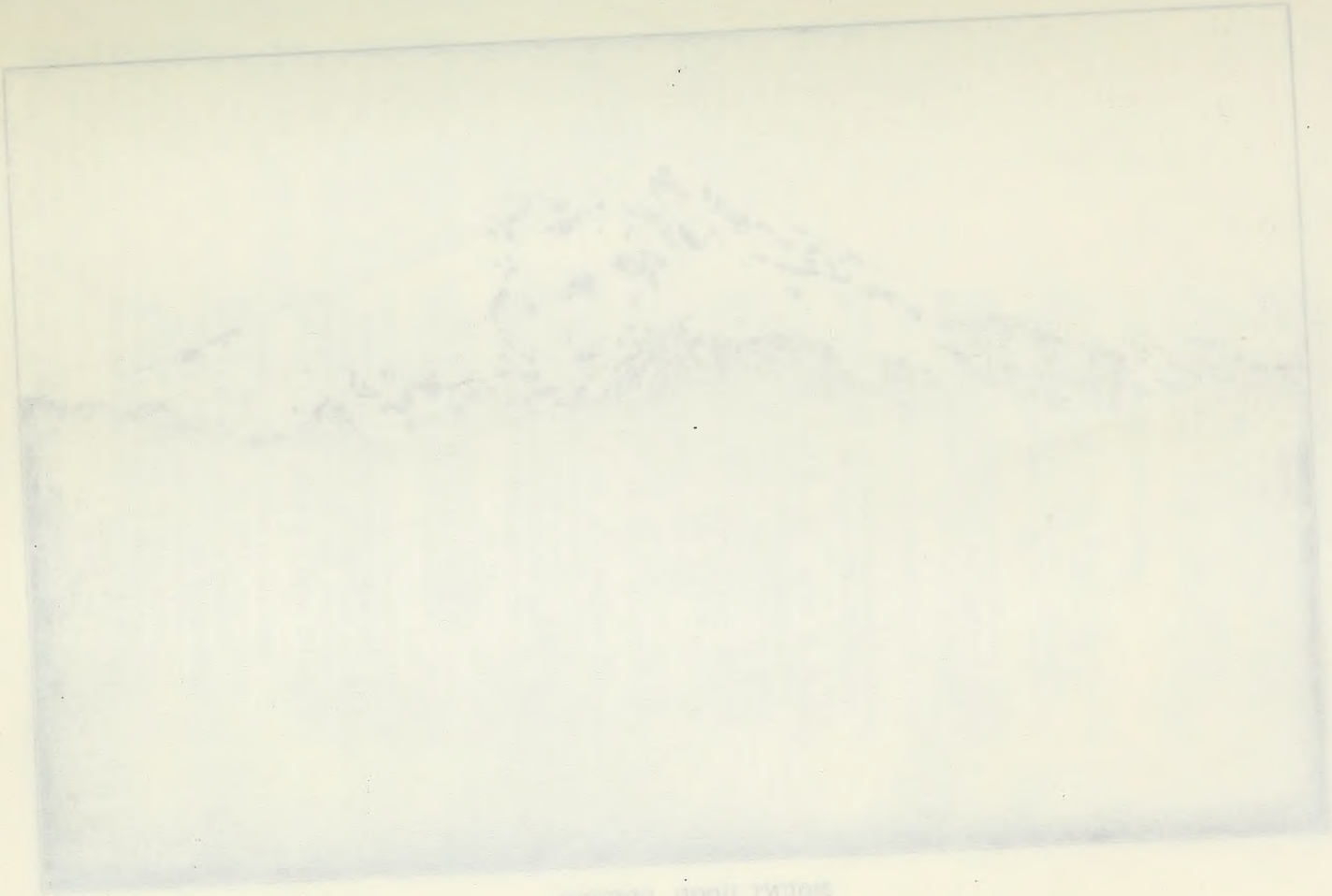
At the lone cove or the low island's mooring
Resting at morn will the fisherman be,
Waiting the hour of the toil so illuring,
Daunting the ill of the sea;
Soon is forgotten the hour of the danger,
Calm is the water and fair are the skies,
And with the evening again the swift ranger
Over the wide river flies.

—Valentine Brown.

THE FISHERMAN.



MOUNT HOOD, OREGON.



NORTH PACIFIC PRE-HISTORIC WRECKS.

WELL KNOWN PIONEERS WRITE CONCERNING THEM.

I had intended to write another paper as to prehistoric wrecks on the coast of Oregon, but delayed until Mr. Silas Smith has told what I had gathered from him that he had obtained from his mother. But there are still some items left that may interest your readers.

Mr. W. E. Warren, who was quoted in my former article, said that his mother heard from Swan, a very old Indian of the Clatsops, what Swan claimed to have heard from his father, that in the long ago a vessel was lost at Necarney bay; that a number came ashore who carried a chest up the mountain side and buried on a bench, after carrying up sacks of treasure that were emptied into it. Then the crew separated, some going north and some south. Those who went south were all killed by the Rogue river Indians—as they afterwards heard. Those who went north stopped with the Clatsops, but later got into a fight when two of them were killed.

Indian Agent Raymond used to tell, that when he was stationed at Tansy Point—about 1845-6—that whenever he went back and forth between Nehalem and Necarney, the Indians would point to a mountain bench, and tell their story of the treasure, but could not be induced to go near there.

Both W. E. Warner and Silas Smith say that California redwood and Port Orford cedar used to be and is yet plentiful on the beach south of the Columbia, so much so that the settlers made rails of those woods.

The story of the treasure was so strong with the Indians, handed down as a legend, and was told so often to early comers, that it could not easily have been invented out of whole cloth. They had a horror of the spot, and could not be induced to go near it.

It has been a favorite hypothesis with me to consider it possible that a mission ship had been captured by sea rovers at that early day, that had supplies for the missions, was driven north and was lost on this far coast. It is a fact that ancient coins have been found among the Indians, and Mr. Minto told me that he saw in the hands of an Indian there, so far back as the forties, a spear-head that was of elaborate work, with pike and axe as well as the spear. This weapon was of copper and beautifully inlaid, as no ordinary man would have. Such relics might have come from the wreck of a buccaneer.

Looking over my scrap book, kept for a third of a century, I find several mentions of this treasure legend. One is that Tom McKay, so well known in early time, was over in the Nehalem country, in early day, trapping for furs, when he met an ancient crone who told him how—when a child—she witnessed the coming ashore of the Spaniards who buried that treasure. When Tom importuned her for further information she took him to the mountain and pointed to the exact spot. He may have dug for it, as the Hudson's Bay people heard he did, and sent for him, but under rigid examination he denied that he had found any treasure. The company claimed all that their people discovered while in their service, but Tom can't be blamed much if he did not think them entitled to such findings. He was a generous fellow; always had money to spend and to give away; so much so, that when he after settled on French prairie, in the Willamette valley, he lived so well and was so liberal to all in need, that many believed he had surely found that treasure and gloried that he made such good use of it. If he found it over half a century

ago the age of the old crone who told him might carry the wreck back to the middle of the last century.

Another of these clippings—that was published at Tillamook long ago and is soiled from age and wear—tells that many years ago Spanish pirates roamed this northern ocean and when their wealth became oppressive they would come sailing up to Cape Flowanda and deposit the unwieldy surplus in a treasure vault they knew of. But the inconstant sea has so encroached on their safe-deposit cave that it cannot now be entered, so the curious look for it in vain. But there is a great cross carved on a cliff that faces the sea, that was no doubt meant to point a moral and adorn a tale. Several have told me of inscriptions seen on the rocks at Mt. Necarney, as also on cliffs where there was a landing at sea-cabalistic figures that seem to say they could a tale unfold—if they only would.

Those mountain terraces and gulches have been fairly honey-combed with holes dug, but are not known to have made any sign. A mythical story tells of a man who prospected that terrace and after due practice with pick and shovel "folded his tent like the Arabs, and as silently stole away." Some who had the curiosity to trace his course in life were astonished to learn that he was living in Oriental state in British Columbia and having a generally good time; that, too, before the rich mines of Trail creek had been discovered, or the City of Rossland had reached its present opulence.

To offset this, a friend at Astoria told me of meeting, about 1890, a well-known and sedate citizen of the Willamette, who looked shabby, soiled and tired—and disgusted beside—whom he wondered to see thus, and so far from home. The weary man told a tale of how, two years before, a wayfarer went to work for him on his farm and as soon as he was sufficiently rested told him that he knew of treasure to be had for the mere digging and packing it away. But the farmer was prudent, and it took two years for the treasure-seeker to get a move on him. His varnished tale was that a shipmate had showed him plats of a mountain shelf that faced the western sea; before he died this shipmate learned this from a Boston man. He said he had been to bold Necarney and was preparing to dig there—as his chart told him to—when the natives of that region told him his business was at home, if he had one—and not to stand in the order of his going, but go at once. So this sober-minded man of French prairie took his satchel, put on his summer overcoat, went two hundred miles by river and rail, and then afoot along that mountain shore to where Necarney fronts the sea.

But his companion had never been there before for he did not know the place. Our farmer friend had heard this story so often and read it time and again in the newspapers, so he digged and delved awhile, and was now on his way home, a sadder and wiser man, nevermore to be enticed by tales of sounding sea or mountain shore.

So this illusive legend of treasure lost goes on from age to age, but never turns to treasure trove. No doubt the times to come will give rise to tales and legends yet unborn, and so cause other prospectors to dig and delve so long as Necarney's front shall face the sea.

Mr. W. E. Warren, of Astoria, has planks found in the sand, so deeply buried as to be perfectly preserved, that must have come from some wreck. One is 18 feet long, 2 feet wide and 5 inches through, bolted with dowell pins, clamped with six inch iron clamps—clamps 6 inches long, 1½ inch wide, and ½ inch thick. He found very old-fashioned iron nails, flat, and heads turned down, 10 inches long and 1½ inch wide.

Col. John Adair, who came to Astoria when very young, says that on a mountain terrace, on the southwest of Necarney, not far from the bay, there is an arrow carved on the rock, with the letters "I. H. S." And on the south slope, at 200 or 300 feet altitude, on a terrace, with steep palisades from which rocks have fallen, these same marks are on the fallen blocks of stone, or boulders.

Mr. Linnville said that Lovell used to melt his wax so it could be easier handled to ship to Astoria. Not all had the square form or had the letters and marks upon them. Lovell found three long wax tapers three feet long, and two or three inches in diameter, and many small pieces.

Capt. Kohner, uncle to Mr. W. E. Warren, got the block he now has in 1870, and brought it to Warren's father.

Before the discovery of the Columbia the Indians used to meet trading vessels that came outside and fired guns to notify them to bring their furs and skins to them to trade. These traders were white men and wore beards, but used Chinese cash to trade with; copper money that had square holes in them.

About 1825, soon after removing to Vancouver, word came that a Japanese junk was wrecked south of Cape Flattery. When he heard it Dr. McLoughlin sent there for the wrecked mariners and sent them to London to be forwarded to Japan. This was probably the vessel that had porcelain ware on board, that was scattered along the beach after the wreck. Some of this was saved in good order and brought over to Vancouver. I had this story from Dr. William McKay, who was brought up in Dr. McLoughlin's family.

SAMUEL A. CLARKE.

Hon. J. Q. A. Bowlby, of Astoria, writing on this subject, says:

I have read the article of S. A. Clarke in the September number of the Oregon Native Son, on Nehalem bees-wax. I have also seen the "Warren" and "Lindville" pieces of wax referred to by Mr. S. A. Clarke and agree with him that the characters on the Warren block are a capital letter "N" with a diamond over it.

I am not able to make out a letter "H" on the Lindville block, and the "S" is doubtful. The latter block was on exhibition at the Exposition at Chicago, after which it was returned to the rooms of Messrs. Harris & Wright, in Astoria, where I saw it before the characters were removed. A portion of the block is still here, but all the characters have been cut off. When I saw it first, I drew as accurately as I could without measurements the characters on its face.

The first on the top line may be an "I" and the next an "N," but the third and last has very little resemblance to an "S." The two characters in the lower line do not seem to resemble any letter, although the second might be thought to resemble an inverted L. Recently I showed my draft of these characters to Mr. Lindville and he says they are correct, according to his memory, and represent all the characters he ever saw on the block.

There is another block of wax in Astoria. It is about nine by thirteen inches, and four inches thick. It is now in the possession of the family of Mr. N. Clinton, and was received from the family of Capt. Crosby, deceased. The characters are in the shape of a monogram, and are called by some a "dollar-mark"

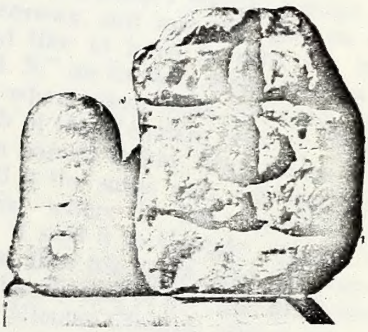


Photo. by Tuttle.
NEHALEM BEESWAX IN THE POSSESSION OF N. CLINTON.

and by others "I H S." The "I" is placed upon the center of the "S" and the "H" is placed horizontally across the top of them.

The photograph of it shows the "H" quite plainly, but the wax does not disclose the upper line of the "H" so well.

It creates some doubt in my mind as to having been made by any person. The face of the wax has been shaved and worn off considerably, while there are cracks and niches in the wax that seem

to have been made by shrinking or by wear during the long exposure.*

I enclose photographs of the Warren and Clinton wax taken by Dr. Tuttle of this city. The doctor once saw a block with three numerals upon it; he thinks "1" and "7" were two of them, but does not remember what the third one was.

Much of the Nehalem wax was melted, molded and delivered to Foard & Stokes of this city as merchandise.

In the Oregonian a year or two ago were printed several characters found on Nehalem wax.

Photo. by Tuttle.
NEHALEM BEESWAX IN THE POSSESSION OF W. E. WARREN.

W. E. Warren and Mark Warren found large pieces of wreckage near Cannon Beach, north of Nehalem, a few years since, but cut most of it into firewood. Capt. Edwards, of Portland, may have a portion.

The timbers seem to have been fastened together differently from the manner of the present day. The nails were hand made and every iron fastening was trunneled with wood. Some of the timber resembled the wood in tea boxes.

Some portions of the Peacock, wrecked at the mouth of the Columbia river, went ashore at this place, however, and the wreckage found by the Warrens may have been a portion of that vessel.

The Peacock wreckage carried two guns to the shore, hence the name of Cannon Beach, and one of the guns is there in charge of Mrs. Austin.

I hope soon to secure data concerning the marks on the rocks said to be located in the vicinity where the wax is obtained. I am told that the location is in a twenty acre plat of ground laid off with a stone at each corner. It is said that these corner stones were also marked, but with what characters I am not informed. It seems singular to me that learned searchers of history and the curious, have not investigated these matters much better than they have, gathering the best specimens of the wax, the candles with wicks, and the rocks said to exist with markings thereon, for placement in some place of safety.

Yours truly,
J. Q. A. BOWLBY.

* Blocks and candles of this wax are in the Portland City Museum.

To this communication we append a letter written several years since by Mr. John Hobson, a pioneer of 1843, who, in writing to the Oregonian, says:

As I was coming to the Pioneer Reunion at Portland I bought a large piece of beeswax, not mineral wax, as some would like to have it, with the letters "I. H. S." on its face, which I know was on it when taken from the sand, at the mouth of the Nehalem river in 1868, by a man named Baker, from whom I purchased it the same year I brought it to Astoria, where it has remained ever since. I sold it to Captain Alfred Crosby, and after his death, and the removal of the family one of his sons presented it to Mr. Nicolas Clinton, who is the present owner. Any one wishing to see it, may do so by calling at his residence at Astoria. I have seen many articles, written about this wax, and many theories advanced in regard to how it got there. From nearly all I differ.

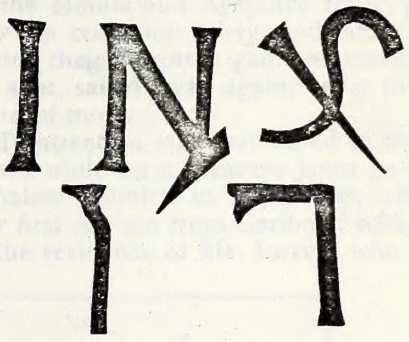
When I first came here, 51 years ago, there was beeswax among the Indians, from Salmon river on the south to the Columbia on the north. They did not know what it was, using it for lights and leaky canvas. They said it came from a wreck, near the mouth of Nehalem river. The peninsula between the ocean and Nehalem, is about one and a half miles

north and south, and half a mile east and west, and about two or three feet above ordinary high tides, and is an uneven flat of small sand dunes. This is where the wax has been found.

In talking with the Indians from that place often, they would tell us of the wreck, and of the vessel that brought the gold and silver coin, and carried it up Necarney mountain, and would refer us to some very old Indians, who never came to Clatsop. After the wreck of the Hudson's Bay Company's bark "Vancouver," in 1848, a large case of drugs came on shore, near that place. Solomon H. Smith, and myself, concluded we would go down and buy the drugs and find out what we could from the old Indians about the wax and money vessels.

All they could tell us was that long before they were born, the wax vessel was lost on the spit, and another anchored near the shore, and some people brought a chest upon Necarney mountain and carried sacks of money and put them in the chest and killed a man, and put him also in the chest. Afterwards they marked a stone, or very large rock, rolled it on the chest, and went back to the ship and sailed away. We took an Indian, went to the mountain to look for the coin, but found no signs of a marked rock, so concluded it was only an Indian tradition and not reliable. We thought the wax vessel must have been a Chinese junk as we had seen several pieces of a junk between Clatsop and Nehalem.

After the Nehalem country became settled by the whites, and coal was discovered, a corps of government engineers was sent from the surveying schooner, lying at Astoria, to survey the Nehalem river, and bar. I, being acquainted with the country and routes, was hired, with horses, to take them down, and bring them back when they had finished the work. This was in 1868. This peninsula lies on the line of travel of all the coast, and the wax was scattered all over it, and the constant winds blowing the sands from the northwest in summer and the southwest in winter, has covered and uncovered it for ages, and the sun has softened it into different shapes and sizes. Some pieces were bleached nearly white. There was much dirt and sand in it, which stuck to it when softened by the sun. Here is



FAC SIMILE OF CHARACTERS ON BEESWAX IN POSSESSION OF MR. LINNVILLE.

where the Indians used to pick it up, when crossing this waste. When the whites came here to settle they collected wax, and one, Baker, made a business of it, and found that the most of it, when exposed to view, was lying on a thin stratum of earth, like the sediment of a river freshet (which I believe it was), and scattered all over the peninsula. Baker took his spade and would prospect the sand dunes. If the clay stratum was found, he would follow it up, and find large quantities of wax in all conceivable shapes and sizes, including many candles from one and a half inches to two inches in diameter, and where the sun had closed the end the wicks were perfect. Judge McGuire, of Seaside, has some of the candles. I believe that some time after the wreck there was a very high freshet in the river, which spread the wax, logs and timbers all over the peninsula.

On these dunes, many of them, logs rotted and grass grew in places, and the drifting sands would sweep over them, thus protecting the wax, and the stratum, for there were remnants of rotten wood in most of them. The one in which this large piece was found, was near the center of the spit. There was also found the remnant of a ship timber,

north and south, and half a mile east and west, and about two or three feet above ordinary high tides, and is an uneven flat of small sand dunes. This is where the wax has been found.

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with some rusty, wrought iron nails, four square, thin at head, even taper from head to point, about six or eight inches long, and about five-eighths of an inch thick at the head. There was also a copper chain, about 50 inches long, with a swivel in the middle of it; links four or five inches long, and five-eighth-wire. It was brought from that place by J. Larsen, and changed ownership several times, being finally placed in the mining bureau in San Francisco by Mr. Charles Hughes.

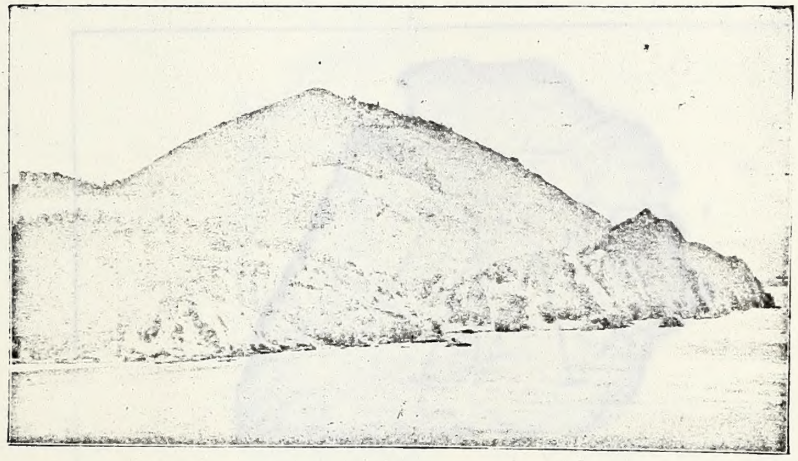
I do not pretend to know where these remnants came from, but believe the vessel to have been English, or Spanish, from China, freighted with wax for some South American port, for church purposes, as the large wax candles would indicate. The monogram was cut on this piece for pastime, I have no doubt, by one of the sailors. The wreck must have occurred in the fifteenth or sixteenth century.

JOHN HOBSON.

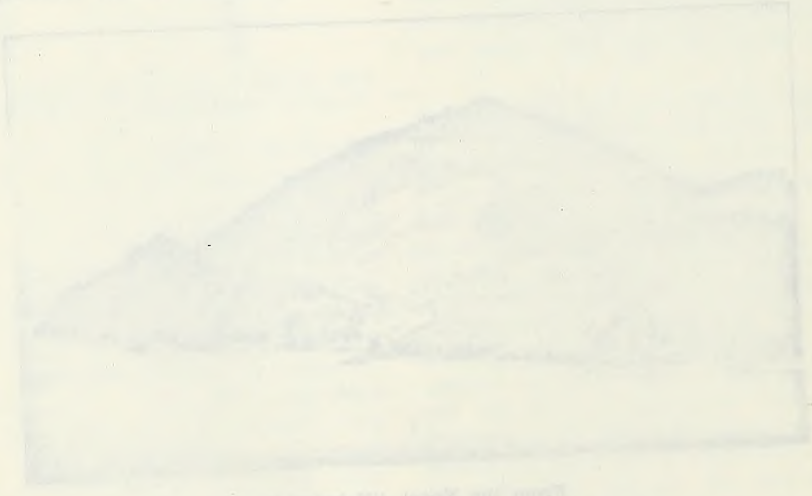
Mr. Thos. H. Rogers, author of the well known novel "Nehalem," writes the Native Son in the premises as follows:

I have been asked to tell what I know about the inscription-bearing rocks found on the side of Necarney mountain. Many people believe they pertain to an immense Spanish treasure, which, according to legendary lore, is supposed to have been taken from the much-talked-about beeswax ship and secreted on the mountain side some time in 1700. Others believe this treasure to be the spoils of a pirate craft, which, after looting one of the Spanish king's galleons on the Manila and Acapulco route, put into the coast for safety, and, after secreting their ill-gotten gain and marking the spot, sailed away again, never to be heard of more.

My attention was first called to these stones while on a pleasure jaunt to the Nehalem country in September, 1897. Our first day out from Garibaldi took us to the residence of Mr. Lovell, who resides one and one-half miles south of Necarney, where we remained over night the guests of this old pioneer and his most worthy wife, now deceased. Our host was in a remniscent frame of mind that night, and as we sat before the cheerful fire, he told story after story of the beeswax ship, whose strange cargo lies under the shifting sands of the Nehalem spit. Many of these wax cakes, so he said, bore inscriptions identical to those told about in Mr. Clarke's charming beeswax articles in the columns of the Native Son. This wax, Mr. Lovell informed us, is found as far north as False Tillamook Head, and as far south



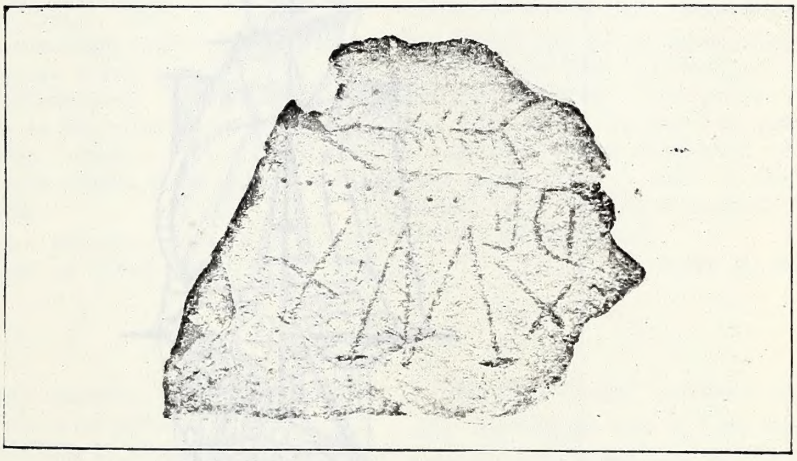
From the Novel, "Nehalem."
NECARNEY FROM FALSE TILLAMOOK HEAD.



as Cape Meares. The main bulk, however, being unearthed from the sands near the former locality.

This conversation brought up the subject of the buried treasure, our host telling of several chisel-marked stones being unearthed in a neighboring pasture many years before, which the one lucky enough, in his estimation, to decipher the hidden meaning traced thereon, would ultimately find the great Spanish treasure. This led to several pointed questions in which the old gentleman said he was not up to date in rock ology, but if we would hunt up Mr. P. H. M. Smith, who resided near by, and who had spent the past seven years in hunting for the treasure, as well as his father before him, we could obtain all the necessary data required. This we did, visiting Mr. Smith next morning, who, contrary to expectations, was willing to talk upon the subject, besides showing us several "genuine" marked stones found by himself in divers places, from the mouth of the Nehalem river to the little wind-locked cove north of Necarney, where the remains of an ancient vessel now lies.

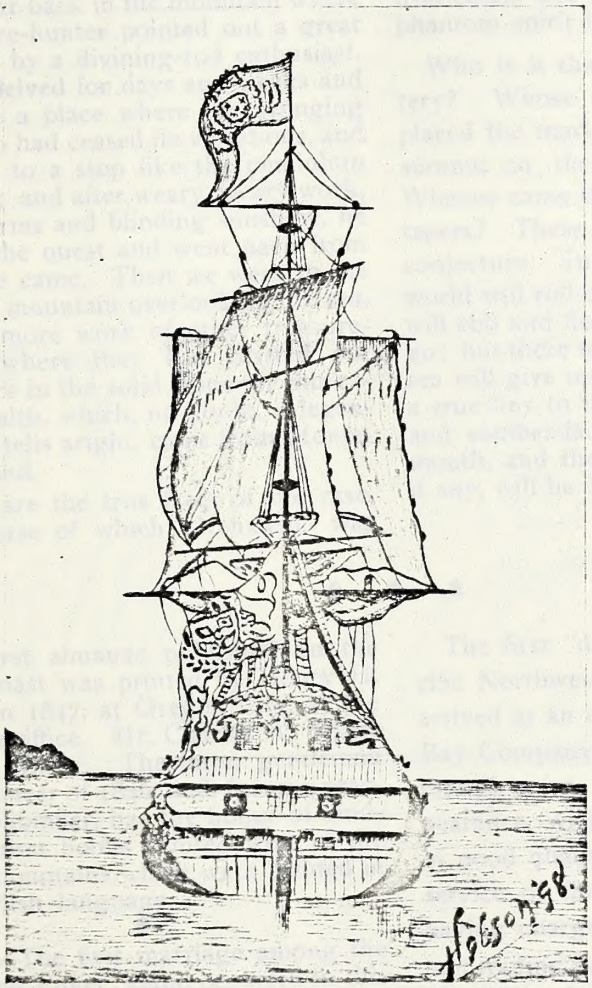
Having ascertained all that Mr. Smith was willing to communicate, we visited the pasture lot in which the chisel-marked stones were lying. These were immediately photographed by the writer, the cut of the "Glyphic Rock of Necarney" embellishing this article herewith. Many people have expressed surprise at this stone resembling a female head and wonder how it came about. This is easy, the plate being first vennetted of its background of fern and bushes and then half-toned as the reader sees it, leaving the stone as it really is. When found, these time and weather-beaten stones, four in number, were lying three or four feet deep in the ground in the shape of a huge cross, thirty feet in length by twenty feet in width. Since the first was found, some twenty years ago, they have been rolled around and sadly disfigured by some imagined smart fellow, for fun's sake, at the expense of big-hearted Mr. Smith, thinking to lead him astray in his prolonged search. The cut of the one shown herewith had evidently not been tampered with, as it still resembles the cut of the one published which was from a sketch and not a photograph. Be these rocks tampered with or not, they were found and dug up directly west of a small stream which meanders down the mountain side to the sea, where, in the long ago, as the legends tell, a box of gold was buried.



From the Novel, "Nehalem."
THE GLYPHIC ROCK OF NECARNEY.

and a negro killed over it, and whose spirit is supposed to ever guard it from the curious.

These stones, however, Mr. Smith said, did not, in his way of thinking, relate to the treasure—the keystone having been found by him a quarter of a mile distant, buried to the depth of ten feet in the ground on top of a hill southeast. This keystone was also photographed, but for obvious reasons, Mr. Smith requesting it, it was not given publicity. This stone is not a put-up job on Mr. Smith, as many would like to make it, especially some would-be funny people, who take great delight, so I am told, in "pestering" the treasure-hunter, the ground having never been molested during the past century at least. From the top of this hill Mr. Smith pointed northwest, to where a dead spruce, old and time-eaten, rose above the underbrush, saying: "Over there, this keystone tells me. I will find another clue. When I find that one I will also find another; and so the quest will go on, from



From the Novel, "Nehalem."
"An ancient galleon poked its nose into the rock-bound coast."

day to day, until I have unraveled the skein."

This keystone found by Mr. Smith, has an intricate map traced upon its face, delicate almost as a spider's web. To photograph it, it was necessary to first pencil it, bringing out all lines as plainly as on the day the designer, be he Spaniard, pirate, or civil engineer, who executed it. From the top of this hill we went farther back in the mountain where the treasure-hunter pointed out a great hole made by a divining-rod enthusiast, who had delved for days and weeks and months in a place where the swinging plumb-bob had ceased its vibrations, and had come to a stop like the pendulum of a clock; and after weary, weary work, 'midst storms and blinding sunshine, he gave up the quest and went back from whence he came. Then we went to the top of the mountain overlooking the sea, and saw more work of other treasure-hunters, where they had blasted out great holes in the solid stone for this reputed wealth, which, no doubt, if legendary lore tells aright, came from Montezuma's land.

These are the true facts of the case, on the base of which "Nehalem" was written and given to the world. In the meantime, or since the ancient high-pooped galleon first poked its nose into the frowning rock-bound coast, centuries have come and gone; the sea still sings its monotonous song and lashes itself to foam against old Necarney's side; the spook of the murdered negro, so the Indians say, still dances on the mountain side to the accompaniment of the rattling iron chain, and the wierd ha! ha! of the phantom spirit is heard afar.

Who is it that can fathom this mystery? Whose hands were they that placed the marked stones from base to summit on the hoary old mountain? Whence came those beeswax cakes and tapers? These are simply questions of conjecture. In the meanwhile this old world will roll on as before, and the tide will ebb and flow and seasons come and go; but there will come a time when the sea will give up its secret in the shape o a true key to the tracing on the stones and somber-faced wall at the river's mouth, and the great Spanish treasure, if any, will be found.

THOS. H. ROGERS.

♠ ♠ ♠

The first almanac published on the Pacific coast was printed by Henry H. Evarts, in 1847, at Oregon City, at the Spectator office. Mr. Charles W. Shane was the binder. The latter gentleman was a pioneer of 1846, and, being a practical bookbinder, has the honor of binding the first books printed west of the Rocky mountains which were printed in the English language.

♠

1845.—The first marriage among the settlers on Puget Sound occurred in this year, on July 6th. Daniel D.Kinsey and Ruth Brock were the bride and bridegroom. The knot was tied by Col. M. T. Simmons, justice of the peace for Vancouver (Clarke) county, which at that time embraced nearly all of Washington west of the Cascades.

The first "dude" to come to the Pacific Northwest was J. Lee Lewis, who arrived as an employee of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1824. It is said that, though a fop, he was a man of fine appearance, well educated, and possessed of good qualities. He retired from the service of the company in 1846, after having charge of many of their important trading posts, and went to Australia. Not liking that country, he returned and settled in the Red river section. A son if his, A. Lee Lewis, was the first representative to the territorial legislature of Oregon from Vancouver (Clarke) county.

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There are the nine days of the case, on the base of which "Alabaster" was

* * *

The first almanac published on the Pacific coast was printed by Henry H. Evarts, in 1845, at Oregon City, at the Spectator office. Mr. Charles W. Shaw was the binder. The latter gentleman was a pioneer of 1843, and, being a practical bookbinder, has the honor of binding the first books printed west of the Rocky mountains which were printed in the English language.

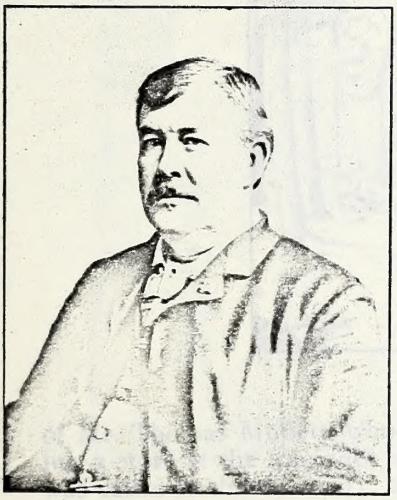
* * *

1845.—The first marriage among the settlers on Puget Sound occurred in this year, on July 4th. David D. Money and Ruth Brush were the bride and bridegroom. The knot was tied by Col. M. T. Simmons, justice of the peace for Vancouver (Clarke) county, which at that time embraced nearly all of Washington west of the Cascades.

ENCOURAGE INFANT INDUSTRIES.

The caption of this article is a motto of this magazine. For undoubtedly the greatest good to the community can be best subserved by developing every manufacturing industry possible within our midst; thus furnishing employment to wage earners and making labor a demand. For when labor fares well, the rest of the community thrives.

One of the industries that is sure to have a marvellous growth in this city, within the next few years, is bottling, selling and exporting of the output of the mineral springs that abound in every portion of the Northwest, especially in the vicinity of Portland. It is hard to estimate the good that will accrue to the city, and the Northwest, from the encouragement of this industry. When it is known abroad that the Northwest possesses mineral springs that for medicinal as well as pleasant drinkable qualities, equal to any in the world, and that but a moiety of the output is now utilized, people will give the encouragement necessary to secure the building of large bottling establishments. Acting upon this theory, the Oregon Mineral Water Company has been organized and incorporated in this city, with Mr. E. E. Gooding as president and manager, and Mr. Willis Fisher as secretary, with the object of utilizing the waters of the Cascade Mineral Springs and the Wolfer Sulphur Spring, at Hubbard. For this purpose they have purchased the latter and the output of the former for a period of twenty years. The company has established bottling works at No. 325 First street, between Clay and Market streets, and are now prepared to furnish the Cascade Mineral water, or the Wolfer Sulphur water, either in bottles or syphons, delivered in any part of the Northwest or on the coast. It is the intention of this company to enlarge their works as fast as the business will justify, and instead of foreign waters holding precedence here, as they do at the present time, the company proposes to push



E. E. GOODING
Manager Oregon Mineral Water Co.

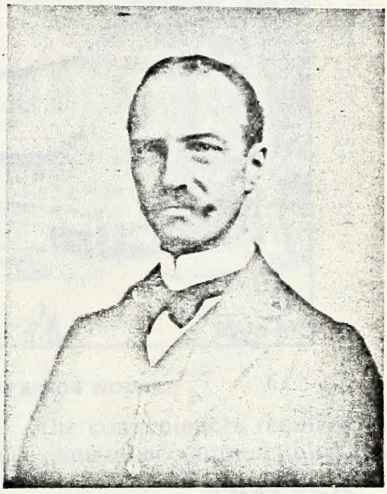
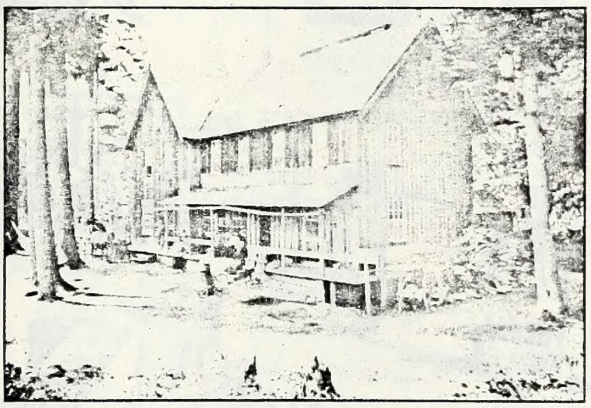


Photo by Aune.
WILLIS FISHER,
Secretary Oregon Mineral Water Co.

the sales wherever mineral water is drunk, either as a beverage or for its medicinal qualities.

THE CASCADE SPRINGS.

The Cascade Mineral Springs were discovered in the year 1880, by Mr. R. J. Snow, an old miner who was engaged at the time in hauling wood to the Cascade steamboat landing. He crossed a little rill which he approached for the purpose of obtaining a drink. He found the water quite warm, and on tracing it to the source, he found several bubbling springs of sparkling water of nearly a hundred degrees of temperature. The attention of Mr. Thomas Moffett, who was keeping a store at the Cascades at the time, was called to the discovery, and he, recognizing the value, lost no time in acquiring an interest by furnishing money to acquire title to the land from the government, under the mineral land laws. Dr. Rex, a prominent physician of the city, made the first analysis, Mr. J. H. Fisk, Portland's responsible chemist, the next, and then the U. S. Chemical Assayer, of Washington, D. C. They all agreed with wonderful unanimity as to its component parts and great and good medicinal qualities. It was also analyzed at the instigation of Taylor, Young & Co., wholesale liquor dealers of San Francisco, who refused to make the result known, but they at once authorized their agent, Mr. Thos. Guinean, to purchase it for them. Mr. Moffett was not to be found napping, however, and refused to entertain any proposition looking to the disposal of his property until its value had been more definitely ascertained. In 1882 Mr. Moffett built the house shown in the accompanying cut, and since that time, during the vacation season, it has been overcrowded with guests, and hundreds have been turned away each season for want of accommodation. Mr. Moffett has now awakened to the true situation, and having freed his hands for the purpose by the sale of the output for bottling, will provide all the conveniences required for those who demand accommodations at his hostelry.



CASCADE SPRINGS HOUSE.

ANALYSIS.

The following analysis of the Cascade Mineral Water shows the different kinds of solids and the number of grains of each, contained in each wine gallon thereof, viz:

Sodium Cloride	18.00
Magnesia	7.00
Calcium Sulphate	5.00
Sulphur	1.75
Sodium	1.50
Carbonate Protoxide of Iron	1.50
Lithia	4.15
Silicia	2.15
Total	41.65 Grains

There is the usual amount of natural gas contained in mineral waters, but no trace of either vegetable or animal matter.

The temperature at the springs is 96 degrees.

The bath houses are on a level with the hotel.

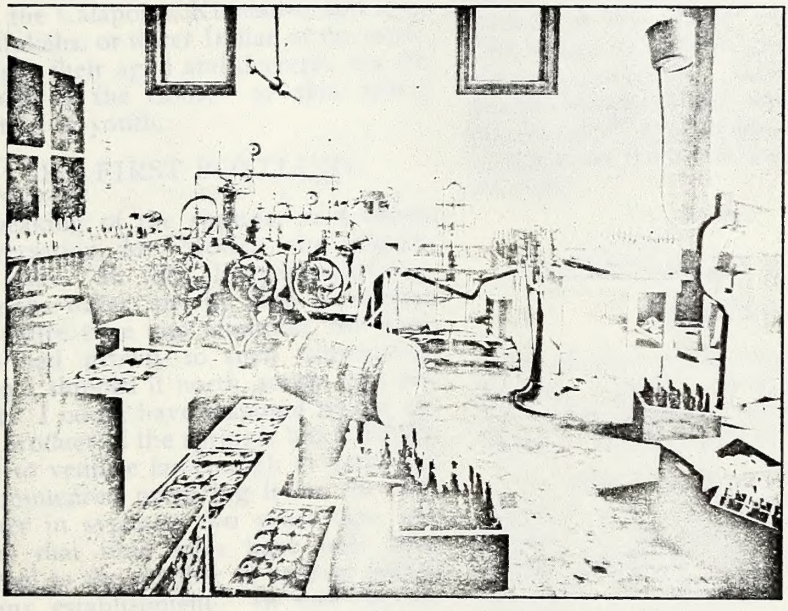
As a beverage it is especially recommended to bar rooms, club rooms, restaurants, hotels and families. It will be found clear, elegant and refreshing. Used as a medicine, it has been found the best of waters for kidney complaints, liver complaints, dyspepsia, rheumatism, dropsy and general debility. The writer, one of the editors of the Native Son, can testify to its wholesome properties for inflammatory rheumatism, having used it with beneficial results for about two years. Now a syphon bottle can always be found "on tap" in his room.

The water is furnished to consumers in syphon bottles at $1.20 a dozen, or 10c each.

Heretofore, owing to the limited facilities of the proprietor for bottling and handling, and his unwillingness to make the gigantic step in improvements which would be required to meet the exigencies of the case, he has done but little advertising. Consequently the springs are but little known away from home.

LOCATION.

The Cascade Mineral Springs are located in the shade of giant forest trees, on the Washington side of the Columbia river, between the Middle and Upper Cascades, about a mile back from the river bank, and the sparkling water bubbles up from several crystal springs so favorably located that there is no possible chance of contamination.



BOTTLING WORKS.

The springs can be reached twice a day by steamer; and, when a new hotel is erected, the O. R. & N. Co. have signified a desire of placing a transport service from Bonneville to Moffett's Landing. This will add six trains a day to to the transportation facilities of the springs.

When the location is considered it seems more than probable that the Springs are fed direct from nature's crucible that burns beneath the snowy cap-

ped summit of Mt. St. Helens, where all the earth properties of nature are boiling, bubbling and burning in a chaotic state, and through the little channels of which the springs are the vent holes, comes flowing almost boiling water, impregnated with curative powers unequalled by the science of physic.

Indian tradition, handed down from tribe to tribe, says: "Ages ago pilgrimages were made to this treasure-spot—for as such it was known—by the different tribes, and ere the advent of the white man, the Rogue Rivers, the Chitcoes, the Calapoias, Klamaths, and even the Makahs, or water Indian of the coast, brought their aged and decrepit, via the "Bridge of the Gods," to this fabled fountain of youth.

THE FIRST BOTTLING.

Speaking of the springs, in a recent conversation, Mr. Moffett, the proprietor, said: "In 1885, I commenced bottling the water, and by 1890 it required my entire time and attention, the business had grown to such dimensions. Then I shipped it north, south, east and west. I could have disposed of the entire product of the springs, but I did not care to venture far enough to handle it. I commenced preparing it for the consumer in syphons two years ago, and since that time sales have only been limited to the number of syphon bottles in my establishment. In fact the demand has been far beyond my ability to furnish, from the first day's bottling."

Apropos: The writer at one time requested that a case of a dozen bottles be left at his residence at a time, and received the answer that he was in luck to get two at a time.

The Oregon Mineral Water Company now proposes to employ the latest machinery for bottling, and will furnish the water both in sealed bottles and in syphons, and the Cascade mineral water and Wolford Springs sulphur water will be thoroughly advertised, and every endeavor will be used to meet the great demand that will undoubtedly ensue.

In order to demonstrate the importance of such an enterprise, let us make a little calculation. It is estimated that the Cascade springs will furnish 25,000 gallons per day, or 9,125,000 gallons per year. It is retailed at 10 cents per bottle, or 40 cents per gallon. At this rate the possibilities amount to the enormous sum of $3,649,000. Allowing 20 per cent profit, and there remains $2,919,200 for the amount that would be paid annually for labor and material when the springs are handled to their full capacity. After all, it is not such a great problem, either. One person will readily drink a syphon of this water every two days. This means 36 gallons per year to each constant consumer. And at this rate, 300,000 people would consume the entire output of the springs, and we have 2,500,000 on this coast to draw consumers from.

THE WOLFER'S MINERAL SPRINGS.

Are located at the town of Hubbard, Marion county, Oregon, thirty-two miles from Portland, on the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

The water from these springs has been analyzed and pronounced by leading chemists to be good for medicinal and bathing purposes, and entirely free from the taint of ammonia. It contains enough iron to give it a decided taste and class it a Chalybeate water.

A fine bath house has been erected at the springs, where a refreshing hot or cold bath may be obtained. The springs are surrounded by a delightful park and the grounds afford ample shade and splendid camping facilities.

The following

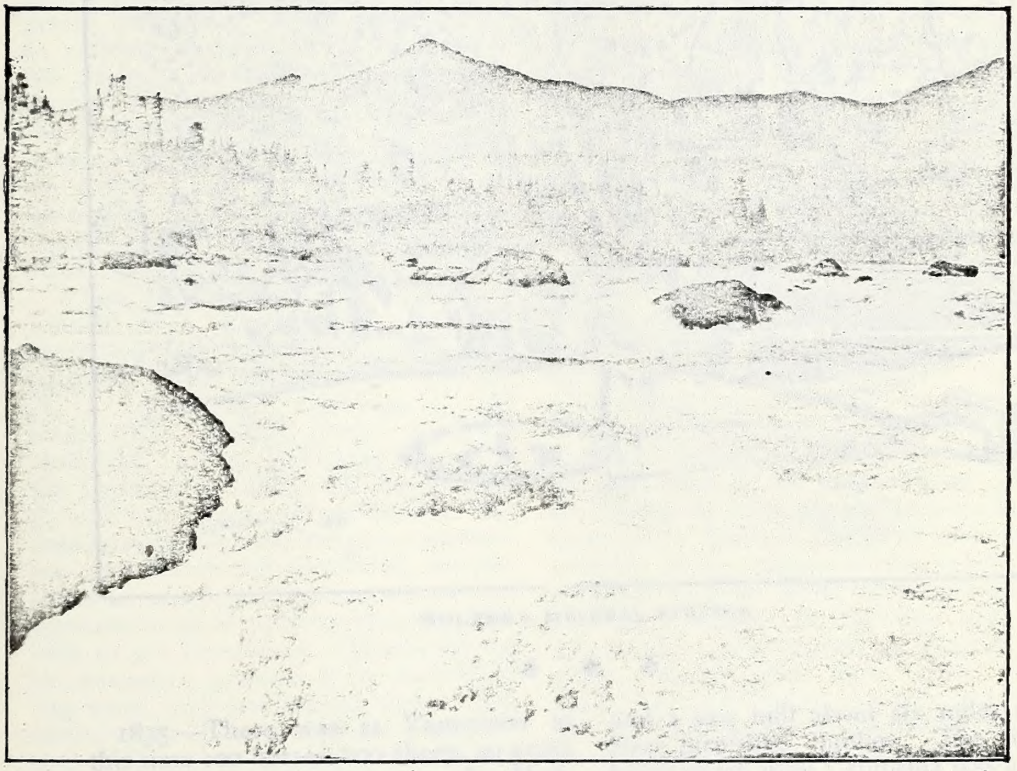
ANALYSIS OF WOLFER'S MINERAL SPRINGS

Was made for R. Koehler, Manager of the Southern Pacific Company for Oregon:

Total matter in solution consisting of	61.99
	Grains per U. S. Gallon
Chloride of Sodium and Potassium	29.74
Bi-Carbonate of Lime	6.52
Bi-Carbonate of Soda	16.10
Bi-Carbonate of Magnesia	4.26
Bi-Carbonate of Iron	2.10
Silicia	2.39
Sulphate of Soda	.58
Maganese	Traces

al Water Company proposes to handle these waters, the enterprise cannot fail of bringing here and placing in circulation a vast amount of money annually.

In view of the fact that such an effort is being made to establish an industry of so much importance, it behooves all who use mineral water, either as a beverage or for medicinal purposes, to give that from these springs a trial, and we



CASCADES
Where Spanned the Bridge of the Gods.

CAPACITY.

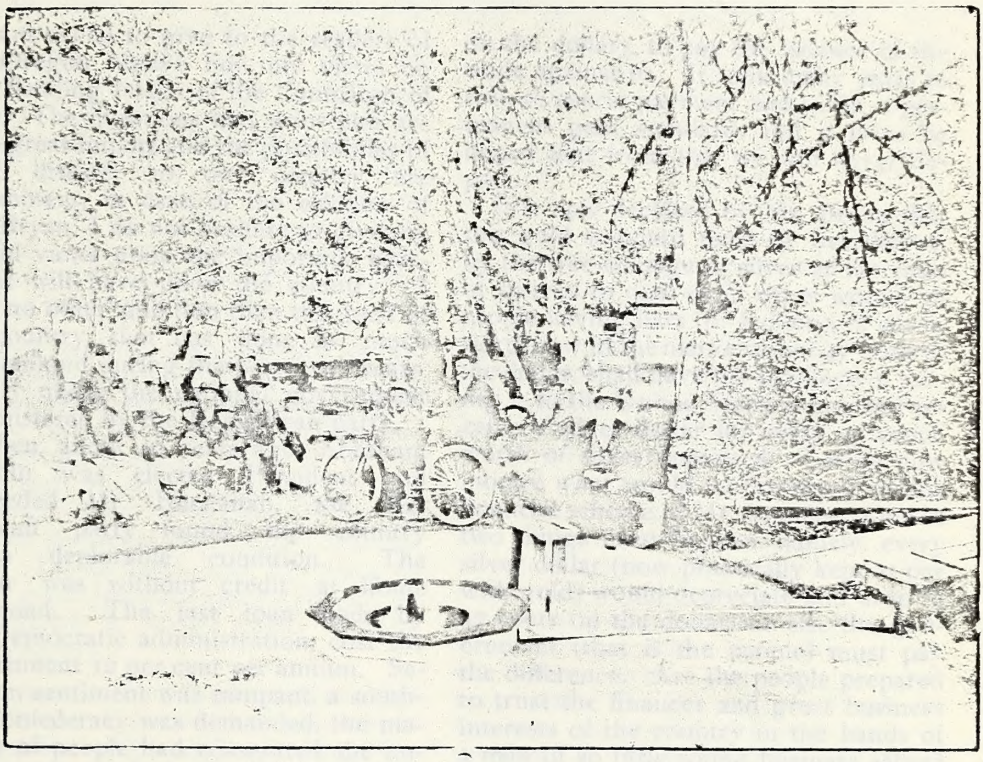
The capacity of the springs is estimated at 100 gallons per minute, or over 52,000,000 per year. By the same method of calculation used in the case of the Cascade Springs, the possibilities of the amount to be expended annually in bottling and handling these waters will be demonstrated as practically unlimited. Handled as the Oregon Mineral Water Company proposes to handle these waters, the enterprise cannot fail of bringing here and placing in circulation a vast amount of money annually.

In view of the fact that such an effort is being made to establish an industry of so much importance, it behooves all who use mineral water, either as a beverage or for medicinal purposes, to give that from these springs a trial, and we feel assured that they will never change from it.

The Oregon Mineral Water Company will also manufacture and deal in strawberry, pineapple, banana and all other extracts, orange cider, champagne cider, Oregon cider, and Oregon peach cider, birch beer, California pop, cream soda ginger ale, iron wine, Moxie nerve food, orange wine, orange and wine, orange

pear champagne, pineapple soda, queen charlotte, raspberry soda, root beer, sarsaparilla, sarsaparilla and iron, strawberry soda, vanilla soda, and fountain and bar syrups, and extracts of all kinds and descriptions, also cider (not carbonated) by the keg and barrel, also washing ammonia, bluings, etc., etc.

Remember that all the products of this establishment will be A1, and perfectly pure.



WOLFER'S MINERAL SPRINGS.

♣ ♣ ♣

1835.—There was at Vancouver at this time 100 horses, 200 sheep, 40 goats and 300 hogs, belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company. This company raised on its Vancouver farm this year 5000 bushels of wheat, 1300 bushels of potatoes, 1000 bushels of barley, 1000 bushels of oats, 2000 bushels of peas and garden vegetables in proportion. The garden comprised five acres, and besides the vegetables grown therein, apples, peaches, grapes and strawberries had a good start, and in some cases were plentiful. A gristmill, with machinery propelled by oxen, was kept in constant use, and a saw mill about six miles up the river furnished lumber. The first to bring sheep from California was a better sailor than stockraiser. When those he brought to Vancouver were turned loose, it was found that they were all wethers, and a new consignment had to be secured for stock purposes.

♣

The first money brought to the Pacific Northwest in any quantity was a barrel of silver dollars received at Vancouver, in 1846, to be paid in monthly sums to the crew of the British sloop-of-war, Modeste.

THE IMPENDING CAMPAIGN OF 1900.

BY H. W. CORBETT.

I am asked to give to the readers of the Oregon Native Son my views on The Pending Issues of the Campaign of 1900. The questions and principles are of so great import and the possibilities of great disaster to our country are so eminent, in case of the election of Mr. Bryan, I do not hesitate to give my candid views upon the important bearing it will have upon the country. I have no other ambition than the good of my country, that has done so much for mankind during the past forty years, mainly under the national government administered by the Republican party.

When, about 40 years ago, Abraham Lincoln was elected President and succeeded Mr. Buchanan, the Republican party found the country in a deplorable condition. The nation was without credit at home or abroad. The last loan made by the Democratic administration, cost the government 12 per cent per annum. Secession sentiment was rampant, a southern confederacy was demanded, the majority of people had committed the unpardonable sin of electing Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency. Then followed the attempted secession of the slave holding states, civil war ensued, slavery was abolished by the emancipation proclamation of President Lincoln. The Union was preserved. The supremacy of the national government was acknowledged, and it was maintained by the Republican party, aided by patriotic Democrats.

During the Civil War the government's expenses were enormous and it was naturally forced to adopt a paper currency. This unfortunate circumstance unsettled the finance and business of the country to such an extent, that for a number of years little was exported other than United States bonds (which at one time sold for gold at 40 cents on the dollar), to pay the balance of the trade against us. It took many years to restore specie payment and to fix a permanent gold standard, and it is to be hoped that from this we will never depart.

It is now declared by Mr. Bryan that this gold standard must be overthrown by the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one, or in other words, all people having bars (or bullion), of silver, worth now in the market about 47 cents to the dollar, shall have the privilege of taking it to the United States mints and receive a silver dollar for every 47 cents' worth of silver deposited. Let us now inquire what would be the result of this financial scheme of Mr. Bryan's. One of two things must happen, namely, every silver dollar (now practically kept at par with gold) would depreciate and drop to 47 cents on the dollar, or else the government (that is the people) must pay the difference. Are the people prepared to trust the finances and great business interests of the country in the hands of a man of so little sound business sense? Are they prepared to do away with a sound and stable system of finance, a policy inaugurated ever since the close of the Civil War, to secure this result and that insured the interest on the public debt on the gold standard, at the lowest rate (2 per cent) ever known to any government, or shall we return to a Democratic Bryan party, on a silver basis, with prospects of paying 6 or 12 per cent interest? We must pursue a policy of permanency and stability. It must go hand in hand with prosperity, under, as now, Republican rule, or distrust, instability and disastrous times must ensue, which to my mind is in store for us if Mr. Bryan is elected. It behooves every citizen to choose wisely. A wise protective policy

is now in force for the protection of American industries, which largely aided in bringing about present prosperity. Much is said about Imperialism, this, in my judgment, is simply a scarecrow, dressed up for the occasion. An Imperial Domain under a wise Republican form of government, we need for our growing population. The islands of the sea we need to furnish new markets, also to stimulate and build up our inadequate commerce, which we can legitimately protect under our navigation laws. It must be borne in mind that in another 125 years, we will probably have a population of four hundred million people. The wise statesman will make provision for this growing national family.

A wise expansion is necessary for our expanding family. What nation is better prepared by experience, education and humane instincts to assume the high responsibilities assigned to us by Providence and imposed upon us by the Treaty of Paris? This task we cannot evade, if we would, without national disgrace. The task has been laid upon us by the great Jehovah, and by His aid we will perform it freely, fairly, valiantly and humanely.

The banner of our country floats majestically over these acquired possessions and testifies, as it ever has, to those living under its folds, its humane, wise and liberal laws for the government of its people, our patriotic sons have willingly died in its honor and its defense, and their comrades will not see that flag lowered without a struggle. These islands of the sea are for our wise development, their rich and varied products are for America and largely for the enterprise of the Pacific states; here is to be distributed the rich and varied products of these islands in exchange for products of other climes and other nations that may seek our markets.

The man or party that seeks to thwart this policy, will be repudiated by the Pacific coast, if not by the whole American people.

The pending issue is, permanence and a fixed and enduring standard in our monetary system, as against free and unlimited coinage of silver with no provision to maintain it at a parity with gold.

Second. Shall we maintain our rightfully acquired authority and develop the Philippine archipelago, enlighten and educate its people, and extend to its inhabitants the blessings of liberty under an American representative government, as soon as they are prepared to embrace it, or allow Mr. Bryan to haul down our flag and abandon the islands that our brave sons so valiantly fought for, or allow Germany or some other European power to take possession of this rich inheritance, and the blood shed by our sons count for naught.

No one following the trend of events during the past three years can ignore the general prosperity, the largely increased export of all manufactured goods, and other products, and the large trade balance in our favor; the increased production of and prices of wool and other products under protective policy. The high prices of sheep and cattle and fair prices for other farm products in our own state, is too apparent to be ignored, considering the large amount produced. The general advance of wages and the bettered condition of the community in general, all tends to show that a change in policy under Mr. Bryan, from past experience under change of administrations, would be a great misfortune and in many respects a great calamity. He is a man of determined purposes, and those purposes are to overthrow the policies so carefully inaugurated by the Republican party and administrations, for the best interest of the nation, and under which we have gained great renown and greater prosperity than ever known in this or any other country.

We, as a commercial nation, are fast becoming the great entrepo for exchange in products and the financial cen-

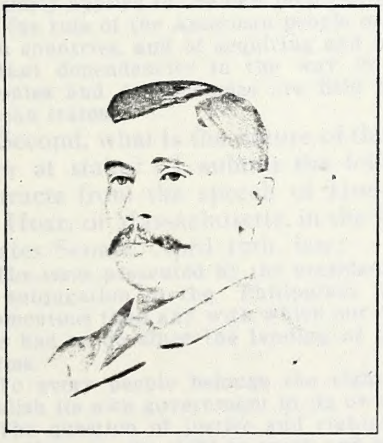
ter of the world, and no proposed change can better our condition.

The history of the Republican party is before you. Under it, slavery, a blot on the national escutcheon, was abolished. Protection has been given to all infant and languishing industries, building up cities, and manufacturing towns, to consume the surplus product of the farm, furnishing employment to thousands that otherwise might be idle and an unproductive element. Our manufactured products furnish a basis for exchange largely in our favor, whereby in our national wealth we have outstripped all other nations. Our people are universally educated, universities are being stimulated with large endowments by wealthy men, inventive genius and science are being developed by and through our liberal system of education. Homes for the homeless have been given to the industrious, and we are expanding our national domain as opportunity offers, for future generations.

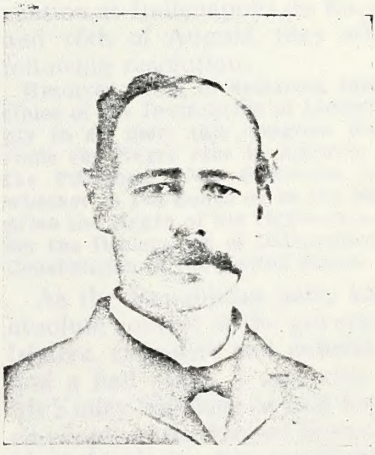
Native Sons of Oregon, a long line of benificent rule under Republican administrations is before you. Choose you between such administration and the proposed experimental vagaries of Mr. Bryan. Between good government and anarchic tendencies. Between sound, stable money, as against a depreciated and fluctuating currency. Between additional domain for those who come after us, expansion in American education, humanity, commerce and trade and additional markets for our increasing products, or the abandonment of a policy that curbs American ambition, genius and enterprise, that has so long characterized our national spirit, and that has made us great and prosperous.

As well attempt to arrest the sun in its daily course, from east to west, or obscure its rays in its fructifying influence upon the earth, as to arrest the march of American civilization and enterprise. The American Republic must and will perform its great part in the drama of the world's history now being enacted. Shall it be arrested even for four years in its splendid achievements and onward march in civilization and renown?

W. R. Corbett



W. H. H. DUFUR,
A Pioneer of 1859.



WILLIAM SYLVESTER KINNEY,
A Native Son of Oregon.

IMPERIALISM.

JOHN J. VALENTINE.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

San Francisco, Cal., Sept. 17, 1900.

To the Oregon Native Son:

In compliance with your courteous request, I offer for your consideration some of my views on the subject of Imperialism. They are hastily thrown together, because of the limited time at my command; yet I trust will be found worthy of serious attention.

First, what is imperialism? The Oxford dictionary, a publication of this year, and the product of the greatest care and co-operation of American as well as English scholars, defines imperialism as

The principle or spirit of empire: In recent English politics the principle or policy:

1. Of seeking or at least of not refusing an extension of the British empire where trading interests and investments require the protection of the flag.

2. Of so uniting the different parts of the empire having separate governments, as to secure that, for certain purposes, such as warlike defense, internal commerce, copyright and postal communications, they shall be practically a single state.

3. In the United States imperialism is similarly applied to the new policy of extending the rule of the American people over foreign countries, and of acquiring and holding distant dependencies in the way in which colonies and dependencies are held by European states.

Second, what is the nature of the issue now at stake? I submit the following extracts from the speech of Hon. Geo. F. Hoar, of Massachusetts, in the United States Senate, April 17th, last:

The issue presented by the president's war of subjugation in the Philippines is more momentous than any with which our country has had to do since the landing of the Pilgrims.

To every people belongs the right to establish its own government in its own way.

The question of justice and righteousness is: Have we the right to crush and hold under our feet an unwilling and subject people whom we had treated as allies, whose independence we are bound in good faith to respect, who had established their own free government, and who had trusted us?

We have no right under the constitution to hold subject states.

The United States cannot, with honor, buy the title of a dispossessed tyrant, nor crush a republic.

There lies at the botom of imperialism a doctrine which, adopted, is to revolutionize the world in favor of despotism.

Note what Mr. Hoar calls it "the President's war of subjugation," and by their plain meaning his words evidence their importance.

Regarding parallels drawn between the Louisiana purchase and forcible annexation of the Philippines, Senator Hoar said in the same speech:

The men who say that Jefferson violated the doctrine of the Declaration when he bought Louisiana, and John Quincy Adams when he acquired Florida, and Sumner when he made his great speech for Alaska, might, with as much reason, justify a rape by citing the precedent of every lawful marriage that has taken place since the beginning of time.

So far as the anti-imperialists are concerned in the welfare of the colored people of the United States: At their convention at Indianapolis on the 14th, 15th and 16th of August, they adopted the following resolution:

Resolved, That in declaring that the principles of the Declaration of Independence apply to all men, this congress means to include the Negro race in America as well as the Filipinos. We deprecate all efforts, whether in the South or in the North, to deprive the Negro of his rights as a citizen under the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States.

As the Republican party has been in absolute control of the government, legislative, executive and judicial, for three and a half years, I ask what it or Mr. McKinley has done or said for the colored people of the United States? If President McKinley has manifested any interest in them, at home or abroad, since he began his policy of "forcible annexa-

tion," "criminal aggression," and "benevolent assimilation," I am not aware of it.

To any one who considers these views erroneous or peculiar, I respectfully recommend the careful perusal of Senator Hoar's speech of April 17th, last. I know of no arraignment of President McKinley's administration more elaborate or more severe, though Gen. John B. Henderson, of Missouri, also a Republican, recently said:

> If the last two years had to be lived over again the Philippine war would not exist, imposing as it has the stain of ambition, aggression, avarice, greed, ingratitude, treachery, cruelty and despotism; and the English oppression of the Boers would have been equally impossible.
>
> All these troubles were foreseen and prophesied by the anti-imperialists. Rome furnished examples in her colonies. Spain had done likewise and if England would now restore one tithe of the treasure plundered by her officials in India, the seventy millions of her starving subjects in that wretched country could be saved from untimely graves.

Moreover, the national conventions of the Democratic, the Silver Republican, the Populist, the Prohibitionist, the anti-Imperialist, and the Independent National parties have all condemned the imperialistic course of the federal administration.

It is asserted that "imperialism" is a "figment of the brain" and anti-imperialists are asked to produce the emperor or even his shadow. The forms of imperialism never appear until after its essence has gained a hold on the government. And the people are now face to face with the essence of imperialism. The term is not of recent invention. It has an established meaning for precisely the tendencies now under consideration. Froude, the English historian, is writing of the imperializing of Rome, of imperial rule and an imperialistic overthrow of the Roman Republic, when he says: "If there be one lesson which history clearly teaches, it is this: That free nations cannot govern subject provinces. If they are unable or unwilling to admit their dependencies to share their own Constitution ,the Constitution itself will fall to pieces, through mere incompetence for its duties." And Imperial Rome began when Republican Rome entered upon a career of conquest and refused to admit its dependencies to share in the Roman Constitution. That was imperialism, not expansion; and it differs in no essential respect from the policy which Mr. McKinley's administration would now force upon the United States.

The United States Investor's Review, published at Boston, in its issue of July 26th, says:

> Only a blind person can fail to see that transformations of one kind or another are in store for our race; hence the folly of asserting that the policy of this country, which is destined to play such a leading part in human affairs of the future, shall be governed for the most part by political maxims uttered more than a hundred years ago. The greatest evil which now confronts this republic is the clamor raised by a certain faction for a settlement of our problems of state by just such a method as we have been deprecating. Considerably more than a century ago a certain notable declaration was made in this country, to the effect that all men ought to be free and independent. This is merely a generalization of the French school of Voltaire and the encyclopedists. It is a dictum absolutely lacking foundation in history, and incapable of syllogistic justification. It was, however, a handy phrase for us to employ when asserting our right to break away from the mother country; it suited the exigencies of our situation in 1776 admirably, though in itself but a bit of sublimated demagogism. The declaration was a serviceable means to the end that was at that time desired. To bring forward this declaration in the year 1900, in connection with our treatment of the Filipinos and the Cubans, is as gross an absurdity as ever was practiced. To do so is to offer an insult to the intelligence of the people who first subscribed to the declaration in question.

Gen. Foulke, a McKinley Republican of Indiana, is reported in the press as saying:

> The statement that all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed is not true, and never has been.

Or take the following from the Des Moines, (Ia.) Globe:

> For a long time thinking people who have large commercial interests have felt unsafe with our present form of government from the fact that we are controlled by the little cheap-John politicians and ward heelers. A constitutional monarchy is probably the most desirable plan that we could now adopt.

Everything is ripe for the change. We believe that history and experience have proved beyond cavil that a republican form of government cannot subsist beyond a certain stage. Neither is the change to be dreaded or looked forward to with foreboding. While we are in fact largely under the conditions of a monarchy, we have the evils without the benefits of the same.

All this is bald and undisguised imperialism; and that it is in line with the aim of the present administration, is at length officially recognized in the recent circular of the "United States Military Government in the Philippines" (April 30, 1900) which writes to American school superintendents for aid and advice "in the civilization of this new part of our empire."

In the campaign of four years ago, Henry George spoke in New York a few hours before his death, as follows.

If the republic shall be saved! This is the doubt that determines my vote tomorrow; this is the question that has weighed on me ever since I reached intellectual maturity and began to strive to discover how all republics before our own had passed into monarchies and despotisms, and how, since freedom is the natural estate of men, the masses of mankind have everywhere been enslaved. While we have been glorying in the mere forms of the republic and permitting the Hannas to wrap themselves in the American flag, and suffering patriotism to be used as what Dr. Johnson, in the first edition of his dictionary defined it to be—"the last refuge of a scoundrel;" all that is worth preserving in the republic has been passing away under our eyes, and the American republic is dying as the Roman republic died, but by steps as much quicker as the modern steamship and locomotive are quicker than the ancient galley and chariot.

In the light of the events of the past three years Mr. George's words sound like prophecy. And yet, there is an all-sufficient salvation. The laboring man is a citizen and a voter, and the wage-earners, as a whole, are numerous enough to decide the election. Thus they have it in their power to remedy at the polls every injustice which can be remedied by government.

The Chicago Record (Independent) recently said:

The explanation of Mr. Bryan's popularity must be sought in a cause which lies deeper than any particular political issue. That cause is to be found in a growing belief among the people that their government is slipping away from them into the control of powerful special interests. In their view, the tariff is the mother of the trusts; imperialism is a costly crusade for political and commercial spoils; the government itself is a citadel of special privilege. They see in the commercialism that has debauched our municipal, state and national governments, the sufficient cause of our political ills. Mr. Bryan peculiarly represents the forces that seek to overthrow those who have tried to turn the flag into a "commercial asset." His admirers wish to destroy the influences that stand between the people and their government. He represents a rising tide of democracy, in kind like those of 1800 and 1828. One need not regard without apprehension all that such a movement involves to see in it much that is good. Whether it is now to succeed or fail, this movement embodies the true democratic spirit. Herein lies the source of his popularity. In this he has found his inspiration.

Mr. Bryan has ranged himself and the great party behind him on the right side of the debate. He throws the whole organized power of the Democracy into the fight against the imperialistic programme. From the standpoint of all men who are opposed to the revolutionary departure of the present administration, his course on this issue at least, is removed from censure. His agitation and his leadership, more than any other forces, have brought into this struggle for the Republic against the Empire, one of the great organized parties of the people. Demur as some men may to the party's attitude on the financial question, its position on the crucial test of our democracy is right, and Mr. Bryan deserves the suffrages of the American people for having set it squarely upon that footing.

If the wage-earners, who must pay the bills for glory, do not care, then imperialism is here to stay. The question is, Republic or Empire! "Choose you this day whom ye will serve." Those who think the dollar more important than the rights of man, can vote for Mr. McKinley. I shall vote for Mr. Bryan.

Perhaps some will ask: How about Free Silver? I answer, the Republican platform proclaims:

We renew our allegiance to the principle of the gold standard, and declare our confidence in the wisdom of the legislation of the Fifty-sixth congress, by which the parity of all our money and the stability of our currency on a gold basis have been secured.

If they have not been secured, why not? Moreover, should Mr. Bryan be elected, a Republican House, Senate and President will have four months left in which to remedy any defects in the existing legislation to fortify and sustain the gold standard.

In conclusion, I again quote from Senator Hoar:

I ask you to keep in the old channels, and to keep off the old rocks laid down in the old charts, and to follow the old sailing orders that all the old captains of other days have obeyed; to take your bearings, as of old, from the north star,

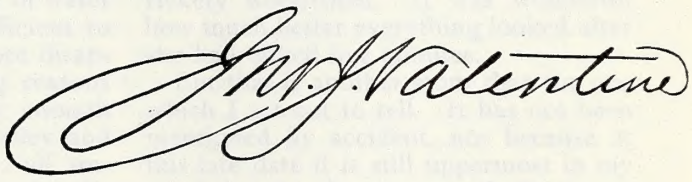
"Of whose true fixed and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament,"

and not from this meteoric light of empire.

To which I add these noble lines from Emerson:

United States! the ages plead.
Present and Past in under-song;
Go put your creed into your deed.
Nor speak with double tongue.

For sea and land don't understand,
Nor skies without a frown
See right, for which the one band fights
By the other cloven down.



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BURNTBRIDGE CREEK.

In regard to the creek north of Vancouver barracks, known as Marble or Burntbridge creek, concerning the true name of which inquiry was received from Marcus Barker, secretary of the United States board of geographical names, the following facts are furnished by T. A. Wood: A bridge was built across this creek by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1836, when the country around was covered with primeval forest. The creek was then known as Bridge creek. In 1840 a great fire swept over that section, consuming the forest and the bridge, leaving nothing but blackened stumps. The creek after that was called Burntbridge creek. Some distance down the creek a man named Marble took up a donation land claim and built a mill. This was known as Marble's mill, and the section was known as Marble's, and the creek in that vicinity was called Marble creek. The original name of the creek was Bridge creek; but, after the fire and the burning of the bridge, this was changed to Burntbridge creek, which has since continued to be its designation. The most natural thing imaginable in connection with the creek is the bridge; but in the early days of the footlog and the trail, bridges were not so common as now, and the fact that a bridge was built across this creek by the Hudson's Bay Company made it notorious, and entitled it to the name of Bridge creek, to distinguish it from the scores of other creeks in that section which had no bridges. To name a creek Bridge creek now would be about on a par with naming it Water creek.

HOW CAPTAIN DOBBINS WAS PROMOTED.

A SCRAP OF IDAHO HISTORY.

(Copyright 1900, by G. A. Waggoner.)

The spring of 1863 found me possessed of only the small capital of a mountain prospector, digging away industriously in a little gulch, one mile from Placerville, Idaho. I had found a fair prospect, and for some time had great hopes of filling a good-sized wallet before the season closed; but when I had gotten my claim open ready for work, the rain ceased, and my supply of water failed rapidly and was not sufficient to run the sluices. This was a sore disappointment. There were strong reasons why I wished to make money enough to return to the Willamette valley and purchase a little farm, which, all unknown to the owner, I had been for the last two years converting into a modern farm of my own. In my imagination I had purchased this farm many times, always cash down, for I was resolved never to be in debt. In the same pleasing and easy way, every acre of it had been vastly improved. The spring beyond the garden had been coaxed through a pipe and bubbled from a polished faucet in the kitchen. The struggling grapevines in the yard were trained into an arbor leading from the gate to the front door; fine blooded horses and cattle sported in the pastures, and flowers shed sweet perfume all about. I had also drained the marsh beyond the barn and erected a neat little woodshed, with hopvines clustering about the eaves. These pleasing fancies were generally indulged in as I sat alone in my cabin, when my day's work was done, and I had nothing else to do. My designs on this farm were kept strictly private. Only once, before leaving home, had they been told in a burst of confidence to one who I trusted would sympathize with my hopes and encourage my daring ambition. I did not mistake her, as it seemed an easy thing to her, for me to dig a little gold from the ground, return, buy as much land as I wanted, and make all improvements we might think necessary. Her trusting nature could not think it possible for me to fail in any undertaking, and she immediately began to straighten up the little farm herself. Her first work was to pull down the rickety fence and burn the rickety wood-shed. It was wonderful how much better everything looked after she had talked five minutes.

But that is another story than the one which I set out to tell. It has not been mentioned by accident, nor because at this late date it is still uppermost in my mind, but for the purpose of offering to the reader a paliation, if not an excuse, for the part which I afterwards took in the promotion of Captain Dobbins.

One day, about the first of June, I went up town for some provisions, scarcely knowing whether to return to work my claim or not.

Placerville is laid out with a plaza in the center. This plaza was about two hundred feet square, and was a favorite place to exhibit horses, as well as to display horsemanship. When I arrived a vicious Mexican broncho had just thrown its rider on the square, and another plucky fellow was preparing to mount. He had scarcely touched the saddle until he was sprawling on the ground, and the victorious horse ran back to the stable. He was again brought out, and a Mexican, a celebrated "vaquero," placed his foot in the stirrup and swung himself gracefully into the saddle. This was a hard contest. It was Mexico against Mexico, and rider and horse played their parts well for some time. The Mexican rode for conquest, but the horse struggled for liberty. At last liberty won and the Mexican lay

on the ground. A roar of laughter from the by-standers followed his fall, and no one seemed inclined to further contest supremacy with the wiry steed. I had been deeply interested in this struggle, and my blood was warmed in witnessing the courage and skill displayed by the Mexican, and did not feel like laughing at his fall, being a horseman. I knew how well he rode, and had noted the peculiar trick by which he had been thrown. When he arose with a badly sprained ankle, and was unable to mount again, I assisted him to the sidewalk and said, "If it will not offend you, I will ride that horse."

A shout of derision greeted me from all sides. That settled it. I sprang into the saddle. The horse seemed to know that I was his master the moment I touched the reins, and would have behaved quietly enough had I wished him to; but it was not my intention to ride quietly around while a hundred miners were looking on, not one of whom believed I could ride a horse which had thrown that Mexican. I therefore bullied the horse into rebellion and forced him to do his best, using every trick to make him jump, and jump he did, until he was thoroughly tired. The admiration of the crowd was won at last. Even the much discomfited Spaniard, standing on one foot, swung his white "sombrero" and cried "Much a wano, Senor!" A leather "rieta" was done up in a neat coil, and fastened to the croup of the saddle. This I undone and gave some exhibit of my skill with a lasso.

Darting towards any object which offered me a mark, I threw my rope upon it and performed various feats until the crowd gave me cheers to my heart's content. When I dismounted a stranger inquired where I had learned to ride.

"In Oregon," I answered.

"Can all the boys ride that way in Oregon?"

"Probably not, but all the young men can ride well, and are not afraid of a wild colt."

"Can you shoot a rifle and pistol?"

With some pride I answered, "I have never been beaten with either."

"What are you doing?"

"Mining."

"Have you a good claim?"

"A good claim but no water."

"Ah! What are you going to do? You don't look like a man who would sit in his cabin and wait for it to rain."

"I don't know; I may go prospecting."

After a moment's scrutiny, in which he looked me over thoroughly, he said, "I should like to see your claim. May I go with you to your cabin."

As we walked along I had an opportunity to observe my strange companion. He was about twenty-eight or thirty years of age, five feet ten inches in height and weighed, as I afterwards learned, one hundred and sixty-five pounds. His hair and eyes were black and he was badly sunburned, which gave him a reddish-brown color, nearly as dark as an Indian. He was decidedly a handsome fellow, the frank, open countenance, but there was a dare-devil look about him which made me wonder who he was.

When we were seated in my cabin, he said, "Now, I have asked a great many questions, and, of course, you want to know why I have sought your acquaintance. I learned from one of the miners while you were riding that your name is David Snell. My name is Bob Fitzhugh. I have been on the plains since I was a boy, and have sometimes acted as a scout for Uncle Sam. You may have heard of me. I have gone to scouting for my own command and like it much better than under orders, especially as the troops recently sent to Idaho know nothing about Indian warfare, and could not tell a war trail from a beaver slide. I am now hunting a partner. I can offer such inducements that there is no difficulty in finding a man who is willing to become my partner, but the kind of man I want is not found every day. For the last ten days I have been quietly observing the manners and habits of the men about Placerville and have found some objection to all. Most of them

chew tobacco, all of them carry jack-knives, and three out of every four of them are whittling whenever they are idle."

I looked at my strange companion in surprise. What could he mean by this? What earthly difference could it make to him whether a man whittled or not in his idle moments? He continued:

"I don't want a man who chews tobacco or carries a jack-knife and who cannot walk without his toes pointing straight ahead."

I opened my eyes wide in astonishment. Was it posisble this handsome fellow was a lunatic?

"My partner," he continued, "must be an extraordinary man. He must be a crack shot with rifle or pistol; must ride like a Comanchee and throw a rope like a Mexican vaquero; he must not have a habit of talking loud, halloaing or singing; must be able to dive or swim like a duck; to endure cold, heat and fatigue; to exert himself three or four days without food and be able at all times to whip his weight in wildcats. I knew the moment you mounted that horse, you were the very man I was looking for. If you will go with me we will make some money, and not have any hard work to do."

"What kind of business do you intend to engage in?" I asked.

"Well, horse stealing," he laughed.

"You have made a mistake. I am not a horse thief."

"Hold on until I explain. You know the Snake Indians are on the war trail; they have been raiding the border for several years, and have stolen several thousand head of horses. They have never let an opportunity slip to murder or steal. It is no robbery to re-take stolen horses or capture ponies belonging to the Indians, when they are on the war trail.

"At the present moment Uncle Sam is confiscating property belonging to the rebels whenever he can lay hands on it. Captain Dobbins, who is located at Fort Boise, has worn his cavalry horses out racing after the Snakes without taking a horse or killing an Indian. The citizens, thinking they could beat the regulars, have been out several times with no better success. Now, I can do just what the others have failed to do. I can capture those horses."

"But how do you expect to do this without any army at your back?"

"I could never get a horse if an army was anywhere near me. I propose to go into the Indian country. Looking and acting just like an Indian, steal all the horses I can and then rush for the settlements."

"I can well understand how you would rush for the settlements if those Snake Indians were after you, but do not understand how you are to make a white man look like an Indian."

"O, that's easy enough. I have made two trips and brought back horses both times. I have gone right among them without being detected. As for you, with a few strips of buckskin, some feathers and paint, I can make as good a looking young Indian as ever stepped in moccasins. I know every man cannot do what I can, no more than every man can ride a horse or throw a rope like you do. I know just what I am about, and if you will go with me and strictly obey my instructions, we can make a lot of money. We will deliver the horses we take to the whites from whom they were stolen by the Indians, but we will charge them a round sum for re-taking them. I will furnish the entire outfit, and we will divide all we make."

The litle farm, with all its new improvements, spread itself before my delighted eyes, and I decided to go before he had ceased speaking.

"All right," I answered, "when shall we start?"

"I will return to Placerville," he answered, "to purchase supplies, and will meet you on the public square tomorrow at noon."

At the appointed time we started, mounted on good horses, and leading a third which carried our camp outfit. My mount was a splendid bay, whose natural beauty was enhanced by a silver-mounted saddle and bridle. The cantenas held

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a pair of ivory-handled navy Colt's pistols, and a Henery rifle, in a leathern case, hung from the pomel of the saddle. Once on our way, we traveled along at a swinging gait, taking the road toward Boise City, via. Bannock. After traveling about twenty miles, we struck a trail leading south toward Salmon Falls on Snake river. Following this trail, the second day out, we came to a sage-brush plain. Here was nothing but sage, sand and alkali. Not a living thing crossed our path. We traveled for miles without even seeing a bird. Toward evening we came to the foothills, reaching down from our left. Here was plenty of grass, and now and then a small pine tree. Suddenly a young antelope crossed our trail, going at full speed, though evidently fatigued, for its head was bent low and its tongue was protruding from its mouth. A single glance was sufficient to show that it was being hotly pursued by something.

"Get ready to fight," said Bob, in a low, determined voice, as he drew his rifle from its scabbard. Our rifles were carried in such a manner as to be of little inconvenience. A loop held the breech to the pommel of the saddle, while the barrel lay along the side of the horse, the muzzle pointing downward near tis flank. The rider's left leg held the gun securely against the horse's side, and it need not be touched with his hands, unless when it was to be drawn from the scabbard.

As I laid my hand on my gun to obey Bob's order, I looked in the direction from whence the antelope came. At that moment a large grey wolf, as large as a Newfoundland dog, bounded in sight, with his long, strong muzzle close to the ground. He was following the antelope with the unerring instinct of a trained hound, moving swiftly in "that long, low gallop which can tire, the hound's deep hate, the hunter's fire."

"Don't shoot; but try your horse on that fellow," said Bob.

I had been trailing my rope on the ground to make it more pliable and easy to handle. My horse was eager for the chase. I gave him the rein, coiling the rope as I went. Before the wolf had gone half a mile I was within a hundred feet of him, holding my horse under tight rein until we came to an open piece of ground where there was no sage-brush to interfere, when I slackened my rein and swung my rope. With a noble burst of speed my bay sprung forward. The wolf could not respond, and the rope coiled round his neck with a snap. He plunged like a salmon on a hook, snapping his jaws viciously. Knowing his teeth would cut like a knife, I finished him with a shot from my pistol to save my rope.

"That was well done," said Bob, when I had overtaken him, "it is not often one of those fellows is taken in that manner. How do you like your horse?"

"Splendid. He is worth a thousand dollars."

"Well, then, I make you a present of him, so you are worth a thousand dollars more than you were when you started."

Passionately fond of horses I was delighted with Bob's present. He was indeed one to be proud of, and I had been planning to buy him ever since we started.

"He is a thoroughbred," said Bob, "has been trained for the track, and it is doubtful if anything in Idaho can overtake him. If either of us is out-ridden by the Snakes it will not be you."

We were nearing Salmon Falls and could hear the dreadful roar of the river as it leaped from its granite bed to be dashed to pieces on the rocks 60 feet below. Here we turned north and traveled until midnight, when we camped in a little valley where the grass was knee high. Before it was fairly light I could hear the splash of trout jumping in the water. I was soon dressed and after securing a bit of fresh beef, which we had brought with us, I baited a hook, took the first stick I found for a rod, and made my way through the tall grass until I came to a little stream, about six feet wide. Here the speckled beauties were making a breakfast of some early insects which were hovering about the water. Cautiously my hook was drop-

ped below the swarm of flies. I did not wait for a bite. Never did I have such fishing. They fought for my bait like chickens for a pan of dough. In five minutes I had enough for breakfast. At this place on his last trip Bob had left some horses and here we left ours. I was afraid I would never see my beautiful bay again, but Bob said we were much safer on foot, so we cached our camp outfit as securely as we could, hanging our provisions in the bushes out of the reach of wolves, then we prepared to assume our disguise. With brown paint mixed with oil, we painted our bodies, rubbing thoroughly from head to heel, until not a vestige of white skin remained in sight. Beaded moccasins supplanted our boots and fringed buckskin leggings, reaching to our knees, took the place of our pants, while a calico shirt, descending to the waist, supplied our upper clothing. Bob's hair was long, reaching to his shoulders. He had worn it long, braided and fastened on top of his head. After he had loosened it he handed me a wig made in some ingenious manner out of the hair of a horse's tail. It fitted me nicely, and after a few stripes of vermillion paint were added to my face, Bob declared my costume was complete. I had been so occupied with my own dressing that I had not noticed Bob's progress. As he now stood before me I laughed so loud that he looked around with apprehension lest I should be heard by some foe. When he handed me a small mirror and my eyes were turned upon myself, I roared with uncontrolled laughter. Talk of Dr. Jekyl and Mr. Hyde! They could not hold a candle to Bob and me. It was really wonderful what a change we had made when we were transformed from a couple of good-looking young fellows into a couple of Snake Indians, and devlish ill-looking Indians at that. Bob's transformation especially was complete. His own mother could not possible have known him. His handsome features had undergone a complete re-arrangement and their combined effect was something truly appalling. When he looked at me, I involuntarily reached for my gun and could scarcely escape from the impression that he was about to scalp me then and there.

"Now," said he, raising his tomahawk hand impresively. " There are a thousand things you must learn before we are safe from detection. You are no longer a white man, you are an Indian. You look like one, and you must act like one. An Indian does not walk with his toes turned out, but points them straight ahead; he carries his gun mostly in his hand, resting his arm at his elbow, never on his shoulder; when in motion he is the very picture of stealth. He may be known from a white man when walking or riding a mile distant. He neither walks, rides, eats, drinks or sleeps like a white man; and when he dies, he seeks a secluded spot like a dog. Inferior to us in most respects, he nevertheless has his strong points. He is the shrewdest detective in the world; he will follow a trail for days which no eye but his can see. You cannot make a mark or slight scratch on the ground, over which he roams, but he will understand how, when and for what purpose it was made. Constant danger has rendered him acute. His eye searches for danger signals as a hawk for prey. He suspects everything, but nothing so much as a white man. He will glance over a deserted camp, tell when the fire was kindled, when they went ont, how many and what kind of people camped there and how they cooked; where they came from, where going and what was their business. He will know how they were mounted, armed, and how much provisions they carried. Once, when employed by the government, I scouted with a Warm Spring Indian. We came to a place near the head of the Malhuer river where some travelers had camped. I looked the spot over and said 'two Indians camped here to cook their dinner yesterday.' The Indian shook his head and said, 'Siwash wake mitilite citcum sun'—Indians don't stop at noon. Then he pointed to where a bucket of water had been thrown on the ground. The impression was plain

to be seen, but the water had all sunk away and the ground was parched and dry. I corrected my remark by saying, 'Yes; it was day before yesterday, but I think it was Indians camped here. See they make a small fire.' He rejoined, 'Wake Siwash. Uckook Bos—No Indians. They were white men who camped here. Then he stooped to pick up a small fine-cut shaving which had been cut from a willow stick, such an one as only could have been made with a sharp, fine-edged knife, by some one whittling carefully. As I still looked incredulous, he next plucked a blade of grass with a dark stain upon it and held it before my eyes in triumph. The stain was made by tobacco juice. I yielded. Indians never carry pocket knives or keep a smooth edge on their butcher knives; they never chew tobacco and are seldom seen to whittle with any kind of a knife. I told the scout he was correct. They were probably a couple of prospectors. He went to a large rock and called my attention to impressions made in the dust by the butts of two guns, such guns as are used in the army, not such rifles as prospectors carry. I was beaten again, but when the scout said, 'Uckook mysika tilicum clatawa nanitch siwash. Lacket sun nanitch copa Salmon Falls'—they are scouts, our friends. In four days we shall see them at Salmon Falls—I was completely nonplussed, but concluded to say nothing but wait for developments. On the fourth day we camped at Salmon Falls and had the pleasure of meeting two of Uncle Sam's scouts who verified the Indian's predictions in every particular. I tell you all this," said Bob, "that you may know something about the kind of people you have come to deceive. But I have learned many things since I made that trip and feel certain we will win. It will take you years to learn all these things. The best plan is for you to follow me and act as near like me as you can. We are going directly into the Snake country. I speak the language of every red scamp between here and the Missouri river. If we meet anyone, white or red, let me do the talking."

Our cartridges and provisions were in small buckskin pouches swung under our left arms. Neatly coiled in the bottom of these pouches lay our rietas. Lastly, throwing our blankets across our shoulders and taking our rifles in hand, we started. Bob talked but little. He stalked along with a dignified silence and stoical demeanor which would have delighted the renowned chief, Big Thunder, himself. He seemed to scorn the earth and all upon it, not deigning to notice me except on rare occasions. I verily believe he was trying to imagine he was an Indian in order to more readily pass for one in case occasion required it. His whole demeanor was changed with his color.

This conduct annoyed me not a little. I could see no necessity for all those Indian airs while we were alone in the mountains and supposed at the time they were intended to impress me with his importance as a scout. I come to know later Bob was a natural actor, and always when playing a role, played it to perfection. He walked along perfectly at his ease; his straps, strings, moccasins and paint fiting him to perfection. As for myself, I was very uncomfortable. I had great difficulty in keeping my pieces of buckskin in place. Some string was constantly coming undone, then I would kneel or sit down on the ground and wrestle with them in a manner which must have resembled a squaw digging kous or picking strawberries, rather than a warrior adjusting his apparel. In spite of my annoyance I was forced to laugh many times at the utter ridiculousness of the whole proceeding. Bob's actions continued to remind me so forcibly of a blood-thirsty Indian that I sometimes fancied he might be at any rate a half-breed, bent on some kind of mischief towards me. I knew this was a foolish thought and tried to banish it, yet it would stay uppermost in my mind, sometimes varying its horror by whispering I was alone in the mountains with an armed lunatic. On the second day from camp, Bob asked me if I could not walk with my toes turned in a little more. This I endeavored to do but it

became very tiresome and gave me pain in the knees. Once, when we were going down hill covered with grass so we made no tracks, I threw my toes out nearly at right angles to the course I was going and walked along to get a rest. This was too much for my Indian, and he laughed for the first time in two days. After this I was more resigned to his company and went forward more cheerfully.

After four days' travel, we were about one hundred miles above Salmon Falls, well into the Snake country, but none had been seen. Bob became more cautious every hour. He had a good field glass with which he scanned the surrounding country for dust, smoke or other signs of savages. Our camps were model Indian camps in every particular; the fire was small and built of sticks broken short and set on end; no scraps of food was left scattered about except some small pieces of dried venison, salmon and kous, which were brought along for that purpose. On starting in the morning, a feather from Bob's headdress would fall near the fire where his moccasin tracks were plain to be seen. Had an Indian passed that way, he would have seen where a couple of his brethren had passed and nothing more. Had we left a biscuit, a piece of bacon, cigarette, quid of tobacco, toothpick, or anything to excite his suspicion, the alarm would have been given and we have been hunted to death or back to the settlements.

Deer and antelope were now plenty. We could have enjoyed a hunter's paradise with our repeating guns had we dared to use them for such game. One day a deer ran past but a short distance ahead of us. Bob dropped in the snug grass and lay snug as a quail. I had learned to follow suit and dropped also without knowing what it meant. A moment later, four Indians came following along the trail. After they had passed, and we were secreted in the timber near by, I asked Bob how he knew the Snakes were coming.

"Because that deer was wounded and Indians always follow their game closely after it is crippled. That deer was badly wounded and cannot go but a short distance. It will stop and turn at bay when it reaches that little stream over there. We will wait here until we see what happens next."

In a few moments we heard a single shot.

"They have got it," said Bob.

"Maybe they missed it," I answered.

"If the first shot had not killed it there would have been more shooting done," he replied.

In about a quarter of an hour, we saw the Indians coming back, apparently in great glee, but without the deer. I looked at Bob in confirmation of my suggestion that it had escaped. He quietly remarked:

"We are near an Indian camp. They are returning and will send their squaws for the game. They hunt in large parties in this section and at this time of the year their camp has just been pitched. Game is too plentiful and tame to have been hunted much lately. We are not far from camp, or these lazy fellows would have been on their ponies. I think they have just arrived and these hunters came out a short distance to look for signs of game. They will now go direct to camp and we will soon know how far it is to it."

We lay closely concealed for about an hour, when there appeared coming across the crest of the hill, walking briskly in single file, about a dozen squaws. They went directly towards the place where the shot had been fired, evidently going, as Bob had predicted, after the deer. When they had passed out of sight Bob said:

"That tells the story. The camp, or very likely it is a large village, is about two miles from here, just beyond that bald hill you see yonder. Now, Dave, you have never been in as close a place in your life as you are right now; but you may be in a much closer one before morning. I noticed that you did not change color when those bucks passed so close to us, and I am better satisfied with you than ever. There are many

brave men, but very few effective men in a fight. I mean that there are many men who will stand their ground and die before making a disgraceful retreat, but only a few who can become a terror to their enemies. But you are all right. You can run like a wolf or fight like a devil, which ever may be required."

After awhile the squaws came toiling along back, each carrying on her back a portion of the venison. They did not appear to be as merry as the hunters had been. Poor women! Savage customs fall heaviest on those least able to bear them. They performed the drudgery, while their lords enjoyed what sport could be found in their mode of existence. When the coast was clear again we left our hiding place and started to find the camp.

(To be continued.)

PIONEER MARRIAGES—WASCO COUNTY.

In the May 1900 number of the Native Son, the statement was made that the union of Dr. W. C. McKay and Miss Margaret Campbell was the first marriage ceremony performed in Wasco county. This statement has since been found to be erroneous. The doctor's marriage is admitted to have been the first one placed on record, but two others are known to have ante-dated his by some considerable time.

The Dalles Chronicle made investigation in the premises, and from its columns it is learned that the first marriage occurred September 18, 1853. This was the marriage of Mr. Geo. Snipes and

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At this time Wasco county had not been organized, but was included within the limits of Clackamas county. The ceremony, however, was performed at The Dalles, and can for that reason be considered Wasco county. The nuptial knot was tied by Rev. Gustavus Hines, and took place where the Umatilla House now stands. There was quite a romance connected with this episode, as an elopement preceded the marriage. Love was just as strong in those pioneer times as it is at the present period. Locksmiths were laughed at and long journeys taken and difficulties braved with the same fervor, as manifested by succeeding generations.

The next couple to be united in wedlock was Mr. M. M. Cushing and Miss Mary Pigott. The ceremony was solemnized at the old quarters of Major Granville O. Haller, in old Fort Dalles. Nathan Olney performed the ceremony, and these were witnesses: Eliza Pigott, a sister of Mrs. Cushing, Major and Mrs. G. O. Haller, Captain and Mrs. M. Maloney, Lieut. Forsythe, Dr. Summers, the post surgeon, Mrs. Caleb—now Mrs. Schurtz—Sergeant James McAuliff, and Musician James Whitebread. The certificate of marriage reads as follows:

Territory of Oregon,
County of Wasco. ss.

I do hereby certify that on the 16th day of April, A. D., 1854, Mr. M. M. Cushing and Miss Mary Pigott, both of the county and precinct aforesaid, were by me joined together, with their mutual consent, in the bonds of wedlock; and I did first ascertain that the said parties were of sufficient age to consent to the same.

Given under my hand this 16th day of April, A. D. 1854. NATHAN OLNEY,
Justice of Peace for Wasco Co.

The writing is on a piece of blue paper, discolored with age, but the words are perfectly legible. The marriage was put on record, but the record has either been misplaced or destroyed.

The marriage certificate of Dr. McKay reads as follows:

Territory of Oregon, County of Wasco, ss.:

This is to certify that the undersigned, a justice of the peace, did on the 3rd day of October, 1856, join in lawful wedlock, William C. McKay and Miss M. Campbell, in the presence of Dr. Atkins, Dr. Bates, R. R. Thompson and many other witnesses. Oh! what a glorious time we had.

C. W. SHANG,
Justice of the Peace.

KATE'S MISTAKE.

BY ELLA HENNEBERRY.

"When I get married I mean to tease my husband to death. I do like to tease those I love." Thus, with a gay laugh and toss of her head, spoke the pretty and piquant Kate Edgely, at the age of seventeen, as she sat one evening under the shade of the Spanish oaks on ner uncle's lawn at Forest Grove.

She said this to a young man of some three or four-and-twenty, with whom she had been gaily chatting for half an hour or more, in all the abandon of long friendship; for Carrol Avory had been her companion from childhood, their fathers were connected in ties of sympathy through long years—long before either were married. Carrol was somewhat of a philosopher, or believed he was—which is pretty much the same thing, especially if he was able to make others believe it. He belonged partly to the stoics and partly to the cynics—or thought he did; and many said Carrol had been crossed in love. Perhaps he had. Nothing begets younger philosophy, or sterner, than disappointed affection—except crushed ambition.

When Kate had spoken thus, and laughed, he smiled—cynically—and replied: "Giving you credit for all talent in the teasing line, there are at least two classes of men whom you could not succeed with."

"Do tell me which they are."

"Certainly. First, there is a class whose love is too enduring to depend on their patience and whose faith is too strong to doubt their ability to bear, and their certainty of being rewarded; their only passions are love and grief. Then, there is another class—far more numerous—whose will is so firm, whose moral force is so great, whose character is so steeled by self-control, that they conquer the will of a weaker by an iron word, or look of command; or, if this fail, by a system of tyranny far more terrible. With the first class you would cease from shame; with the latter from fear."

"Gracious! what a long speech!" exclaimed the laughing girl. "You didn't think I was in earnest, surely?"

"I hoped you were not," replied the stoic youth, gravely.

And rising they entered the house.

* * * *

Three years! And what are three years? An atom, an infinitesimal portion of the great desert of time whose countless sands are dropping one by one, into the fathomless ocean of eternity. And yet each one bears the burden of a life and the mystery of a death. And how much, how very much, are three years to humanity! How much of joy and sorrow! How much of happiness and misery! How much of crime and retribution! How much of hunger and thirst, and blood, and tears, of cloud and sunshine, of sleep and watching, of night and day! How much of being! How much of dust and ashes! Oh, how great and constant and terrible, are the changes of three years!

Three years since Kate Edgley and Carrol Avory talked together in the soft starlight, under the whispering foliage of the old Spanish oaks at Forest Grove.

Three years; and Carrol is a wanderer in distant lands, across stormy seas—seeking two mysteries, which, like the banquet of Tantalus, ever seem within his grasp, yet ever elude the extended arm; two phantoms, which, like the mirage of the desert, spread their airy glories upon the weary traveller's vision, but melt into space at his eager approach; two will-o'-the-wisps—health and forgetfulness. Alas, it was a fiend who fabled Lethe, for there is no Leathe but the grave!

Three years; and Kate is a widow!

KATE'S MISTAKE.

BY ELLA HENNEBERRY.

Edmond Stanton was the only son of a physician near Forest Grove. His father was wealthy, but labored not the less on that account.

Edmond was twenty-five when he first saw Kate Edgely. His life had been passed of late in the studies of a distant university, preparing himself to follow in the footsteps of his father; and it was upon his final return to his father's home that he met the sparkling niece of old 'Squire Edgely. Although of a meek, timid nature, Edmond was poetical and romantic; and the wit, the beauty and the animation of gay Kate fascinated him. The unreserved intercourse of the country, the walks, the rides, the fishing, the sailing, the picnic parties, brought them constantly together; and three months sufficed to kindle a mutual affection—or at least its semblance.

Edmond Stanton was handsome, though somewhat pale; gentlemanly and dignified; inwardly, a harvest, a fearful harvest, was slowly but surely falling before the pitiless reaper, Death.

They were married in the spring-time, with the love song of wooing birds for their epithalamium. The honey-moon was passed in travel, and they returned to settle down to domestic happiness in a charming spot near his father's home. For awhile all was sunshine; but, alas! Kate's fatal resolve began 'ere long to work, perhaps unconsciously to herself, for, by habit, it had become a second nature to her to tease, and she had not yet paid the penalty for its indulgence.

Many times, indeed, during the courtship, she had exercised these powers upon Edmond, but they were scarce ripples in the broad, steady current of his love, and it flashed over them and rolled on.

But now it was different; she was ever there, and the ripples became larger, more constant, deeper, till they merged into one strong, hissing eddy that bubbled and foamed, and seethed up in his love stream, and troubled and made turbid all its waters.

Yet he never spoke of the inward wrestlings; he was kind and gentle, and she felt that the barrenness of her triumph was a defeat. So rolled a year and a half; and all this time of alternating shower, of sunshine, smiles and tears, the reaper was levelling fibre by fibre—the life-stalks of Edmond Stanton's existence. She saw not the day of ingathering approaching; she would not see it; he felt it, but he would not tell her. Yet it came, unhastened by earth-pangs. Oh, hope and believe it was not thus hastened! Kate Stanton, for your soul's peace, hope and believe it!

It came slowly, silently, with nothing of strife, nothing of fear, nothing of longing. It came peacefully, solemnly; and the softened chimes of distant bells quavered through the still air of the Sabbath morn, faint and broken, as if with sobs, yet fragrant and with a holy harmony, until they gently, and as with a timid awe, yet lovingly, trembled through the half-closed lattice, and mingled their last strains with the faint sigh of Edmond Stanton's freed spirit.

And Kate Stanton was a widow!

In the sad, solitary storm-racked night that cast its first quickening rain upon the fresh sod of her husband's grave; in that night of moaning wind and rolling thunder, and shrieking forest, and the measured tapping of the rain-drops on the casements, with a sound as of a funereal hammers; in that night of vigil and woe, as she was reclining on a couch near the bright fire-place, did there not creep across her heart the cold, ghastly shadow of self-reproach, like the clammy trail of the serpent over the warm breast of the sleeping savage, causing her to shrink and shudder, and leaving in its track the poisonous slime of remorse?

But the morning came, and the sun burst impetuously through the gloomy cloud-host, and the birds hymned their song of gratitude and the breeze whispered its tuneful love-tale to the trembling leaflets; nature awoke and drank in renewed life, and health, and joy from the glorious day fount.

Morning came and peeped in, laughing, at the window, where still lay the couched form and aching heart; and, with rosy smile and glad bird voices and

gentle breeze-murmurs, the heart was cheered, and sung and lulled into a soft dream of hope.

What a glorious expression of elemental power is the ocean in its wild war with the storm-king! With what a gusty malice the wind blares strike their keen edges through the spray shields, and bury their points in the bosom of the ocean! With what a stubborn strength the mighty waters rush up to close the chasm, and hurl their shouting foe afar off upon the foaming crests of their wrath billows!

And amid all this wrestling, right on through the battle din, speeds a gallant vessel, shaking the furious spray from her gleaming billows, bending with a careless grace before the artillery of the blast, yet fearless and unscathed,

"She rides the plunging chargers of
the deep,"

Bearing her freight of soul-life to its destined haven.

On this vessel's deck, his eye flashing back the spirit of the storm, his whole frame buoyant with the fiercest sympathy for the awful scene before him, stands Carrol Avory, after six years of wandering in almost every clime of earth, now straining his spray-clouded vision to catch a shadowy glimpse of his native shores, stretching, dim and dark, like the hither side of fabled Hades, far along the horison.

Has he found the twin mysteries of his search? Perhaps not; but he has found two stars instead, whose constant lustre will lighten his pathway, even through the "valley of shadows"—Faith and Hope.

Three years since Edmond Stanton died, and time, the soother, has mellowed the remembrance of sorrow in the breast of the widowed Kate.

On this balmy evening of spring, she sits, as of old, beneath the Spanish oaks on her uncle's lawn; and as the shadows grow longer and the stars come out, one by one, flickering like fire-flies through the waving foliage, she thinks of such evenings a few short years ago, when, beneath this olden shade, with a light heart and a happy presage, she listened to an impassioned voice whispering bright hopes and love-illumined plans of future happiness. The silent tears drop, all unseen, upon the darkening turf at her feet; but they are no longer tears wrung from an agony or fresh sorrow, hot and bitter with the gall of a fresh remorse. They are cooling, grateful, pearly tears, that spring from the gentle fount of the chastened spirit, a mellowed grief, and they fall as soothingly as fall the freshness of the evening dew upon the thirsty leaflet.

With these tears yet lingering upon her cheek, her thoughts are borne a little further back upon time's current, to a more shadowy past, and she hears light laughter and sparkling converse ringing under these old arches; she hears the gay jest and happy repartee, the unthinking, foolish resolve of coquetish seventeen, and the grave—then absurdly grave—reproof of philosophic, serious twenty-four.

She is again Kate Edgely, and Carrol Avory sits beside her. "Poor Carrol! Where is he now? Oh, that he were here! oh, that he had never departed! and so suddenly, too! It has always seemed most strange. Why has he never written her. He knew she loved him so. Loved him? Why, was he not her best friend, the friend of her childhood? Did he not love her, too? But behold! He was so changed after Edmond came! He never liked poor Edmond. Yet why? And why go away so unkindly—almost suddenly—just when she was to—ah! could it be that he felt towards her other than as a brother, a dear friend? He never spoke other; he never seemed to. Oh, she could not be unfortunate! And yet—and yet, did she not love him with another love than sisterly? She had never asked herself the question; someone comes swiftly down the shaded pathway. It is a man. Heavens, it is!"

"Kate!"

"Oh, Carrol!"

And they are clasped in a long, fervent embrace.

gentle breeze-murmurs, the heart was cheered, and sung and lulled into a soft dream of hope.

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And Carrol had found his goal—though not where he sought it; but he was happy—so happy that his heart seemed to have put forth fresh fibres of life, his form expanded, his cheek bloomed, his eye kindled, and the promise of many years was renewed in him.

And Kate—was she not true to her repentance? Did she not "love and honor" with all her soul? And if she ever felt a shadow of the old weakness stealing across her spirit, did she not seek a quiet corner of the old church-yard, and there, over a broken pillow, inscribed with a simple name (fit emblem of a life rudely shattered in its hasty snatching), and wreathed with dark, green ivy that clung around it as if it would lovingly hide the rugged wounds of the cold iron—there, upon the flowering sod, did she not register a fresh, a sacred vow, and seal it with her tears.

ELLA HENNEBERRY.

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Dr. Elijah White, who was commissioned Indian agent of "the territory west of the Rockies" by the U. S. government in 1842, seems to have had the idea that his commission created him czar of the Pacific Northwest, from the way in which he attempted to exercise authority. In 1844 the liquor traffic began to assume such proportions that it became an interesting subject for all parties then in the Pacific Northwest. In January of that year complaints were made to him that a distillery was being operated at Oregon City, and he assumed that he had authority for interfering because the laws of Iowa, which had been adopted by the provisional government, regulated the traffic in territory where there were Indians. Accordingly he seized and destroyed the distillery and placed the owner, James Conner, under bonds for three hundred dollars. Conner, with others, however, soon began to operate another still, which was promptly suppressed. As the doctor had the moral support of the provisional government, Conner was unable to get any satisfaction from that source, and to settle the matter, challenged the doctor to fight a duel, probably the first instance of the kind on the coast. The court took cognizance of this action and imposed a fine of five hundred dollars upon Conner and also disfranchised him for life. The legislature which met later on in the year, however, passed an act restoring him to citizenship. While the doctor might have possessed some little authority for proceeding against those who supplied liquors to Indians, he certainly was without warrant to proceed otherwise, still his zeal which prompted him to bring others to account led him into several embarassing positions. On one occasion he boarded the Chenamus, belonging to Capt. John H. Crouch, and attempted to search her for liquors supposed to be on board. The captain, knowing his rights, ranged his guns fore and aft along the deck, whereupon the doctor relinquished his search as quickly as it had been begun.

Private individuals also received the doctor's attention. F. W. Pettygrove, who was one of the then leading and most respected merchants, was put under one thousand dollar bonds for having in his house wine and brandy for his own use.

A Madam Cooper, who kept "wet goods" on a scow anchored in the Willamette, had her premises invaded by the doctor, who expected to confiscate her store of liquors, but he thought it advisable to desist when the amazon vigorously protested "in the name of Great Britain, Ireland and Scotland.

REMINISCENCES OF A NATIVE SON.

BY H. S. LYMAN.

Louis Labonte (or Le Bonte), son of Louis Labonte of the Astor expedition, who accompanied Hunt across the continent in 1811-12, is still living at Saint Paul, Marion county, Oregon. He is now eighty-two years old, and is in good health. His remembrance of earlier experiences and life is still fresh and his mind seems very vigorous for one of his age. He says, however, that his recollection of the Indian languages that he once knew has now largely slipped away. These were the Clatsop or Chinook, the Tillamook, Tualatin and Calapooya, of which he says he knew a few words, and the Spokane, which he understood almost perfectly. Besides these, he talked fluently in the Indian jargon and in French and English.

He was born at Astoria in 1818, his mother being Ki-la-ko-tah, the eldest daughter of Kob-a-way, chief of the Clatsop Indians. At the time of her marriage with Mr. Labonte she was a widow. Her first husband was W. W. Mathews, a clerk of the Astor expedition. He died in New York. Their daughter, Ellen, was the first child born in the Pacific Northwest with the blood of the white race in its veins, so far as known, the date of her birth being July 1, 1815. Mrs. Labonte had two sisters who married well known and honored pioneers. Celiast, became Mrs. Helen Smith, the wife of Solomon H. Smith, one of the Wyeth expedition of 1832, and Yaimast, married Joseph Gervais, who, like Mr. Labonte's father, was one of the Hunt party.

Three years of his early life, about 1824 to 1827, were spent in Spokane Falls, and the three years succeeding at Fort Colville. Then two years, probably 1830 to 1833, were spent on French Prairie. His father had removed to that place and was engaged in raising wheat on a piece of land owned by Joseph Gervais. From this place he accompanied the family to the farm of Thomas McKay, on Scappoose creek, near Sauvie's island, where he spent three years. In 1836 he removed with the family to a location on the Yamhill river near Dayton. In 1849, being then a matured man, he accompanied a party headed by William McKay to the gold mines of California, returning the same year. During the Indian war of 1855-56, he was a member of the Oregon Volunteers in the company of Robert Newell, which was stationed at Fort Vancouver to hold in check the Cascade Indians and the Klickitats to the north.

Concerning his father, he says that this member of the Astor expedition was born in Montreal, and was about eighteen years old when he came out to St. Louis, and was there engaged as an employee of the American Fur Company for four years; at the age of twenty-two he was engaged by Wilson P. Hunt of the Pacific Fur Company to come to Oregon, and arrived in the following winter. Upon the disruption of that company in 1814, Labonte took service with the Northwestern Fur Company, which was in 1818 absorbed into the Hudson's Bay Company. He had in the meantime become acquainted with and married Mrs. Matthews at Astoria, as stated, and it was in the year 1818 that the son was born. Labonte, Sr., took six years for the Hudson's Bay Company, and spent three years at Spokane and three at Colville. He then returned to Fort Vancouver and his service terminated some time near 1828, when he asked to be dismissed and allowed to remain in Oregon. This was directly against the policy of the Hudson's Bay Company, who wished none of their trappers to become settlers or free la-

borers in their territory, and it was the rule that all of their servants must be dismissed at the place where they were enlisted. But Labonte was an astute Frenchman and contended that as he had enlisted in Oregon and was not brought here by the Hudson's Bay Company, it was no infraction of this rule, but rather in compliance with it that he should be dismissed here. Notwithstanding, his request was refused and no dismission was allowed unless he returned to Montreal. Accordingly he made the trip to Canada, starting in March, and receiving his regular papers certifying to the ending of his term of service. But he immediately began the journey back and arrived here again in November in the same year—which may have been 1830.

After having terminated his service with the Hudson's Bay Company, Labonte made up his mind to become a settler in Oregon. Several of his comrades who belonged to the old Hunt party were already contemplating this step, and some had actually begun settlement. Etienne Lucier had first taken a place at the site of East Portland, but, as Labonte remembers, having been informed by McLoughlin that he himself wished to occupy this location, he removed to French Prairie. Joseph Gervais, however, was already at French Prairie, having laid a claim at Chemaway, a point about two and one-half miles south from Fairfield at present. Labonte, Sr., moved to the place of Gervais and engaged in the raising of wheat, and, among other improvements, built a barn; but did not complete a location of his own.

Louis, the son, remembers more particularly the boyish occupations of the region, of which hunting was the most important. He describes a method of hunting the deer (jargon, Mowich; Cakpooya, Ahawa-ai) which, perhaps, has never been placed in print. The deer were very abundant in primitive times, and during the breeding season the bucks were pugnacious. In order to come near to them the Indians would take the head of a deer, including also the hide of the neck, properly prepared, which was placed over the head of the hunter; and he then, stooping over so as to keep the mouth of the deer head off the ground, as if grazing, would creep up on the lee side of the herd. He would also, so as to more closely imitate the action of the deer, occasionally jerk the head from side to side, as if nabbing flies.

Presently a buck from the herd, observing a suspicious stranger, would begin to stamp and snuff, and bridle with anger; or, possibly, shaking with excitement, would edge nearer, challenging the supposed intruder for a fight, browsing and approaching, or maneuvering for a position. The hunter, in the meantime, would keep up his own maneuvers until the victim was near, and then let fly the fatal arrow; though Labonte says that before the use of guns the Indian himself, if he chanced to miss his mark, was sometimes so viciously attacked by the deer as to be badly gored or trampled, or possibly killed. Young Labonte always used a gun at this sport.

He recalls also of seeing two grizzly bears on French Prairie, one of which was in connection with a hunting party one foggy morning. Grizzlies were not unknown in the Willamette valley, though they were not abundant. The Chinook jargon name for the grizzly was eshayum, quite distinct from the name of the common black bear, itch-hoot. Both these words were evidently primitive Indian terms and thus show that the grizzlies were a well recognized species in the Willamette valley during the period of Indian occupation.

Labonte, Jr., has recollections of earliest French prairie which are very valuable, and give a new, or at least a clearer understanding of settlement here, than ever seems to have been published, and shows Chemaway on the Willamette river above Champoeg to have been the first nucleus of settlement. According to these recollections, which should, of course, be subjected to close examination before being used as the basis of

a final conclusion, it was Joseph Gervais and the remnants of the Astor company, or Hunt's part of it, who were the original pioneers of French prairie, and thus of Oregon. These were Joseph Gervais, Etienne Lucier, Louis Labonte, Wm. Cannon, Alexander Carson (Alex. Essen), and Dubruy. Whether the fact that they had been with an American company made them any more independent and more disposed to settle for themselves, may be questioned; but at any rate they formed a little company of comrades and became the first group of independent Oregon people.

Joseph Gervais was the first, and when the Labontes arrived in about 1831, he had been upon his place at Chemaway at least about three years, and had made considerable improvements. Chemaway is situated on the bank of the Willamette river at a somewhat abrupt point over the water, and became afterwards the location of Jason Lee, and the Methodist mission. It is not to be confounded with Chemawa, the location of the United States Indian Training School on the line of the Southern Pacific railroad—though this is a mispronunciation of the old name, in which both a's are long, with a strong tendency toward long e, making the name Chemaewae.

Gervais had substantial buildings, and Labonte's description of his house and barn are very interesting. The house was about 18x24, on the ground, and was constructed of square-hewed logs, of rather large size. There were two floors, one below and one above, both of which were laid with log planks or puncheons of white fir, and probably adzed off to a proper level. The roof was made of poles as rafters, and the shingling was carefully-laid strips or sheets of ash bark, imbricated. Upon these were cross planks to hold them in place. There were three windows on the lower floor of about 30x36 inches in dimensions, and for lights were covered with fine, thinly dressed deer skins. There was also a large fireplace, built of sticks tied together with buckskin thongs, and covered with a stiff plaster made of clay and grass. The barn was of good size, being about 40x50 feet on the ground, and was of the peculiar construction of a number of buildings on early French prairie. There were posts set up at the corners and at the requisite intervals between, in which tendon grooves had been run by use of an augur and chisel, and into these were let white fir split planks about three inches thick to compose the walls. The roof was shingled in the same manner as the house, with pieces of ash bark. There was a young orchard upon the place of small apple trees obtained from Fort Vancouver.

At the time that the Labontes came to Chemaway, Etienne Lucier had not yet taken his own place, about three miles above Champoeg, at Chewewa, but was living or camping, upon the place of Gervais, probably looking around the country and making arrangements for a permanent home. Lucier, therefore, was not the first settler upon French prairie, but this honor belongs to Joseph Gervais, who must have gone there, according to Labonte's recollections, about 1828.

William Cannon, a native of Pennsylvania, and the first American to settle in the Pacific Northwest, was a millwright, and at the time the Labonte's came to French prairie, was at Vancouver, building the gristmill. He afterwards built the Champoeg gristmill.

Dubruy settled subsequently about two and one-half miles south of Champoeg.

Alexander Carson (Alex. Essen, as pronounced by Labonte), was a trapper, and spent much of his time in the Yamhill country. He seems to have been a very independent man, but finally lost his life at a certain butte on the North Yamhill river (still called Alec's butte) by the Twhatie (Tualatin) Indians, probably with the simple object of possessing themselves of his rifle and trappings.

As to Champoeg, the historic point in Oregon history, this was originally a camping and council ground of the Indians. It was near the north boundary

of the Calapooyas, and here various tribes came to trade, to play games of chance and skill, and not infrequently to intermarry.

One great sport was diving. The water of the Willamette river off the bluff was very deep, and it became a great contest for the young men to see who could dive deepest and remain under water longest. Some of the bolder ones even not rising until the blood began to burst from their noses or mouths.

Labonte recalls with great vividness the wedding ceremonies which he often witnessed, and that were frequently celebrated here between contracting parties of the different tribes. It was quite an intricate ceremony. The tribe of the groom would assemble on one side and that of the bride on the other. The groom, placed in the forefront of his people, was dressed in his best, and seated upon the ground. He was then approached by members of his own tribe, who began removing his outer garments, article by article. After this was done, members of the bride's tribe came and reclothed him with different garments and placed him in readiness to receive his wife. The bride, in the meantime, was placed in the forefront of her people, but was covered entirely, face and all, with a blanket. When ready to be presented she was carried by women of her tribe, and brought within a short distance of the groom, but here her bearers halted to rest. Then, probably indicating the desire of both peoples that the ceremony should proceed, and that all were friendly, a shout or hallo was raised by all parties, which is given as follows: "Awatch-a-he-lay-ee. Awatch-a-he-lay-ee." After which she was taken the rest of the way and presented, while the same cry of applause and approbation was again raised.

A bride was purchased, and the presents were numerous and valuable. In case the groom and bride were descendants of chiefs, presents were made between the whole tribes. These presents were of all sorts, and consisted of horses (cuiton), blankets (passissie), guns (mosket), slaves (eliatie), haiqua shells, or, as the small haiqua shells were called, cope-cope, which is a kind of a turritella, kettles (moos-moos), tobacco (ekainoos), powder (poolallie), bullets (kah-lai-ton), knives (eop-taths), or other articles.

The name Champoeg, says Labonte, is not derived from Le Campment Sable,* the French name, but is purely Indian. "Cham," the hard ch, not sh, is of the same character as the universal Che prefix of the Callapooyas; as Chehalem, Chewewa, Chemaway, Chamhokuc, or Chemeketa; and the latter part, "poeg," or poek, was for a certain plant or root found there by the Indians, and called po-wet-sie. That this is the true derivation, and it is not from the French term, meaning the sandy camp, is evidenced by its similarity to the other Indian names just given above.

When young Labonte was about sixteen, the family was employed by Thomas McKay to take charge of his farm on Scappoose plains, across the Willamette Slough, or Multnomah, from Sauvie's island—McKay being one of the most energetic and intrepid captains of the Hudson's Bay Company, and being at that time detailed for special service in the Snake river country, where competition with American companies was setting in with much vigor. On this farm the Labontes raised wheat, oats, peas, potatoes and various garden products, and had cattle and hogs, but no sheep. On the farm with the Labontes there was a Frenchman named Antoine Plasier.

It was during this period that Wyeth —whom Labonte recalls as White, from a mixture of the English aspirate and the French non-aspiration of th—made his second visit to the Columbia. It was, however, more with the trim brig May Dacre that the lad had to do. He remembers that he was at that time just as tall as a musket, which he indicates would reach about to his chin as a man.

* A corruption of the French term, Champment Sable—the camp of the sands.—Reminiscences of F. X. Matthieu.

On this craft, which lay anchored in the stream not far from the farm, he was often invited to go visiting, particularly Sundays, and was well treated by the sailors and Captain Lambert. He remembers once being asked by the captain whether he could climb a mast, and he immediately proceeded to show that he could, and ascended to the topmast on the bare pole, climbing hand over hand. It happened to be a windy day, and the brig was rolling somewhat in the swell, and when the boy looked down from his lofty elevation, he was made almost dizzy by observing how small the vessel below him looked in the wide stream. But upon reaching deck again, he was complimented by both sailors and captain as being made of stuff fit for a sailor.

Indeed, Lambert seems to have been very well pleased with him, and offered him passage on his ship to Boston, and a return, either by land or sea, and to this his parents were almost persuaded to give their consent, but at the last moment could not bring themselves to do this. Sometimes he was invited by the captain to take dinner, and amused the officers by his sturdy refusal to take anything to drink—perhaps as much from suspicion as from set conviction—though the better class of men on the Columbia at that time greatly deprecated the use of intoxicants and were largely temperate, and the boy very likely had imbibed these ideas.

He remembers Lambert as large and powerful, and full bodied; of dark hair and complexion, and "a good man." Nathaniel Wyeth, whom he also saw, was florid, light-haired and blue-eyed, but also large, and perhaps even finer looking than Lambert.

Game at Scappoose and on the ponds of Sauvie's island was very abundant, consisting of deer, elk and bear, and panthers and wildcats; and beaver were still plentiful; but the waterfowl of the most magnificent kind, at their season of passage, and, indeed, during much of the year, almost forbade the hunter to sleep. Labonte remembers one winter season in particular when there was a snowfall of about sixteen inches, and in the early morning he went forth to hunt swan. These splendid birds of the white species, like the innumerable ducks and geese, assembled at the island ponds to feast upon the abundant wapatoes. On this particular morning the youth soon discovered his flock of swans upon the surface of a shallow lake, eating the roots, and being such an immense flock that they were not to be disturbed even by the immediate presence of a hunter. Then, disrobing to his shoulders—for the water was too deep to reach the flock otherwise—he simply waded in, bringing down two or three birds to a shot, until he soon had as many as he could carry. Indeed, the lake was so covered by the flock as to almost conceal the water. However, upon reaching home he was rather chided for his performance by his father, who told him that by such cold bathing he would be likely to get the "rheumatism," which was his first acquaintance with that term.

THE LEGEND OF THE INDIAN PIPE.

When the white-faced European
  Drove the red man from his lands—
Drove him from the broad Atlantic
  To the far Pacific sands—
The Great Spirit, looking downward,
  Grieved to see his children sad,
Told them they might leave behind them
  One small thing or all they had.
Then they quarrelled—all; and one said.
  "Let us leave a thing of war—
  Tomahawk that they, by fighting,
  May at last exist no more."
And another said, "Nay; let us
  Leave behind an arrow-head,
That its point may draw their life-blood
  Till these people all are dead."
"But, my brothers," cried a third one,
  "Tomahawk and arrow bring
Death so sudden, swift and painless
  That it loses all its sting;
Rather let us leave the snake-skin
  That I belt about my waist,
That a subtle, silent poison
  May destroy them—not with haste."
Then there came great Assegoyne,
  He, the greatest chief of all,
From his hut beside Niagara,
  Where the thunder waters fall.
"Brothers!" cried the aged sachem,
  "Will you now, about to go,
Leave but war and hate behind you?
  Will you treat the white men so?
Let us answer the Great Spirit,
  Asking not for strife and war,
But that he shed peace and plenty
  On this land forevermore.
Now, ye thunder waters, listen!
  And, thou rolling river, hear!
And, ye rocks and trees, remember!
  Harken, brothers, now, and fear!
Though the red man leaves his wigwam
  Passing toward the setting sun,
Though he take with him his blanket
  And his tomahawk and gun,
Let him leave behind his peace-pipe
  By the ashes of his home,
Leaving it alight and burning,
  O'er the land he used to roam."
The Great Spirit heard the answer,
  And it pleased him there above;
For he said, "Between the red man
  And the white man now is love."

—Margaret Doane Gardiner in St. Nicholas.

THE LEGEND OF THE INDIAN PIPE.

A TOUR OF THE WORLD.

'OHN J. VALENTINE, PRESIDENT OF WELLS-FARGO & CO., WRITES HIS FRIEND, AARON STEIN, OF SAN FRANCISCO, AN ACCOUNT OF HIS TRAVELS.

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BERLIN AND VICINITY.

Charlottenburg and Potsdam.

Prague, Bohemia, Dec. 19, 1899.

DEAR UNCLE AARON:

Under date of 12th from Berlin I sent you a brief sketch of the city, without entering upon particulars as to what we saw of the uses of some of the public buildings mentioned. I attended divine service in Kaiser Wilhelm's Memorial Church, and the service was in no essential respect different from the Christian worship that takes place in the United States and elsewhere. The singing was about the same as Americans enjoy or may enjoy—only rendered in German. The attendance was large and composed of most respectable-looking people; a notable feature of it being as in the United States the preponderance of women.

I did not in my previous letter refer at all to the two Opera Houses, the Royal Theatre, the Varieties, the Circuses, etc., all of which constitute no unimportant detail in the social life of any city. The opera houses are not especially striking buildings, externally; and inside, while fairly attractive, are not equal to those of Stockholm, Copenhagen, St. Petersburg, or Dresden, and do not surpass those of Warsaw or Prague. As to the performance, of which I saw two at the Royal Opera House—Rigoletto and Lucia—they were well staged, but the singing, as a whole, was nothing beyond the ordinary. The price of admission to hear Rigoletto sung by the regular company was ten marks, or two dollars and a half; for Lucia (Melba night) I paid sixteen marks, or four dollars; and barring Melba, I have heard as good singing at the Tivoli and Auditorium, San Francisco, for one-quarter of the price, and at times in either of the latter places, better singing than in the Royal Opera House of Berlin—Melba, of course, excepted. Her voice is still good and pleasing, and specially suited to the role of Lucia, but her face and figure are no longer suited to impersonate either Lucia, or Violetta in Traviata, which she sang earlier—the spell of beauty is lacking to complete the illusion of youth, music and sentiment. As to the performance of Frau Herzog, as Gilda in Rigoletto, she is not to be compared with Repetto; and as to the tenor and baritone, Marconi and d'Andrade, as the Duke and Rigoletto, respectively, they were only passable. While I have no disposition to inviduously criticise Berlin's singers, I am willing to be quoted as saying that Marconi and d'Andrade are really below the average in their line, although the latter was heralded as the court singer of Lavaria, and the other as a tenor of unusual accomplishments. In the Royal Opera House there was, however, one performance for which I have unqualified praise—the symphony concert of the Emperor's Orchestra, conducted by its leader, Prof. Weingartner. Under the leadership of that distinguished and gifted director, the musicians played in such perfect accord and harmony as to cause unalloyed delight and satisfaction to the audience. This kind of concert music is, however, not to be had in Berlin for the asking, the regular price of admission being six marks ($1.50), about the same

as what an entertainment of the same kind and calibre would cost in our large cities.

As to so-called Musical Concerts: The music hall in the Zoological Gardens is one of the finest in the city, and there I listened to the orchestra which plays every afternoon. It is composed in part of a regimental band, but there was nothing about the music in any respect exceeding in merit what is usually heard in the United States, especially that heard there under the leadership of the late Anton Seidl, Thomas, Scheel, Gilmore, and our own Golden Gate Park Band—to say nothing of Sousa.

I have given theatres the go-by here. My knowledge of German being very slight I did not attend any strictly dramatic presentations in Berlin. The Varieties, the three leading exponents of which—the Apollo, Monopole and Wintergarten—are establishments similar to Koster & Bial's in New York, Keith's in Boston, and the Orpheums in San Francisco and Los Angeles. The performances do not, in general, excel those of the places mentioned, and the auditoriums are not to be compared in point of beauty to Keith's in Boston. The price of admission is three and one-half marks (85 cents)—that is to say more than Keith's in Boston, New York or St. Louis, and more than the Tivoli and Orpheum in San Francisco, or the Orpheum in Los Angeles. But I must not forget to add that in the European attractions are included the charms of such famous people as Cleo Merode, of Paris, and Miss Truly Shattuck, of San Francisco.

The circuses, of which there are two in the city, do not excel ours, and I am not indulging in any national prejudice when I say that the best performers, acrobats and riders I saw there are Americans. The trained horses—by no means an unimportant item in a circus show—I have invariably found good; whether in Scandinavia, Russia, Poland, or Germany; but never better than the American variety. In Berlin there was tacked on to the regular ring performance a sort of spectacular pantomimic ballet, which, if the Berliners will pardon the criticism, I pronounce about as stupid as could well be, the only real good features being some high diving by Americans during the pantomine.

As indicated hitherto, these northern people are eminently social, and the operas, concerts, theatres, varieties and circuses are well patronized—some of them rather more so than they deserve—and these places afford the traveler excellent opportunities for observing the people, their average apparent condition, demeanor, etc., and I have found them at all times apparently well fixed, unobtrusive, decorous and polite to strangers. I am usually quite favored in my desire to see men and manners when journeying, and this good fortune did not desert me in Berlin, where I twice enjoyed a near view of the Emperor and Empress—the first opportunity being at the opera. Instead of occupying the royal box, which is situated in the center of the first gallery directly facing the stage, the imperial couple occupied a side box diagonally opposite to where I was sitting in the orchestra circle, and from this point of vantage I could take close observations with my opera glass without turning in my seat or becoming unduly conspicuous. The second view was equally good—even better—being in the clear light of day, at the Museum of Arts and Industries. A wealthy citizen had loaned for exhibition ten fine large pieces of Belgian tapestry, and the Emperor and Empress happened along that day to take a look at them. While they were admiringly inspecting the triumphs of the loom, the other visitors, including myself, had our eyes directed on them, and as they passed out they brushed by within a few feet of me. The impressions I received were very agreeable. In bearing and manner the Emperor appears like a frank and possibly impulsive man. It amused me to observe during his inspection of the tapestries that, when he became particularly interested, he raised his right hand and with extended index

finger, gesticulated with animation. My little boy, Dudley, who frequently emphasizes his conversation with eager gestures, will be especially interested in this reference. On retiring from the room, the Emperor bowed very pleasantly and politely to his impromptu audience both on the right and the left.

PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

As for the Empress, she inspired my unqualified respect; and this sentiment is, I think, universally conceded her among the German people. I have yet to hear any expressions other than those of respect and esteem for her. She is not, strictly speaking, handsome; her complexion is florid, hair blondish, and now preceptibly grey. In figure and pose she is gracefully majestic, being about 5 feet 10 inches in height, well proportioned, and carrying herself with the ease and dignity befitting a Queen. Her dress that morning, was simplicity itself. A little fluffy toque or bonnet of dark purple, with just a suggestion of a white tuft on one side; a sort of Queen Elizabeth ruff collar, high at the back of the neck; dark cloth bodice, neatly embroidered; and a skirt of purple material, a shade or two lighter in color than the bonnet. Her appearance was most becoming, and every movement and expression indicated a woman of amiable and loveable characteristics. As my lady readers especially may be interested to know, I will mention, confidentially, that she celebrated her 41st birthday last autumn, and has seven living children. The Emperor will be 41 in January.

CHARLOTTENBURG.

The transition from royalty of today to that of the past is natural and easy, hence we will proceed to Charlottenburg and Potsdam. As I mentioned in my last letter, the wooden park, known as the Thiergarten extends from the Brandenburg Gate to Charlottenburg which is situated on the river Spree, about three miles outside of Berlin, and was founded by Queen Charlotte in the last century. It contains the usual palaces, commonly called schloesser, or castles; but there is so little about them in the nature of a castle, that palace is the more correct word to apply to them. An interesting feature of the place are the several royal mausoleums, notably those within a little sandstone building of classical design, with four granite columns in front, and above the Greek alphabetical characters, Alpha and Omega. First in order and perhaps the most impressive of them, are the two recumbent figures extended on richly carved sarcophagi of white marble, placed side by side, representing King Frederick William III and his royal consort, the famous Queen Louisa, of Prussia, who upheld so bravely the honor and dignity of her country in its struggle with Napoleon Bonaparte—the parents of Kaiser Wilhelm of our times. Beyond them, in similar state, lie Wilhelm himself and his esteemed spouse, the Empress Augusta. A blue light of the cornflower hue (the national flower, to the adoption of which attaches a tender memory of Louisa) is sifted through a glazed roof adjoining and falls in richest tones upon the slumberers beneath. Under the same heavenly light, whence it originates in the vestibule of the sepuchural chamber, stands a white marble statue of the Archangel Michael, and in an alcove in the rear of the chamber—a little chancel—is a half life-size crucifix in marble, and above that a painting of Our Lord, with the Emperor William I on one side and the Empress Augusta on the other, meekly proffering to Him the wreaths of laurel typical of their earthly achievements and renown.

Charlottenburg is a beautiful city and like other German cities intersected by a river, is improved in appearance by it and by connecting canals with their neatly walled banks.

POTSDAM.

Potsdam, which is located on the Havel, at its confluence with the Nuthe, about 17 miles southwest of Berlin, is a city of 70,000, including 10,000 soldiers, and here again are the castles or palaces in liberal profusion. Without attempting to studiously examine the innumer-

able features of interest within them, I proceed to the famous Sans Souci (French for "free from care") of Frederick the Great, in the near vicinity. As a palace, it is not superior to some others of the hundreds scattered throughout Europe, except in point of situation. It is most beautifully located on an elevation about 100 feet above the level of the river, where it wends its way through the southern part of the city, and from the front and rear commands views that must in summer be charming, as on this occasion, a cold winter's afternoon, with the snow glistening through the forests they were impressive.

Frederick the Great, the founder of Sans Souci, who led a stormy and tumultuous life as is generally known, has powerfully impressed his versatile and indomitable spirit upon the people of Germany, and hence is entitled to the distinction of being called Great. Of his extravagant excentricities, verifying at times the poetical dictum:

Great wit to madness oft is close allied,

I prefer not to speak; especially as any reader of Carlyle will know how to account for the checks and warps in his great nature by the laws of heredity, his father, Frederick William I, having been admittedly of grossly unbalanced mind, and by the unspeakable miseries and hardships to which he was subjected in childhood by that capricious—I had almost said unnatural—parent. Whatever aggravating peculiarities Frederick thus acquired—and his physiognomy bears evident traces of such—certainly "there was method in his madness." An amusing illustration of the keenness of his satirical wit is encountered within the walls of the Sans Souci Palace, in the apartment occupied for several years by Voltaire. When that insufferable genius had voluntarily absented himself for a time, Frederick determined to get rid of him quite, and with that end in view had his room re-decorated and re-furnished, and it is now just as then finished—the wall-paper covered with squirrels, to suggest the propensity to appropriate the stores of others; peacocks, to suggest pride and vanity; parrots, to suggest incessant chattering; and monkeys to suggest the tendency to mischief and imitation. The furniture was upholstered with brocaded cloth, illustrating in the raised figures La Fontaine's fables, which Voltaire detested. Within the walls of Sans Souci stands a marble statue, just completed by a Danish sculptor—Magnussen—"The Last Days of Frederick the Great"; and in The Hermitage at St. Petersburg there stands one by Houdin, "The Last Days of Voltaire." Both are works of high art, viewing the subjects probably from different standpoints of inspiration, but both are strikingly meritorious and entitle their authors to lasting fame, for portraying in cold and enduring marble, warmed by the fire of genius, the last days of two of the most famous men of modern Europe.

Crossing to Havel, over a handsome stone arched bridge, one comes to a gnarled old oak, enclosed by an iron fence. This tree is called "Petitioner's Tree," because when Frederick the Great from his living-room window in the castle, near by, saw any one waiting there, he would grant such person an audience. Not far from this tree is the Court and Garrison Church, where lie the remains of Frederick the Great. Standing at the foot of the sarcophagus, in 1806, Napoleon said to his officers in attendance: "Gentlemen, if he (Frederick the Great) were alive, we wouldn't be here!"

One of the sadly impressive features of Potsdam is a mausoleum erected to the memory of the late Emperor Frederick III, by his widow. It constitutes an annex to the Church of Peace. I refer to this memorial not for the purpose of describing it, but to speak of the universal affection manifested toward its silent occupant, "Unser Fritz." The people throughout Germany, everywhere and always, speak of that distinguished but unfortunate emperor in terms of regard amounting to affection. His sympathies seem to have been with the masses—the common people—and

beyond all doubt they return many fold the affection he manifested toward them.

Potsdam, like Charlottenburg, is an independent municipality, and is said to date from the time of the Vandals—i. e., it was a Vandal camp 1500 years ago.

"SWINGING 'ROUND THE CIRCLE.

Dresden, December 26th, 1899.

Christmas Day came and went here in something like the usual tranquil, soothing way. My observance of it consisted mainly in church-going, having attended divine service four times during that day and the Sunday preceding it (24th). As mentioned of other European cities, there were but few men in attendance—as few, I regret to say, as it is customary to find in California churches.

My last budget—Berlin and Vicinity—was dated Prague, Bohemia, December 19th. I left Berlin ten days ago, on a round trip which has included Stettin, Posen, Breslau, Salzbrunn, Prague, and Dresden. If this seems like an extensive itinerary of sight-seeing for that number of days I will explain that the run from Berlin to Stettin is only two hours; thence to Posen four, to Breslau four, to Salsbrunn, one and a half; to Prague seven; while from Prague to Dresden is only four hours, and from there back to Berlin, to complete the circuit, three hours—total on the road, 1 day, 1 hour and 30 minutes.

STETTIN.

I must necessarily treat of these places very briefly though each is worthy of a budget in its own right. Stettin is situated on the Oder River near where it flows into an estuary of the Baltic Sea, and to my agreeable surprise I found it to be a modern city of 150,000 inhabitants and very handsomely built, interspersed here and there with parks, monuments, etc. The particular object of my visit was to take a look at the Vulcan Shipbuilding Works, the great German plant (employing 8,000 men) that turned out the steamship Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse (North German Lloyd Line), the fastest long-distance steamer in the world, which has made 22.8 knots per hour. The Vulcan company is now constructing, along with several other vessels, the "Deutschland" (Hamburg-American Line), to be launched in January—a steamer 684 feet long, breadth of beam, 67 feet, with double engines and twin screws; the engines being of 34,000 horse power; water displacement, 18,000 tons; and for speed, the builders guarantee 23 knots per hour.

POSEN.

Next in the order of my progress came Posen, in Prussian Poland, a fortified town with modern defensive walls on three sides of it, and the river Warthe on the other. The city has 150,000 inhabitants, of whom one-third, or over 50,000, are Jews. Posen is the least prepossessing of any of the cities I have visited. Its people seem to feel the blight of the destroyed nationality resting upon them. 'Tis a city within whose gates the ghosts of dead hopes wait.

BRESLAU.

From Posen to Breslau, which is located as is Stettin, on the river Oder, the country presented the same general characteristics as that traversed between Berlin and Posen—unbroken and slightly rolling. I found Breslau quite a different city from Posen; showing, in contrast with it, modern progress and prosperity. It has a population of nearly 400,000 (the German element predominating), university, museum, academy of arts, fine zoological gardens, opera houses—in fact everything constituting a modern, wide-awake city. The number of churches here of gothic architecture is unusually large, but in the main they are homely examples of that style.

SALZBRUNN.

Leaving Breslau, enroute to Prague, I stopped over for three hours at Salzbrunn (Salt-springs), a sanitarium with mineral springs. A peculiar feature of the hygenic treatment there is the use of asses' milk as a diet for patients. At Salzbrunn the first broken country sighted by me outside of Norway came gratefully into view. In nine weeks' travel I had noticed but two localities of more than 100 feet elevation. From St. Petersburg for a thousand miles northeast, southeast, and southwest, the country is

practically level. No wonder the Tartar hordes roamed over it with impunity in the dawn of civilization. I think it is Mommsen who suggests that the Mongols occupied northern Europe before the Aryans ever did.

To return to my subject: At Halbstadt I crossed the Austrian frontier into Bohemia, a broken, rolling country, on the foothills of the Alps lightly timbered, with occasional groves of small pines intermingled here and there at the edges of the forests with birch. The elevated ground is well cultivated, showing thriving orchards and vineyards. Whether the people are Slavs Poles, Bohemians or Magyars (a question it would take an ethnological expert to decide), the language spoken looks in type and sounds like Polish, but all rules, instruction notices, etc., displayed on cars or at railway stations are in Bohemian and German. The people in the main appeared less well nourished than the Germans; are less comely, and both men and women less well clad—in short, life along the border seemed Bohemianish. I noticed two gangs of women shoveling snow on the railroad, and another gang unloading coal from railroad cars. The day was fine, and the landscape really beautiful —not the same kind of forestry, but topographically reminding me of California's foot-hills looking down the western slope from Auburn.

Jno. J. Valentine

NESIKA WA-WA.

PIONEER MONUMENT AND OREGON NATIVE SON CELEBRATION.

The committee appointed by President Blumauer, of the Society of Oregon Native Sons, having in charge the matter of erecting a monument to the pioneers and Indian war veterans of Oregon, is hard at work maturing plans for carrying out the object for which it was appointed. It is proposed to have the affair so far in hand as to be able to lay the cornerstone of a memorial building at the next annual meeting of the Pioneer Association. It is intended to make this occasion one of the grandest affairs ever witnessed in the Northwest, and one which will not fall short of the celebration recently held by the Native Sons of the Golden West in San Francisco. Notice is given that next year will be Native Sons' year, and everybody will be called upon, whether he is a resident of fifty years, or fifty minutes,to aid in providing amusement and entertainment for the hosts of people that will undoubtedly throng our streets during the week's celebration it is proposed to give. Business men are especially requested to sharpen their wits and make free to advise the committee of anything they think will subserve to make the affair a grand success. Pioneers, Veterans, Native Sons and Daughters, and everybody everywhere, that are interested, are invited to call at the office of the Oregon Native Son, 184 Fourth Street, and talk it over, andthen go forth into the highways and by-ways and talk it over again, and keep talking it over until it is the "talk of the town."

Remember, 1901 is "Native Sons' Year."

Since the above was in type the committee has decided to consult the business men of the city and the Pioneers, War Veterans and Native Daughters before settling on a day for the celebration.

CONSTABLE'S LONG RIDE.

It may not be generally known that when this region was a portion of Clackamas county, in the early 50's, Mr. D. Butler was constable for The Dalles precinct, and had occasion to serve a subpoena on a witness residing near Fort Hall, now in Idaho. That was then within the limits of the county over which a justice of the peace had jurisdiction. Mr. Butler vividly describes his ride through this wild region with the judicial writ in his inside pocket, feeling not the least fear of Indians or road agents, because he was armed with the authority of the law. He was then much younger than he is now, and the country was new to him. Later on, after he had become accustomed to the habits of the "wild and woolly west" he placed more reliance on Colt's latest patent or a Henry repeating rifle than on a subpoena from a Dalles justice court. His story awakened great interest and chained the attention of his audience until some inquisitive individual inquired what mileage he was allowed for doing such service. This elicited no answer, and the thrilling story of a constable serving a civil writ in Oregon territory, a thousand miles distant from the magistrate's court, came to an abrupt ending.

"Wonderland, 1900," is the title of a work issued by the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, that is so replete with historical data it should be made a text-book in our public schools. This number of "Wonderland" gives in particular the story of Lewis and Clarke's great exploration of the Northwest in 1804-1806. It is the most exhaustive explication of the grand work of that expedition heretofore published, illustrated with plates that do full justice to the magnificent scenery which in richness and grandeur rivals any in the world. Again we say, in all seriousness, that the work is deserving of a prominent place in everyone's library.

It is the endeavor of the Oregon Native Son not only to record history of past events, but to secure from the pens of the most eminent writers of the day, opinions on passing events, that those who write hereafter may have before them the reasons that actuated thinking men to the different courses which they pursued. To say that we have no interest in political matters, would be a confession that the safety of the free institutions of our government, which vouchsafes the liberty of the press and makes it possible to lay before our readers the opinions and theses of political students of standing and merit, is a matter of indifference. When we say students, we would discriminate between the penny-a-liner, with an augmentation of salary when a telling thrust of personality is given, and one who writes his honest conviction without regard to consequences, personal or otherwise.

In this issue of the magazine the management is able to present the two sides of the questions upon which the present presidential campaign is being fought, each from the standing point of a man who enjoys a national reputation for honesty and integrity in his writings, whose researches are intended for the good, not of his own generation, alone, but of those who come after him, a man of broad intellectual calibre and endowment grasping for enlightenment as to the conditions which will prevail an hundred years hence. Each is a man whom executive ability and business sagacity has placed at the head of a great monied institution. It is said of one: "A deserving poor man never appealed to him for help in vain," while the employes over whose fate he presides says of the other: "Take your grievance to the president and you will get justice." Greater encomiums than these can be conferred on no man. Yet their deductions are as opposite, one's from the other as the antipodes. Anomolous as it may seem, so far as the individual is concerned, the reins of government could be safely trusted in the hands of either. The men of whom we speak are Hon. H. W. Corbett and Mr. John J. Valentine. Let them now speak for themselves.

OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

ITEMS OF HISTORY CULLED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

BREAD ON THE WATERS.

Colonel N. B. Sinnott, of The Dalles, was one of the best known men in unofficial life in the Pacific Northwest. For more than a quarter of a century and up to the date of his death he was the host of that widely known hostelry, the Umatilla house, of that city, and in that capacity he became acquainted with a great many people who otherwise might never have known him. Colonel Sinnott's generosity was proverbial. No man ever left his hotel home with the pangs of hunger gnawing at his vitals; and as the snows of winter silvered his hair and time furrowed lines on his kindly face, it was with the keenest pleasure that he at frequent intervals came to know that his generosity had not been forgotten. In this connecton the following story is told:

In the early days a Hebrew peddler arrived in The Dalles with his pack. He was exhausted from his long tramp, and failure to dispose of his goods soon left him penniless and hungry. He appealed to Colonel Sinnott, who took him in. When he was ready to depart he offered the colonel all the money he had, about $6, in part payment of his account of about $20; but Colonel Sinnott refused it and sent him away. A few weeks later the peddler, having been more fortunate, remitted the amount in full, and he passed out of the colonel's recollection.

Two days after the fire that almost wiped The Dalles out of existence, Colonel Sinnott received a message from New York stating, "Wait for my letter," and signed "Bloomenthal." With surprise he awaited the arrival of the epistle. It came in due time, and it stated that the writer had read in the press dispatches of The Dalles fire, and presumed that the hotel burned was Colonel Sinnott's. If so, the writer desired the colonel to apply to him for what money was needed and use six figures if necessary. The letter went on to state that the writer was the Hebrew peddler whom the colonel had assisted, who had worked himself up to the head of an extensive manufacturing enterprise. The colonel replied that his hotel had not been burned, and he was not financially distressed. Mr. Bloomenthal replied that he stood ready to assist him at any time and for any sum he might need.

CLATSOP'S FIRST TAXES.

An interesting relic of the early history of Clatsop county was turned over to County Judge Gray recently by T. B. Morrison, of Clatsop. It was the first delinquent tax-roll of the county, and was found by Mr. Morrison while looking over some papers belonging to his father, the late R. W. Morrison, who was one of the commissioners in 1848, the year the instrument is dated. The paper was partially burned many years ago, and some of the figures were unintelligible, but the misisng ones were supplied by Robert S. MacEwan, who was county clerk at the time. The roll is especially valuable as a relic, as it was issued the first year after the Clatsop county government was organized, and when nearly all of what is now Columbia county was included in its limits. It shows the total amount of taxes to have been $101.09, and of this amount $47.97 was on the delinquent roll. The heaviest taxpayers were J. M. Shively and the Hunt Mill, each of whom was assessed $25. Mr. MacEwan, as county clerk, received the munificent sum of $7.58 for making the asessment, and $3.97 for tax collections, and he turned over to the treasurer $47.57. The county judge at the time was the late W. H. Gray, father of the present judge, and the commissioners were R. W. Morrison and G. W. Coffenbury, the latter of whom is still living in Astoria. Mr. MacEwan is now 86 years of age, but he wrote the missing data in the roll in a very legible hand, and was not obliged to use glasses.

PACIFIC NORTHWEST CHRONOLOGY.

1791.—Capt. Robert Gray, who had returned, after making a voyage to Canton and Boston, wintered in the harbor of Clayoquot, Queen Charlotte's Island. He there erected buildings and mounted guns, the first thing of such a nature to be done by an American. During his stay there he built the first American vessel to be built on the Pacific Coast. This was the sloop Adventurer. Robert Haswell, formerly mate with Capt. Gray, was the first master of this vessel. She was sold to Capt. Quadra, the Spanish commander in the Pacific Northwest, in 1792, when she was taken south.

During this year Lieut. Francisco Elisa, a Mexican commanding a Spanish expedition, arrived. He explored the Straits of Georgia and those of San Juan De Fuca, bestowing names upon different points that have since adhered to them, such as, San Juan Archipelago, Port Angeles, Canal de Haro, Tejada, (Texada) Islands and Fidalgo. The latter was named in honor of his lieutenant who wintered at Neah Bay and constructed buildings and fortifications. This was the first Spanish occupancy of the original Oregon.

1792—In the spring of this year Capt. Robert Gray left Queen Charlotte's Island, where he had wintered and coasted south. On May 7th he entered Bullfinch harbor, (now known as Gray's harbor) naming it in honor of one of the owners of his vessel. On the 11th he arrived off the bar and successfully crossed it, anchoring near Tongue Point. He was the first to be certain that it was a river. Upon this discovery rested nearly all of the claim of the United States to the Pacific Northwest. He named it after his vessel, the Columbia. He also bestowed the name of Cape Hancock upon the high promontory at the north of the river's mouth, which had previously been called Cabo de San Roque by Heceta and Cape Disappointment by Meares. To the low point on the south, called Cabo de Frondoso by Heceta, he gave the name of Point Adams. He had hardly left the river before another American, Capt. James Baker, entered in the Jenny, of Bristol, Rhode Island. Quickly following him (the 19th) came Lieut. Broughton, in the English vessel, Chatham. Coming to an anchor, Lieut. Broughton busied himself with discovery. Gray's bay he named in honor of Capt. Gray and Baker's bay in honor of Capt. Baker.

He came up the river as far as the site of the city of Vancouver. He also named Mt. Coffin and Oak Point. The former was so designated because he found it to be an Indian burial ground (by them called Yee-eh-mas-te), and the latter through finding oak trees there. This was the original Oak Point on the Oregon side of the river. He named Young's river in honor of Sir George Young; Point George, the present site of Astoria, in honor of the British King, and Mt. Hood in honor of Lord Hood. This snow peak was afterward called Mt. Washington by the Americans. It was known by various names among the Indians, among them being Wi-ye-ast and Mat-sum-hi-hi. On his leaving the river he found Capt. Vancouver awaiting him off the bar. The latter had observed Mt. St. Helens from his vessel's deck and gave it the name it bears in honor of Lord St. Helen. The Americans called it Mt. John Adams. It was known by several names among the Indians, such as Loo-wit, Loo-walla-clough, etc.

The Columbia bar has not been free from disaster among shipping, out and inward bound. The names of two or three of them are closely linked with our earlier history, they being the William and Ann, the Peacock, and the Shark.

The first was the property of the Hudson's Bay company, and was wrecked in 1829. She was pillaged by the Indians

and her crew are said to have been murdered by them.

The second was a government vessel and wrecked inward bound in July, 1841, on the sand spit at the north entrance of the river's mouth, known as Peacock's spit; the third was also a government craft, and was wrecked outward bound in September, 1846. Her colors were afterwards presented to the provisional government, the first to belong to it.

The launch of the Peacock was presented to Dr. McLoughlin for use as a pilot boat on the bar, and, after being sloop-rigged, did yoeman service there for years thereafter.

Capt. George Vancouver entered the Straits of Fuca in April of this year, making careful examination as he progressed. Among the names bestowed upon places the following well known ones still are retained. Puget Sound, in honor of Lieut. Puget; Whidby's Island, in honor of Lieut. Whidby, and Mt. Baker in honor of Lieut. Baker. All of these officers were his lieutenants. Mt. Baker was named Montana del Carmelo by the Spanish navigators; Mt. Polk by the Americans and Kul-shan and Ko-mo by the Indians. Puget Sound was called by the Indians, Whulge, by some of the Indians, and K'uk'luts by others.

He named Hood's Canal, for Lord Hood; Port Townshend, (the 'h' has since been dropped) for Marquis Townshend, and Mt. Ranier, for Admiral Ranier. The latter was called Mt. Harrison by the Americans, and Ta-ho-ma by the Indians. Port Orchard, for the officer who discovered it; Vashon Island, for Capt. Vashon; Possession Sound; Deception Pass; Port Discovery; Bellingham's Bay; Dungeness; Admiralty Inlet and others.

1793—Alexander Mackenzie, a Scotchman, was the first white man to make the trip across the continent to the Pacific ocean. He discovered the Frazier river while enroute, which he believed to be the Columbia. The Frazier river was so called in later years for Simon Frazier, who established a trading post upon its banks in 1807.

1805—Lewis and Clarke expedition came across the plains. Followed down the Columbia river and wintered at Fort Clatsop, a fort built by them at the mouth of the river, the winter of 1805-6. They bestowed names upon many of the tributaries of the Columbia, gave the Indian names of others and named prominent points along the route.

Castle rock they called Beacon rock; Hood river, Labiesche river; Klickitat river, Cateract river; John Day river, Lepage river; Touchet river, White Station river. This was subsequently named John Day for a Kentucky hunter coming with the Hunt party in 1811. Sandy river, Quicksand river; Washougal river, Seal river; White Salmon river, Canoe river; Sauvie's island was Wapato island; the Willamette was Multnomah river; Tillamook was named by Clarke, Killamuck head. It had been called Cape Falcon by the Spanish and Cape Lookout by Mears.

With this party came York, the first negro to come to the Pacific coast.

1807—Frazier river named for Simon Frazier, who established a trading post on Frazier lake adjacent to it.

1808—American Fur Company organized. Fort Henry established on Snake river. The first American trading post.

1810—Capt. Johnathan Winship established a settlement at Oak Point, Oregon, opposite the present place of that name in Washington. The floods washing away his houses, and learning of Astor's plans, he deemed it unadvisable to try to compete with Astor, and abandoned the undertaking.

1811—Astoria founded by American Fur Company. Fort built on a point called Point George, by Lieut. Broughton, in 1792. The first of this company to arrive, came on the Tonquin. She anchored in Baker's bay, March 22, 1811. This was the first vessel to be blown up on the coast, her ship's clerk doing so to kill a host of Indians on board who had murdered the crew two days before. Alexander McKay, a partner of Astor, the first husband of the wife of Dr. McLoughlin, was among

those whom the savages massacred. October 2, 1811, was launched the first vessel, the Dolly, built here. She was afterwards called the Columbia. Here the first marriages in the Pacific Northwest were celebrated, and the first children born, one of whose parents were white; the first river steamer, the Columbia, 1850, was built; the first custom house erected on the coast, and one of the two (Oregon City) postoffices west of the Rockies.

Wm. Canning was probably the first American to come to the Pacific Northwest and permanently reside here. He came in 1811 with the Hunt party, and after years of employ as a trapper for the fur companies, finally settled in the Willamette valley. He was a native of Virginia. His death took place at French Prairie, August 29, 1854. He was 99 years of age at that time.

1812—January 12th, Hunt party arrived at Astoria.

In November Robert Stewart, of the Astor expedition, discovered the South pass. This became the main gateway through the Rockies used by the pioneers.

John Clark, of the Astor expedition, hanged an Indian for stealing. The first "neck-tie" party on the Pacific coast.

1813—Astoria rechristened Fort George by Capt. Black, a British naval officer, and the Northwest Fur Company succeeding the American Fur Company through the treachery of some of the Scotch partners.

1814—Ship Isaac Todd arrives at Astoria. On her came Jane Barnes, the first white woman to set foot on the Pacific Northwest. On this vessel also came the pioneer physician, Dr. Swan, to the Pacific Northwest.

1818—Fort George again becomes, on August 18, Astoria.

1820—Dr. John Floyd, of Virginia, introduced an Oregon bill in congress. This was the first bill introduced providing for the occupation of the Pacific Northwest by the government.

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BIOGRAPHICAL.

WILLIAM SYLVESTER KINNEY.

William Sylvester Kinney, born in Chehalem Valley, Oregon, June 24, 1854, was the youngest son of the late Robert Crouch Kinney, who, in 1867, removed with his family to Salem, Oregon, and engaged in the flour milling business. After leaving school William Kinney spent a year or so in Eastern Oregon and then engaged in the fruit and salmon canning business in Astoria. Later on, for several years, he acted as traveling representative for the Salem Flouring Mills, in which he was a stockholder. While living in Salem he married Miss Mary Strong of that place. Upon the death of the eldest brother, Albert W. Kinney, with whom he was associated in business, the Kinneys disposed of their interests in the flouring mills, and in 1881 William Kinney moved to Dayton, Wash., and, associating himself with Messrs. Morris and Sarjeant, built a flour mill at that place. Later on, disposing of his interests in Dayton, Mr. Kinney came to Astoria, since which time his name has been permanently identified with the history of that place. In 1883 a company was formed with Mr. Kinney at its head, and purchased the Terrel saw mill, then owned by George Hume, which stood near the present corner of Fourteenth and Commercial streets. Within a few weeks after its purchase this mill was destroyed in the great fire of 1883. Soon afterwards the company erected the Clatsop mill, and Mr. Kinney, up to the time of his death, November 5, 1898, serverd as president and general manager. Mr. Kinney was a member of the Baptist church, and leaves behind a record of a well-spent and useful life. He was sympathetic and charitable, and, though never ostentatious in his giving, want and suffering never appealed to him in vain when he had power to aid.

In announcing his untimely death, the Daily Astorian, of November 8, 1898, said:

The death of William S. Kinney was a shock to almost every citizen of Astoria. While he has long been identified with this city as one of the most prominent and useful business men, his reputation for rugged honesty and perseverance in the line of duty was coextensive with the state. Others have

talked Astoria's advantages and still others deplored the lack of enterprise and development in the city, but Mr. Kinney went quietly ahead, built up, and for years successfully managed, the most important industrial establishment so far in Astoria's history. While general gloom and despondency prevailed over an outlook that seemed at times almost hopeless, Mr. Kinney maintained and discharged to the last farthing a pay-roll which constituted the steady dependence of a larger number of white working people than any other single establishment in the city. Mr. Kinney made no parade of his business, nor asked a favor or claimed a public obligation by reason of its benefit and importance to the community. No man was more unobtrusive in his ways or less seen in public places, but his pluck and persistency, under adverse circumstances, will serve as a maxim. In Astoria's prosperity his communication was at all times yea, yea, or nay, nay, an dthere was never any room for uncertainty as to his standing on any proposition. His absolute frankness impresed all men who came in contact with him, and none departed from his presence without feeling his ability and recognizing his integrity. In his dealings he never asked for more than was his due, and never accepted less than was his right, and those who came in habitual contact with him soon learned to know and appreciate this side of his character. The wholeof Astoria's people and many others throughout the Northwest will sincerely mourn the passing of this worthy and generous business man."

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON DUFUR.

The subject of this biography was born February 22, 1854, at Williamstown, Vt. His parents, with their family, moved to Wisconsin in 1856 and to Oregon in 1859, settling in Multnomah county east of the Willamette river, where they resided until 1876. They then moved to Wasco county, where they have since lived. The family, while residing here, is remembered by many old timers as one wherein the strictest integrity and honesty was maintained, where every member was respected and acquaintance with them sought and cherished.

In 1876 young Mr. Dufur, shortly after his removal with his parents to Wasco county, was married to Miss Mary Alexander, who was born in Topson, Maine. To the union has been born two children, Blanche B. and Anna B.

Mr. Dufur, as an exception to the rest of his father's family, is a staunch republican, and on that ticket was elected as a member of the legislature in 1882, and had the honor of casting the deciding vote that elected the late Hon. Jos. N. Dolph as U. S. senator. He was appointed commissioner and disbursing agent of the Warm Spring and Colville Indian commission by President Harrison; and August 1st, 1898, he received from President McKinley the appointment of forest supervisor of the northern division of the Cascade and Rull Run forest reserves, which position he holds at the present time. This year, under his supervision, for the first time in the history of Oregon, not one dollar's worth of timber has been destroyed by forest fires.

Mr. Dufur's father was born in the state of New Hampshire in 1815 and married Lois Burnham, who was born in Vermont. The fruits of the marriage were five children: Lucy Ann, who died at the age of 14 years; Hon. E. B. Dufur, who has been honored with seats in the state senate and legislature from Wasco county; A. J. Dufur, W. H. H. Dufur, the subject of this article, and Arabel H. Dufur. Mr. Dufur is one of the leading stock raisers in Eastern Oregon, owning and farming over 1600 acres of the finest lands in Wasco county. This land is located about 15 miles back of The Dalles.

To write a full sketch of the Dufur family is to write the history of Wasco county for the last 24 years. No family in that county is more prominent, no family more highly respected, and no official wears the honors that have been bestowed upon him more becomingly and looks closer into, or works harder for, the good of the public service than the gentleman whose name is the heading of this brief sketch.

IN MEMORIAM.

(Lines written on the death of Captain W. W. Chapman, Company I, Second Regiment of O. M. Volunteers, afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel, commanding the regiment in Rogue River war of 1855 and '56.)

Death came at last to end thy pain,
And all thy earthly toil is done;
In Heaven is heard the sweet refrain,
"Thy path to glory was nobly won."

When war's tumultuous strife was rife,
Thou wert the first at duty's call,
And freely offered thy own life,
That peace might soon prevail o'er all.

In snows of winter on mountain's side,
Thou firmly stood'st against the blast,
And crossed the river's raging tide,
And made the foe seek peace at last.

Soldier, statesman, farewell awhile,
In memory thou are held most dear—
While Heaven greet'st thee with a smile;
Thy comrades shed, "The silent tear."

H. H. Woodward, Sergeant of the Company.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE BUILDERS.

This modest tribute to the Oregon pioneers was written by one who was himself in martial array, being a babe in arms, on the journey across the historic plains in 1846. It was tendered on the occasion of the twenty-first annual reunion of the association held in Portland in June 1897:

From Hood's red, sunset coronal
Lo, one by one, the roses fall,
And soft winds sweep the sombre vale
As shadows from the mountain wall
Along a dim encampment trail.

Your day is dying, noble souls,
Around these high, heroic goals
The lingering and proud refrain
Of olden triumphs weirdly rolls
O'er many a famous battle plain.

Stir up the failing camp fires now,
Recall once more each cherished vow
You kept through all the weary fight
Till yet again the wrinkled brow
Is kindled with a magic light!

The pensive heroes of the field
Where once you bore the sword and shield,
'Tis yours to lift your eyes and see
Your sculptured conquests here revealed
With honor's golden blazonry.

Within their tents of twilight they
Who died at old Thermopylae
Their sable locks for glory drest,
But you, at close of battle's day,
By living laurels are caressed.
With trophies worthy of your fame!

You see the goal for which you toiled
When feet were worn and hands were soiled—
The harvest, wet with blood and tears,
Hard-stricken oft, but not despoiled
In all the storms of troubled years!

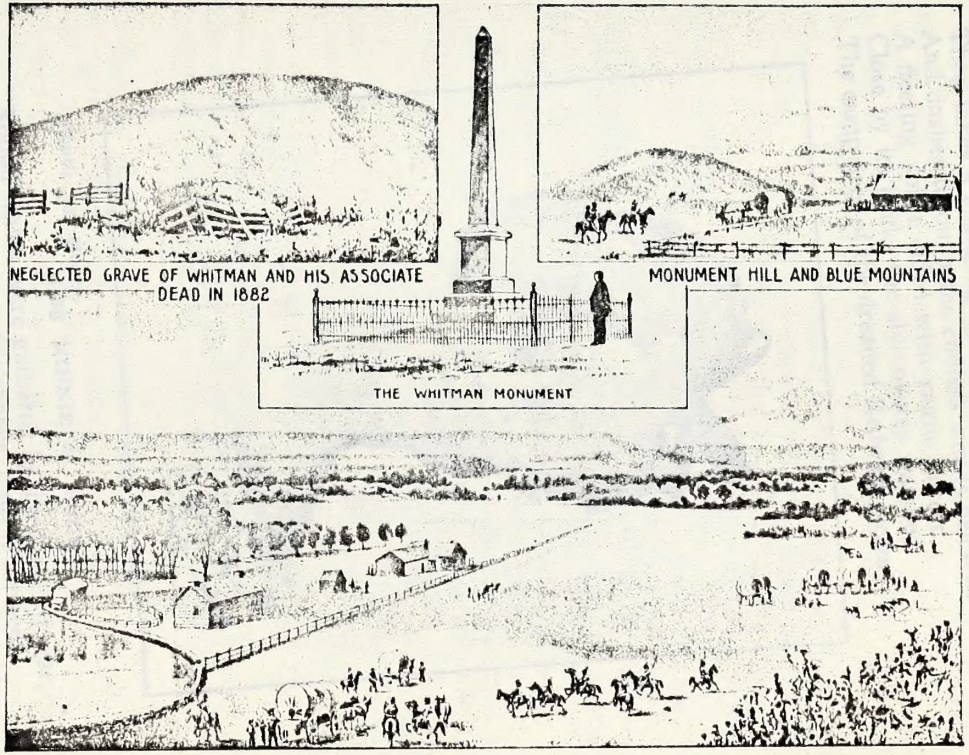
Beneath white dome and minaret
The solid basement rocks are set,
And you, oh, hearts of sterling gold!
With your past deeds will grandly yet
The gleaming walls of state uphold.

To many on the storied track
This is the last glad bivouac:—
So bravely stir the smouldering fire
The while to you come trooping back
Past victories and labors dire.

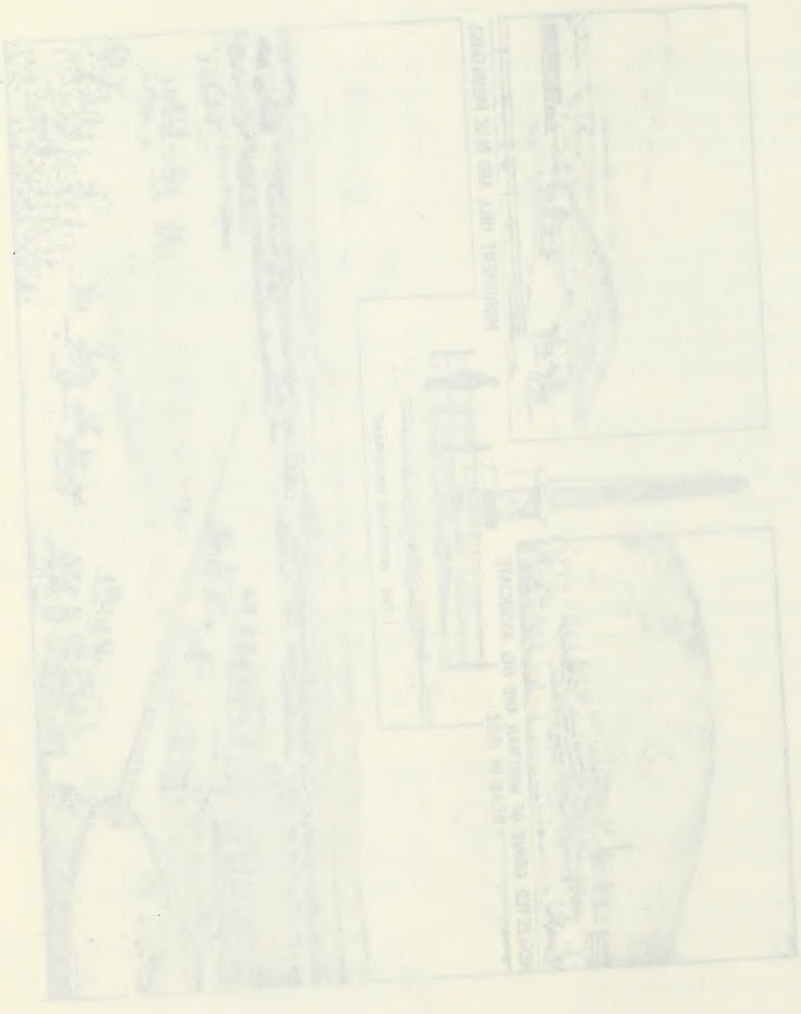
Strange signals in the twilight flit,—
Your last camp fire will soon be lit
To fade along the silent shore,
But in their ashes will be writ
Poems and poems evermore.

And while in misted camps they shine
Garlands and chaplets may we twine
Of wreathing smoke and rosied flame
And deck Valhalla's hall divine

—Sam L. Simpson.



SCENE OF THE WHITMAN MASSACRE.



THE WHITMAN MASSACRE, NOVEMBER 1847.

TO THE SURVIVORS, JUNE 1897.

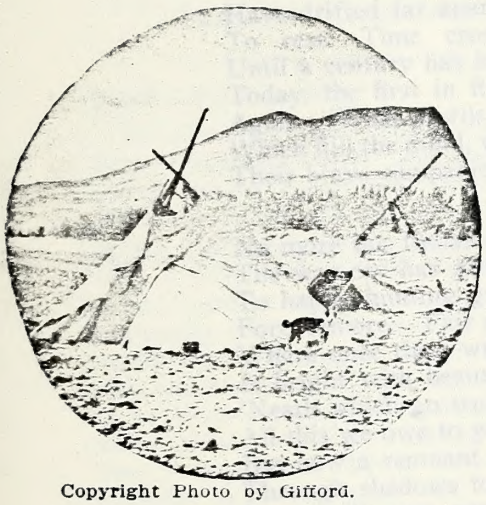
Out through the shades of a broad land, unknown,
Across a path bridged o'er with human souls,
A little band of immigrants had come
And built a home where the Wahlula rolls
Along in grandeur from the hills of snow,
Then takes a changing course, now north, now west,
And dashes through the endless woods below—
A fleeting spirit, filled with vague unrest.
Close by its banks the sly coyotes watched
The camp fires of the dreaded Redmen gleam,

Photo by Moore.
MISS MINNIE M. BODE.

'Round which were gathered in the dance of war,
Their strange fantastic shapes, until it seemed
The demons of another world had paused
A moment in their rapid downward flight,
Then whirled away in angry burst of flames,
To vanish with the shadows of the night.
And Indian ponies here by thousands grazed,
Upon the slopes were antelope and deer;
Along the borders of the sage-brush plain
Was heard the wild fowl's whistle, soft and clear.

Alone in this vast wilderness they toiled,
Brave men and women of a goodly mind.
And often, through their weary struggle there,
Their heavy hearts grew faint and sadly pined
n secret, for their homes left far away.
Yet, through the deepening shadows of the strife,
Each bravely bore the part assigned to him,
A burden cancelled only with his life.

The autumn time had come in Oregon,
And brought its change. In early afternoon
The slanting sun fell on Waiilatpu's walls,
And told of Winter days which came too soon.



Copyright Photo by Gifford.

A stillness seemed to settle on the land—
Faint rumors, borne upon the humid air,
Told of a discontent among the tribes;
And often through the shadows here and there
Unfriendly faces peered. Time slowly passed
Until a morning came. Each man had found
His share of homely work awaiting him,
And did not see the dark foe lurking round.
When suddenly the air seemed rent in twain,
The sound of war cry and the mighty yell
Of dancing savages re-echoed there,
Until it seemed the very gates of hell
Had opened and its dwellers fled to earth.
What pen can paint the scene which followed then—
The butchery by ignorant brute strength;
The life blood of fair women and brave men
That stained the dust. A mother's lonely flight
Through forests, with a babe but newly born;
The rest made prisoners, not knowing how
The end would come: and even these were torn
Apart; some taken in captivity
Far worse than death. New horrors followed fast;
Through saddened days and nights which knew no rest,
And none could know which one might be his last.

Up through the wilderness a boatman came—
Skeene Ogden, friend of every pioneer;
And met in council with the savage tribes,
Whose chief gave back the answer written here:
"Your words are weighty and your hair is grey,
The journey here was not a pleasant one—
I cannot, therefore, keep your families back;
I do for you what I had never done
For one of younger years. Go forth in peace."

Oh! wondrous change! All saw as in a dream,
From which they 'woke to find themselves
In open boats, adrift upon a stream,
With life and liberty their own again.
The days which followed brought them safely o'er

The river's depths. And from the shades of death,
Their journey ended on a friendly shore.
A stricken band of sad humanity—
Men craven grown through days and weeks of fear;
And little children, old before their time,
Bore on their faces, which should then be clear,
The loss of childhood's innocence. Fair wives
Had in an hour, to frenzied widows grown;
And drooping heads grew grey beneath the weight,
Of suffering, known to them and God alone.

Then separation came. New duties called
To them and changed their lives, which with the years,
Have drifted far apart. Many have gone
To rest. Time crossed their path with hopes and fears,
Until a century has half been told.
Today, the first in fifty years, they meet
Again. What words can picture all the thoughts
Which fiill the mind, when through their tears they greet,
Their brave companions of those sadder days.

No more the Indian camp fires gleam at night;
The war cry has grown still. Their restless souls
To happy hunting grounds have taken flight
Forevermore. Fair mansions stand
Where once their wigwams stood. And all the land
Is bright with beauty of the tree and vine,
'Neath which go truth and honor, hand in hand.
All this we owe to you, brave Pioneers—
But now a remnant of the old-time train,
Through shadows to a life beyond the end
Some will soon pass. All will not meet again.
Yet, in the unknown years which are to be,
The light that you through darkness safely bore
Ang gave to children of a newer age,
Will shine with steady glow forevermore.

—Minnie M. Bode.

On September 29, 1847, Dr. Marcus Whitman, together with his wife and others, were foully murdered at Waiilatpu, Wash., by the Cayuse Indians. A history of the event is given in the June, 1899, number of this magazine, one of the survivors being the author. This massacre brought about the war of 1847-48 between the settlers and the Indians, the latter being defeated and those implicated in the murder hanged.

Miss Minnie M. Bode, the author of the above poem was born in Portland, Or., Aprl 9, 1874, her parents being pioneers of 1853. She received her education in the public schools of her native city, after which she made a tour of the United States and herself for literary work. Miss Bode is a Europe. She is at the present time fitting member of Eliza Warren-Spalding's Cabin, Native Daughters of Oregon.

A TOUR OF THE WORLD.

JOHN J. VALENTINE, PRESIDENT OF WELLS-FARGO & CO., WRITES HIS FRIEND, AARON STEIN, OF SAN FRANCISCO, AN ACCOUNT OF HIS TRAVELS.

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DRESDEN AND MEISSEN.

Leipsic, January 3rd, 1900.

DEAR UNCLE AARON:

Dresden.—My last budget was dated here, December 26th, and told of a swing 'round an irregular circle from Berlin to Stettin, Posen, Breslau, Salzbrunn, Halbstadt (on the Austrian frontier), Prague, and Dresden.

The location of the last-named city is noticeably central in Europe, as a glance at the map will readily verify. Christiania and Stockholm lie almost due north of it; Moscow and St. Petersburg northeast, Odessa and Constantinople southeast, Venice and Rome almost due a little south of west—and all approximately equi-distant from it. Dresden folk lay stress upon this geographical situation, as being highly advantageous to tourists; and, added to its other attractions, the point is worth remembering. Traditions say that Dresden was a Lusatian (also known as Sorb or Wendish) village, as much as a thousand years ago; but it is reasonably certain that it did not become a town of importance until 500 years later, and was only notable then for its medieval fortress, by no means as picturesque as that of Albrechtsburg perched high above the little city of Meissen, twenty miles off on the Elbe. An historical novel need not be confined strictly to facts of history, but it should reflect the form and pressure of the times, and I repeat here, as intimated in my last, that Weyman's "My Lady Rotha" presents an interesting picture of Bohemia and Germany of two hundred and fifty and three hundred years ago.

However, it is not with ancient or medieval history that we have now to do, but rather with present conditions. Dresden is a handsome city, of possibly 400,000 inhabitants, including the suburbs. It is the capital of Saxony and therefore the residence of its King, Albert. In addition to its native-born population and German residents from other parts of Europe, it has an English-speaking colony (chiefly Americans) numbering 6000 to 8000, who have come here for a variety of reasons. Whatever ideas Americans may entertain relative to monarchial governments, it is nevertheless certain that in royal capitals there is that atmosphere of social refinement, the reflection of court life and the polished customs of so-called polite society, which constitutes a great attraction to many. The first impressions also of the visitor to Dresden are almost invariably favorable, because of the admirable railroad station, centrally located, and the perfection of its railroad system and service. All incoming trains enter the city depot on ground tracks, and all out-going leave on elevated tracks. The arched bridges supporting these elevated tracks at street crossings are of sandstone, handsomely finished and laid. The streets and adjacent open spaces beneath in every direction are paved with asphalt, thereby presenting a surface as even and neat as an ordinary house-floor. Like all its sister cities of like magnitude, it is possessed of the usual schloss, castle, or palace; which in this case comes more nearly being a castle than do some of the others going by that name mentioned in previous budgets. The castle is

not essentially different from others of its kind. A somewhat distinguishing feature of it is that seven or eight rooms, generally known as the "Green Vault," are occupied as a royal treasury, in which Crown jewels, plate, state treasures, etc., are kept for safety and for show. The collection is similar to those of the "Museum of Arts and Industries" at Berlin, and "The Hermitage" at St. Petersburg, though not to be compared with the latter for extent, variety or richness.

In a comparatively open section near the Elbe and between two of the most important bridges crosing it—the Augustus bridge and the Marien (St. Mary's) Bridge—are located the most notable buildings of the city, and a monument known as the Wettin Obelisk. Wettin was the family name of the Prince Consort of England, the deceased husband of Queen Victoria. In this vicinity are also the Royal Palace, the Royal Opera House, the Conservatory of Music, the Royal Gallery of Paintings, that of Sculpture, and various other magnificent structures—including the Court Church, in which Catholic service is held; for since the adoption of that faith by Augustus II, over one hundred and fifty years ago, the royal family of Saxony have been adherents of the Mother Church, though in the year 1539 Duke Henrich introduced the Lutheran faith into Dresden. Near the King Albert Bridge, is the "Schiller Beer Garden," interesting to tourists as containing within its enclosure the cottage jointly occupied for three years by Goethe and Schiller. The relations of these two gifted men were very cordial and friendly, and I shall probably refer to them again in a subsequent budget.

The one thing in Dresden above all else worthy of study is the extensive collection of pictures in the Royal gallery, which is devoted to paintings alone. I do not know how it ranks artistically among connoiseurs with those of "The Hermitage" or "The Louvre," but my own impression is that, both in quality and number, it fairly outrivals them. The Albertinum is a museum of sculpture, containing little or no modern work, and so far as marble statues go, it is chiefly remarkable for the exhumed specimens from the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii. These, however, are interesting only to the antiquarian and to the art-student. For the general observer the Historical Museum is of greater consequence, and to me the Museum of Natural History was more satisfactory and fascinating than any exhibition there, except the "Royal Gallery of Paintings," above mentioned.

The operas, varieties, etc., do not differ from nor are more meritorious than similar entertainments seen in other German cities; but the Royal Opera House itself is deserving of special notice, as its prominent situation and its striking architectural appearance, outside and inside, entitle it to greater commendation than any operatic playhouse in Northern Europe, except that at Stockholm. While in design these two structures are not alike, their positions, and the agreeable impression they give, are not unlike. The foyer of the Dresden Opera House is an ambitious, artistic effort, but highly creditable. The auditorium, which includes five balconies, compares favorably in extent and seating capacity with the best heretofore alluded to in this correspondence. I attended four performances at this house—the first being "Mignon," the second Semtana's "Lost Bride," the third Wagner's "Tannhauser," and the fourth a Symphony Concert by the Dresden Association. It is hardly necessary to say that at all these German opera houses the orchestration and stage accessories generally are good; but in the case of "Mignon" I am constrained to assert I have heard the Bostonians and Carlton's Company sing it more effectively than it was sung at the Dresden Opera House. In the presentation of "The Lost Bride," also, nothing whatever was better than the Bohemian performance at Prague, and the singing inferior. For "Tannhauser" the orchestration, accessories, etc., were all good, but, with the exception of Frau Wittick in the role of Eliz-

HENRY W. PRETTYMAN,
A Pioneer of 1847.

GEORGE F. M'CORKLE.
A Pioneer of 1843.

MRS. ELIZABETH B. M'CORKLE.
A Pioneer of 1843.

abeth, there was not a first-class voice recognizable in the troupe. The last entertainment I attended at this place of amusement was the Symphony Concert of the Dresden Association, and after listening to it I was fully convinced that "there are symphonies and symphonies," and that the one furnished at the Royal Opera House at Dresden was by no means so satisfactory as that I recently attended in Berlin.

"Heldenleben," (or Knight-Errantry) by Richard Strauss, a brother, I believe, of the late Johann Strauss, of Vienna, of waltz music fame, held the stage for half the time of the whole concert—which, briefly stated, was a conglomerate arrangement of discord, a jumble of "motifs," themes, etc., a Wagnerian blare of sound and fury that at times was deafening, and in the main suggested what I have heard in San Francisco—namely, an orchestral parody of a German band and the music of a Chinese theatre. Fortunately for me and my radical resentment, German criticism along the same lines was not lacking. Immediately after the conclusion of "Heldenleben," stepping into the foyer I saw the meeting of some German ladies with a German Doctor Von ——, just arrived. Said he, "Is that first number over?" "Yes," answered one of the ladies. "Then," he added, "I will go in; but otherwise not." Nor is this all. In coming from Moscow I made the acquaintance of a famous German musician who happened to attend this Symphony Concert. Asked what he thought of "Heldenleben," his answer was a depreciating shrug of the shoulders. My own discomfort in being compelled to listen to this composition at close range was lessened a little by observing three American ladies immediately in front of me, who were manifestly trying, with some difficulty, to make out what it was all about.

In connection with "Heldenleben" I suppose I ought to mention an incident that fell in my way just before entering the Opera House. At Berlin I had the good fortune, as stated heretofore, of twice almost rubbing against royalty. In Dresden I enjoyed two similar opportunities for taking in King Albert of Saxony—first on Christmas Sunday, in the Court Church; and again at the Royal Opera House on the evening of the Symphony. Just before reaching the entrance, my driver suddenly stopped, and when asked what the trouble was, said the King's carriage was immediately behind us, and—well, had the right of way. American sovereignty don't count over here, and when in Rome we do as the Romans do. The king drove by in state, his outrider carrying a torch-light attached to a staff six or eight feet long. My driver joined in the procession as quickly as possible, and I hoped to get a near view of the King as he alighted, but was disappointed, and could only console myself by leveling my opera-glass at him point-blank across the auditorium.

MEISSEN.

As supplementary to Dresden, I will now refer to Meissen and Albrechtsburg Castle, I frankly admit I had always supposed that what in the United States is called "Dresden China" was made there, and doubtless others entertain the same idea. That is, however, a case of rank delusion. "Dresden China" is all made at Meissen, a town twenty miles away, and is known all over Germany as Meissen-ware. The pottery is part of the royal estate, and employs about 750 men and women. It is not necessary for me to go into particulars regarding "Meissen-ware," because anybody who is likely to read this letter knows what "Dresden China" is. I merely allude to it to emphasize the fact that it is NOT Dresden China.

ALBRECHTS CASTLE.

My readers may be less generally familiar with Albrechtsburg Castle, on the heights immediately across the Elbe from Meissen; and a famous old castle it is—the scene before now of many a bloody bout. It is an ancient landmark of feudal times, erected a thousand years ago by Henry I. As far back as 1015 it was attacked by the Poles; and about the middle of the 15th Century—that is to say, before America

was discovered—it was put into its best estate by Albert the Brave. It was in this castle that a prisoner named Boettger, an alchemist, as such experimental scientists were called in those days, discovered, in his efforts to manufacture gold, the porcelain qualities of the clay that abounds in the neighborhood of Meissen. Albrechtsburg is altogether the best specimen of a Gothic Castle in Northern Europe, and is at present in what may be called a splendid state of restoration. Only a few years since there was held in it a sort of reunion of Saxon dignitaries, for which occasion every part and parcel of the castle was overhauled and put into excellent repair, and the walls were decorated by a series of mural paintings depicting some of the chief incidents connected with its history. The Castle walls enclose a cathedral or chapel, as well as other convenient and necessary appurtenances of ancient castles.

Moralizings are tedious to a reader, but as I looked upward to the spire of the cathedral, and into the blue sky beyond, I thought of the centuries gone and the vanished illusions once indulged in by dreamers for attaining liberty by the killing of kings—

"Forgetting how few men escape the yoke,
From this or that man's hand, and how most folk
Must needs be kings and slaves the while they live
And take from this man, and to that man give
Things hard enough."

An historical fact inadvertently overlooked in my last letter, when referring to the Thirty Years' War, suggests itself where I am now writing from—namely, that, preceding Wallenstein as commander of the Imperial (or Catholic) army, in its contest with the King of Sweden, was the equally renowned warrior, Field Marshal Tilly, the hero of thirty-six battles, and a soldier of extraordinary ability, beclouded with a reputation for cruelty, and for certain shady eccentricities of character which have given both their names a wierd and romantic interest. It was at this city of Liepsic—the scene at a much later period, of Napoleon Bonaparte's first overthrow—that Tilly's star paled and sank before that of Gustavus Adolphus. The issue was joined September 7th, 1631, and after the usual alternations of fortune attending a desperate contest, the tide of battle turned hopelessly against him, and he and his army were driven in disorder from the field with their own artillery. He never recovered from this staggering blow; and encountering the same adversary again the following Spring, at the river Lech, on the borders of Bavaria, was again defeated, and fell mortally wounded. He died soon after, and Wallenstein was recalled from enforced retirement to grapple with the "Lion of the North."

THE CIRCLE COMPLETED.
LEIPSIC.

HAMBURG, JANUARY 10, 1900.

After a ten weeks' roundabout touring on the Continent, I have returned to Hamburg, my nominal base, where this is dated from. My last budget was made up at Leipsic, January 3, and I now offer a few observations on that famous city. The country from Dresden to Leipsic is without any special characteristics to chronicle; nor are there any in the immediate vicinity of the city, except as connected with Napoleon Bonaparte's first overwhelming defeat, October 16, 18 and 19, 1813. The field of this most sanguinary three days' struggle—the Battle of the Nations, as it is called in Germany—all under cultivation now, is comparatively level, with here and there a little knoll or rolling stretch of ground, and right upon the spot is a museum or memorial hall, marked "Napoleon-Stein," containing many suggestive and interesting relics of the great battle, including an autograph letter of Blucher, the Prussian Field Marshal (to whom the credit of the victory is largely ascribed, and whose timely arrival at Waterloo, on a subsequently critical occasion, sealed forever the fate of Napoleon,) in which he characterizes Bernadotte as "that dog of a gypsy." Our estimate of men and things depends

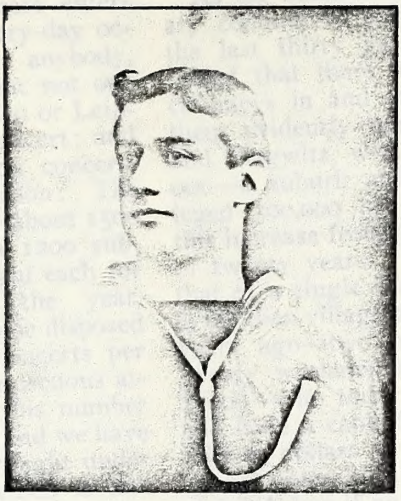
on the point of view. The sadly romantic incident of the last day of the battle was the death of Napoleon's favorite Polish ally, Prince Poniatowsky, upon whom he had just bestowed a Marshal's baton When the imperative necessity of retreat was realized and acted upon, the only avenue of escape for the vanquished army was across the Elster River on a single bridge, and that having been prematurely blown up by a distracted engineer, though ordered done eventually to prevent pursuit, a portion of the army was cut off and the retreat became a horrible scene of unequal carnage. Poniatowsky cut his way through all opposition to the river and boldly leaped the bank, but his horse, being wounded, was carried away by the current, and the gallant rider perished in the waters of the Elster.

The city, claiming a population of 500,000, is situated near the confluence of the Elster, Pleisse and Parde Rivers, sixty-one miles northwest of Dresden. It has neither a king nor a "palace" to boast of — the old regulation schloss having been torn down to make room for a new city hall; consequently it is wanting the atmosphere of royalty, which in more favored cities acts as a magnet to tourists, and bases its claims to consideration upon its achievements as an educational, a commercial, and manufacturing center. It is the seat, also, of the Supreme Court of Germany, composed of eleven justices and eighty-one associate justices. The court building, quite new and built of the yellowish-grey sandstone common in this section of Europe, is in every respect admirable, inside and out. It is about 500 feet in length, and probably 250 feet in width, and has three lofty stories, with a well proportioned dome overtopping the center. The famous University of Leipsic, founded in 1409, the Conservatory of Music, etc., are among its chief attractions.

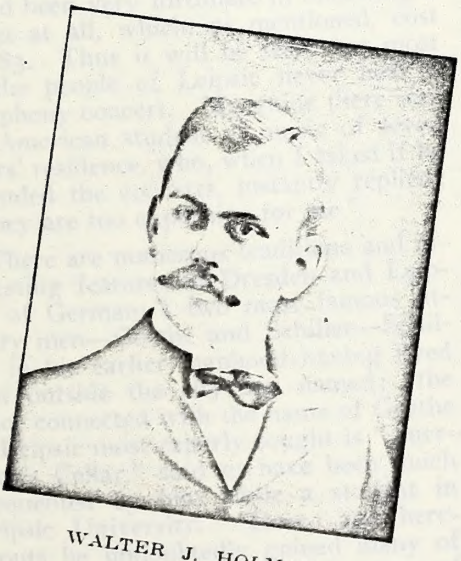
In referring to the prominent buildings, churches, and institutions of learning in cities visited, I have generally had occasion to mention "The University" as among the foremost. The phrase is not to be taken in the sense of one building merely; on the contrary, it not infrequently implies a number of them devoted to various needful auxiliary purposes. In Leipsic, for instance, there are probably a dozen buildings connected with the university, as there are with that of some other cities reported on. A case in point is the Library connected with the Leipsic University, which is a most spacious and noteworthy structure, containing several hundred thousand volumes, and thousands of priceless manuscripts, to which I may refer in a later budget. In addition to its educational facilities, Leipsic possesses a peculiar pre-eminence in the matter of printing, publishing, book binding, etc. In that particular it probably leads every other German city. The great Tauchnitz publishing house is located here.

In the musical line it has a fine Conservatory of Music; also the Gewandt Concert House. The latter is one of the most becoming structures—classic or Romanesque—yet met with in my travels. I have referred to Professor Weingartner of the Imperial Orchestra, as director of the Berlin symphony concerts, and here add the name of the Leipsic director, Professor Arthur Nikisch, who once lived in the United States, and was for a time leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

I took especial precaution to obtain a seat for the symphony concert that came off at the "Gewandthaus" Monday evening, January 1, and it cost me 12 marks, or $3. The performance was more satisfactory than that at Dresden, but was not as enjoyable as that of Berlin under Professor Weingartner. The main number failed to arouse any special interest in me, and I do not deem myself at fault, as the day after the concert the musical critic of the leading Leipsic paper, with other disparaging remarks, characterized that number as the emanation of a sick brain, and commented unfavorably on the arrangement of the programme. I do not again refer to these concerts for the purpose of criticising the music or instrumentation, but to call attention to some facts in connection therewith usually overlooked. I have repeatedly



CHARLTON B. PERKINS.
A Native Son of Oregon.



WALTER J. HOLMAN.

MRS. MABEL M. HOLMAN.

heard Americans refer to these entertainments as if they were every-day occurrences and accessible to anybody, whereas the probability is that not one person in fifty living in Dresden or Leipsic ever hears a symphony concert; and taking the Leipsic association concerts as an example, for this reason: The hall is capable of seating only about 1500 people, there are more than 1200 subscribers, who pay $1.25 a night each for twenty-two concerts during the year. This leaves but 300 tickets to be disposed of, which, for twenty-two concerts per year, would aggregate a promiscuous attendance of 6600. Add to this number the 1200 regular subscribers, and we have 7800 different individuals brought under the sound of the music; which is less than one-fiftieth part of the 500,000 population claimed for Leipsic and suburbs. But again, the number of subscribers may exceed 1200, or the seating capacity of the hall be less than 1500—and a member of the association assured me that from 150 to 200 tickets to a concert were all that could possibly be counted on as procurable by the general public, and that I had been very fortunate in obtaining a ticket at all, which, as mentioned, cost me $3. Thus it will be seen that most of the people of Leipsic never hear a symphony concert. My guide there was an American student of music of seven years' residence, who, when I asked if he attended the concerts, instantly replied: "They are too expensive for me."

There are numerous traditions and interesting features in Dresden and Leipsic of Germany's two most famous literary men—Goethe and Schiller—Schiller in his earlier manhood having lived just outside the city last named; the place connected with the name of Goethe in Leipsic most eagerly sought is "Auerbach's Cellar," said to have been much frequented by him while a student in Leipsic University. Here and hereabouts he undoubtedly gained many of the experiences and imbibed many of the profound philosophical ideas so romantically and picturesquely depicted in Faust and Wilhelm Meister. But of these gentlemen more anon.

As an illustration of the extraordinary commercial growth of Germany in the last thirty years, it may be mentioned that there are scores of factory chimneys in and around Leipsic, all of them evidently built within that time; and Plagwitz, with a population of 60,000—a suburb and included in the alleged 500,000 of Leipsic—has reached this increase from 5000 in the short space of twenty years. A further example is that of a single firm, beginning business in the then village of Plagwitz twenty-five years ago—two men, with fifteen to twenty workmen and a total capital of $5000—who today employ 3000 persons and have a capital of one and a quarter million dollars in stock and plant. I cannot enter into statistics, having none at hand, but if any one interested in the commercial and financial growth of the nations will investigate the progress of Germany in the last thirty years, it will be found amazing.

CHEMNITZ.

In line with the subject of the last paragraph, I will take up the Chemnitz, situated on the river of the same name, one and a half hours' ride from Leipsic. It is a city of 200,000 people, possessing the usual prominent buildings, rather more picturesquely situated than any city I have yet visited in Germany proper, but basing its claims to consideration on its industrial importance—iron working, locomotive building, cotton spinning and dyeing and knitting, glove making, etc. It was here, I think, that Hermsdorf made his discovery of the possibilities of procuring a fast black dye from analine, which is achieved by subsequently immersing the fabric in sulphuric acid baths. I had supposed this process cheaper than that of extracting the color from wood, but dyers in Leipsic assured me that it is not, though it is better, and more durable than wood dyes, requiring, however, greater care in manipulation. In a market square near the old Rath House stand three admirable bronze monuments erected in June last—one of them a handsome equestrian statue of Emperor William I; on each side of which is a fine full-length standing

figure—Bismarck and von Moltke, respectively. All three are mounted on massive granite pedestals, and are remarkable for their dignity of pose and expression, and their artistic excellence.

WITTENBERG.

My next objective point was Wittenberg, a town of 15,000 people, on the right bank of the Elbe, fifty-three miles southwest of Berlin. It has a "schloss" over four hundred years old, which in part is in a fine state of restoration. The original structure was a castle and garrison church combined. The castle part is now used as an army barracks, and the church—"Luthers' Church"—has been well restored. Its dimensions in gross are: Length, 175 feet; width, 45 feet, and height, 75 feet. It fronts to the west. In the rear of the chancel is an elegantly wrought marble reredos, the center space occupied by a statue of Our Lord, and those on either side by statues of Paul and Peter. On the side walls are life-size bronze statues of the builders of the church, 1497—"Frederick the Wise" (Frederick II., Elector Palatine, who embraced the doctrines of Luther in 1545), and "Johann the Constant" (who became Elector of Saxony in 1525, and was a zealous defender of Protestant faith)—both staunch protectors of the great reformer, Luther. They are buried inside the chancel railing, flat slabs of marble level with the floor marking their graves. A little beyond and to the left lies Luther, and on the right Melanchthon, in marble sarcophagi. About midway of north side of the church a bronze door replaces that of oak, to which Luther, in 1517, nailed his ninety-five theses. The original door was destroyed long ago, but the new bears upon its six bronze panels the ninety-five theses in raised letters. In an open plaza near by are two canopy-covered bronze statues of the two great reformers--Luther and Melanchthon--and at the corner of Dresden and Luther streets is an oak tree planted about 1820, to mark the spot where three hundred years before Luther publicly burned the papal bull of excommunication.

Not far distant from the church is the so-called Luther House, known in his time as the Augustine Convent, but which is now a Protestant school or post-graduate theological college. A room in this building is devoted to relics of Luther; but before we got there the afternoon was too far advanced for us to see them without lamp light, and such light is forbidden therein.

HALLE.

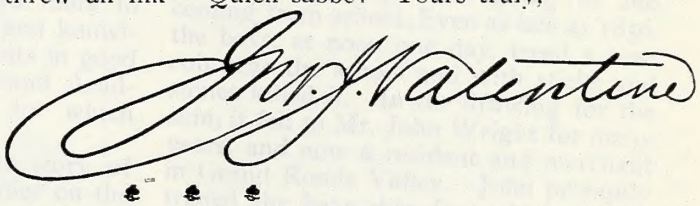
Next in order is Halle, on the Salle. Its situation is as pleasing as that of Chemnitz. Like Leipsic it is famed for its university, founded in 1694, and though by no means equal to that city in population—having in fact only about 100,000—the number of new buildings belonging to the university impresses the beholder as indicating a prosperous condition of that institution. The university tract includes a very interesting relic—namely, the Moritzburg Castle, now largely a ruin, though evidently once a formidable fortress. What remains of the castle is utilized as a Calvanistic church. Other notable buildings are St. Mary's Church, or "Our Loved Women's Church," which, like Luthers' church at Wittenberg, has recently been renovated in good style. The opera-house and postoffice are fine buildings, and there are good hospitals, free clinics, etc. The country in the neighborhood of Halle, same as that about Leipsic, is especially teeming with historical interest.

WEIMAR.

The ride from Leipsic to Wittenberg is only one and a half hours; from Wittenberg to Halle an hour, and thence to Weimar one hour and twenty minutes. Weimar, capital of the grand duchy of same—Weimar, is a beautiful little city of 25,000 inhabitants on the river Ilm, and is especially interesting to tourists on account of both Goethe and Schiller having lived there for some years, at one time superintending the Royal Theater, both dying there, and now reposing side by side in the cemetery vault of the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar. These two famous men moved to Weimar and there the houses

occupied by each are shown to visitors. That of Schiller is simple and unimposing, but adequate; while that of Goethe is more spacious, having some twelve rooms and containing, in fact, quite a museum of interesting relics pertaining to their history. The Ducal Library of Weimar, numbering over 200,000 volumes, is in some respects a Goethe museum also. However, the immediate personal belongings of Schiller and Goethe are seen in the houses they last occupied, which renders them quite as interesting as the more pretentious collection in the library. The eminent German poets, Herder and Wieland, also resided at Weimar, contemporaneously with Goethe and Schiller. Not far from Weimar is Eisenach, where Luther was confined for ten months in the Wartburg Castle (1521-22), in friendly durance to shield him from the malice of his enemies. He engaged meanwhile in translating the scriptures. Near by is Erfurt, in which is situated an orphan asylum called Martinstiff, which was originally the Augustine Monastery, in which Luther was a monk. The cell occupied by him where he threw an inkstand at the devil's head is shown to visitors, and the ink-spatters are said to be still visible on the wall. Leipsic, Wittenberg, Eisenach and Erfurt contain many interesting relics relating to Luther, Melanchthon and the Elector Johann.

Two objects in Goethe's house at Weimar particularly attracted my attention—the one a bust of him on the ground floor, representing the great philosopher and German Shakespeare contemplating a grinning skull, and I thought "to this favor must *we* come." The last of the Goethes arrived there in 1885; in other words, the family is now extinct. Upstairs is a life-size painting by Fleischer, which depicts Goethe's death, and is entitled "More Light!"—Goethe's dying words. The usual construction placed upon the exclamation, "Light! more light!" ascribed to him, is that it indicated a triumphant realization of the greater soul-illumination of the beyond; but as the expiring genius was not remarkable for piety, may it not have been simply the pathetic outcry of a mind sinking under an oppressive sense of the gathering darkness presaging death? Quien sabbe! Yours truly,



* * *

Indian tradition lends an air of enchantment to the early history of the place, ad the student of Indian lore will find much of interest in the tales that are told by some of the old Wascos that are to be seen about the streets, legends that have been handed down for unknown generations until their origin is lost in the mists of antiquity.

There is a history that is older yet. It has never been written and may never be penned. Only inklings are to be found in the traces left by the progenitors of the Indians. The Indians never possessed the skill and knowledge necessary to perform the work such as was required to form the delicate and beautiful arrow heads, spear points and ornaments, worked and fashioned in flint, absidian, opal and carnilian, such as are found amid the drifting sands along the banks of the Columbia river, and are offered for sale in the streets of The Dalles by the Indians. These are in design and workmanship not unlike those of the Aztecs of Mexico and the Pueblos of Arizona. Paintings on the rock cliffs in the vicinity of The Dalles, and carvings and sculptures that have been discovered, all of unquestioned antiquity, showing many Azetc characteristics, indicate that the country was occupied far in the pre-historic past, by a race of people far superior to the Indians. There is a rich field for the antiquarian; and, while his researches may never discover the history of the peoples that dwelt in the Columbia basin before the Indian, much will doubtless be found that will shed light on their origin and fate.

PIONEER SEAT OF LEARNING.

THE PORTLAND ACADEMY AND FEMALE SEMINARY.

Among the institutions of the state and territory of Oregon, which greatly tended toward the advancement of education and good morals none are remembered with more affection than the Portland Academy and Female Seminary: "Though lost to Sight," it "is still to memory dear."

The modern resident of Portland who passes up Jefferson street, at the corner of West Park will notice an old building, with blackened walls and covered with signs on the outside, while inside it is used as a horse barn and livery stable, and he will quickly pass on without more than a hurried glance. Yet, if he will look back 49 years, and see the bright, happy and earnest faces, which have so often filled that building, he would pause and wonder, " to what base uses may we come at last;" for among the institutions of learning, few have tended more to develope a love of education and knowledge and strengthen its servants in good citizenship than the old Portland Academy and Female Seminary, for which this building was erected.

This building also tells the story of heroic endeavor and self sacrifice on the part of one of Oregon's most faithful pioneer ministers, many years since gone to his final reward—Reverend James H. Wilbur.

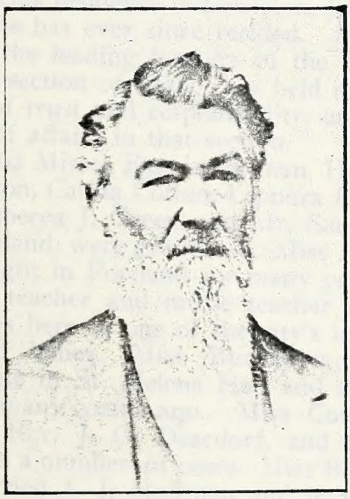
In September 1851 the town proprietors, Messrs. Chapman, Coffin and Lownsdale, recognizing the necessity of schools and academies for their then embryo city, donated two blocks, namely, 205 (the one upon which this building now stands) and 224 (being the block immediately west of this) for this purpose, and made a deed thereof to Father Wilbur "in trust to build a male and female seminary thereon and therewith," intending that this should be held in trust for the Methodist Episcopal church of the State of Oregon, and used for an educational institution. These blocks were then far out in the wilderness, in a dense forest, covered with large firs. With his own hands, Father Wilbur partly cleared the ground and hewed out a portion of the timbers for the frame of the building, and assisted in its erection. He solicited some subscriptions, and advanced and borrowed on his own credit, above $5,000, and the building was completed, and on November 17, 1851, the institution was opened with Rev. C. S. Kingsley as Principal, and his wife as assistant. The attendance at first was small, but the teachers were earnest and thorough and the school grew. One of the objections made to it was that it was too far away from the residence portion of the city, and parents were afraid their children would get lost going to and coming from school. Even as late as 1856, the boys, at noon one day, treed a bear cub near the school and with sticks and stones killed it. In the drawing for the skin, it fell to Mr. John Wright for many years, and now a resident and merchant in Grand Ronde Valley. John promptly traded the bear skin for a big sack of marbles, but, owing to the mysteries of the science called "keeps," taught by boys only, an equitable division soon took place of the marbles.

The second year Miss Celinda Hines, now Mrs. A. R. Shipley, of Corvallis, Oregon, was added as assistant teacher. In the year 1853 Miss Catherine Quivey, who afterwards married Judge Aaron E. Wait was added to the corps of teachers, and the following year Miss Boise also taught there.

In June 1854 the legislature incorporated the institution with a board of trustees consisting of W. S. Ladd, Alexander Abernethy, Gustavus Hines, C. S. Kingsley, Wm. M. King, P. A. Marquam,

Clinton Kelley, H. K. Hines, P. G. Buchanan, E. C. Baker, J. O. Waterman, Thos H. Pearne, A. F. Waller, James H. Wilbur, T. J. Dryer and Dr. Perry Prettyman. These men were worthy, strong and heroic. They have all but three passed over to the silent majority, but their acts and deeds fill a large place in the history of this city and state. The first officers of the Board were President, J. H. Wilbur; Vice-President, T. J. Dryer; Secretary, C. S. Kingsley; Treasurer, W. S. Ladd.„A course of study was adopted by the Board of Trustees and teachers, which shows that there was taught all the higher branches that are taught even to this day in academies.

The Reverend Mr. Kingsley taught until 1859, when he resigned, much to



REV. J. S. KINGSLEY.

the regret of the Board of Trustees and the students.„One of the old students for many years, says of him and his assistants: "The teachers employed in the old school were of that sturdy, unwavering band of pioneer methodist missionaries who aided so grandly and sucessfully in pioneering Oregon from the savage wilderness to civilization and statehood. They were men and women of keen intelligence and schooled in the best education of the times. I remember Mr. Kingsley as a brilliant, classical scholar, a keen reasoner, and a great orator." Uuder him the school grew and prospered until it was recognized as one of the leading institutions of the territory, and a leading factor in education of the city of Portland.

The first graduate of the institution was sent out this year—1859—Miss Samantha A. Cornell; she afterwards served as Preceptress and teacher in the institution and was afterwards married to Reverend Doctor McAllister, and died some years ago. I have not been able to find a full list of the teachers who were with Mr. Kingsley, beyond those mentioned.

Rev. C. H. Hall now Dr. Hall of Salem succeeded as principal in 1859 and continued as such for three years. He was earnest and enthusiastic in the school and did good work as a teacher, and was much respected by the students. The Preceptresses during his term were Miss Mary B. Stroud, Miss Annie Pentland and Miss Maria Foster. Miss Stroud was a Quakeress of sweet and sunny disposition, and much beloved by her pupils. She married a Mr. Wright and now resides in Indianapolis. Miss Foster was a highly educated New England lady, who taught for a short time only, and then maried Mr. George H. Flanders, one of Oregon's early pioneers, who some years ago died, and his widow now resides in the city of Portland, beloved for her many good deeds and works of charity. Miss Pentland was graduated from the institution in 1861. She was a daughter of one of Oregon's pioneers. In 1862 she removed to The Dalles, where she married Mr. Samuel L. Brooks, and for a third of a century she has been known and beloved in that city, as interested in every work tending towards uplifting and bettering the condition of the citizens of The Dalles, Mrs. Hall, wife of the principal, also taught for a time, and Miss Louise Breyman was teacher of music and French. Miss Breyman married the pioneer printer, E. M. Waite, now deceased and now lives at Salem. In 1860 Miss Isabel J. Kerns was graduated; she mar-

ried A. A. Wiliamson, a carpenter and builder of Portland, and with him moved to California. In 1861 Miss Anna Pentland, Miss Sarah L. Abrams and Mr. James W. Poe, were graduated and received their diplomas. Miss Abrams was afterwards married to Hon. H. A. Hogue, and has ever since resided in this city. When she was graduated from the old Portland Academy and Female Seminary Hon. W. S. Ladd was president of the Board of Trustees, and presented her with her diploma; thirty-four years later Hon. Wm. M. Ladd, as president of the Board of Trustees, of the new Portland Academy, presented her son, Chester J. Hogue, with his diploma, as he graduated from the new institution. How the old pass away and the young take their places. Hon. J. W. Poe, after his graduation, took up his residence in Lewiston, Idaho, where he has ever since resided. He is one of the leading lawyers of the Pan-Handle section of Idaho, has held many places of trust and responsibility, and is a man of affairs in that section.

In 1862 Misses Fannie Holman, Helen M. Burton, Caltha Cotton, Leonora Blossom, Rebecca J. Greer, and Mr. Samuel A. Moreland, were graduated. Miss Holman taught in Portland for many years, both as teacher and music teacher and now lives here as one of the city's most respected ladies. Miss Burton taught for a time in St. Helens Hall and died a good many years ago. Miss Cotton married Rev. J. G. Deardorf, and has been dead a number of years. Miss Blossom married J. J. Hoffman and is also dead. Miss Greer left here for Puget Sound after her graduation and I have lost sight of her since. Mr. S. A. Moreland continued to reside in the city of Portland and was a writer and a journalist for many years employed on the Oregonian and died in 1886.

In the fall of 1862 Rev. D. E. Blaine had charge as principal; Miss Cornell was Preceptress. No one graduated from the institution that year.

In 1863 Rev. O. S. Frambes and his wife Mrs. Frambes, took charge. Rev. J. G. Deardorf was assistant teacher, Miss Mary Rogers, who afterwards married C. E. Illsley was music teacher and Miss Mary McGhee, now Mrs S. J. Day of Jacksonville was teacher in the primary department. I entered the academy as student under these teachers, and was with them for two years. The professor and his wife were able, enthusiastic and faithful teachers, and left strong immpressions for good upon the students. After they left the academy they taught for a time in the public schools here and then at Willamette University; afterwards they went back to California where he joined the conference and is still I think preaching. He was a very able mathamatician and a splendid instructor. It always seemed to me that the criticism upon his teaching was he failed to govern himself and when he got mad how he did make the fur fly among the children. Mrs. Frambes stands out to my mind in all the years that have gone by as an ideal teacher and woman. To her I owe a debt of gratitude which I never can repay and doubtless many others feel the same; and if at the final day of judgement people receive reward for the good done in this world certainly Mrs. Frambes will have a bright place in the hereafter. During a portion of this two years Miss Virginia Stevens a siser of Mrs. Frambes taught, and Miss Mary F. Ladd, now Mrs. James Steel, was music teacher. Those two years spent in the old Academy, although years of hard work, were pleasant and happy ones. How the heart thrills and the blood flows as I look back upon those years.

There were about 250 students in the institution at that time. Most of them were there for study, but here and there was one who was only for play. There were others so bubbling over with fun that they made mischief simply because they could not help it. Prof. Frambes kept a raw hide in his desk and it came out on very slight provocations, and if he failed to thrash some boy each day, it was generally made up next day, some times putting three in for interest. There were two boys in school who have since

become strong manly men, who received floggings frequently, and they often swore that if they ever lived to become men they intended to thrash the old man, to get even with him. Meeting one of them not long since, I reminded him of his promise, and he said he had come to the conclusion that he probably did not get a lick amiss, and that life was too short to cherish animosities.

Every Friday afternoon the school gathered in the chapel for rhetoricol exercises, and how these occasions were enjoyed, especially when it was the other fellow's time to speak. One young man got up one afternoon to speak, and announced that he had composed an original poem which he would deliver, and in a singsong way, but in a voice which could be heard a block away, he began:

"In the slumbers of midnight, the sailor boy lay,
"His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind."

Before he had gotten through with the first verse more than a dozen of the students were repeating it in unison with him, when the professor interfered saying the poem was decidedly too original, and declared the matter off.

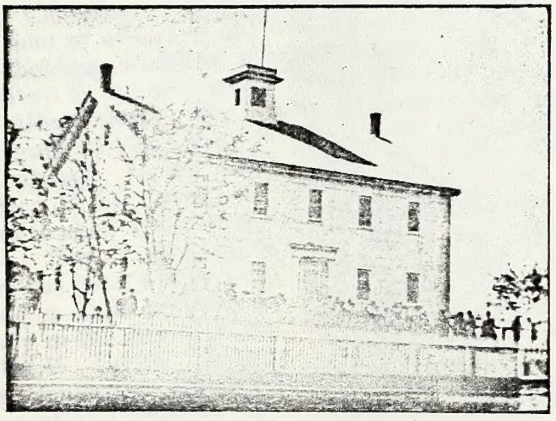
We used to have frequent exhibitions in the chapel in which we soared the stars and stripes and proclaimed "the Union now and forever one and inseparable." At one of these exhibitions the chapel was full and just as a very large young lady had commenced to read a paper on the final success of the war for the Union, one of the floor supports below gave away, letting the floor sink a few inches, and there was danger of a collapse. There was great excitment among the audience when the young lady imagining that the excitement was applause for her effort, but wanting to go on, waived her paper over her head frantically and called out in a loud, but lisping voice "Silence, silence, till I read my composition." The laughter which followed served to somewhat quiet the audience, and all escaped safely.

We used to have a debating school, meeting once a week, which was an exceedingly good institution, and many valuable lessons were learned from them, and we had a great deal of fun mixed with it. One of the boys had committed a long speech by Dr. Dick, from his work on astronomy, in which he rolled the world around in very fine shape This speech he used to make on almost every subject, in which he was chosen as one of the debaters, until one night Dr. Hall, happening to be in the debating school, was chosen as critic for the evening. When he made his criticism on the various efforts, referring to this speech he said: "I like the part you stole the best, why didn't you go on and steal the rest?" The laugh that followed this was the last of our future Copernicus's effort in delivering Dr. Dick's speech.

In 1865 W. B. Laswell W. T. Wright, J. B. Cox Jose DeVore, Kate Shaw, Annie Pope and the writer were graduated from the institution and received their diplomas from the hands of Judge Shattuck, then the president of the Board. Mr. Laswell went up to Canyon City, was admitted to the bar served as district attorney for a number of terms and became a leading lawyer in eastern Oregon; he died in 1877. W. T. Wright has,, since his graduation been a resident of Union Oregon, where he is now president of a bank. He has filled many places of trust and responsibility, and in all has been found worthy. Surrounded by a lovely and intelligent family of boys and girls growing up around him, with enough of this world's goods for his use, "his lines have fallen in pleasant places," and I am sure all his old school mates and friends wish him long life and all happiness. Miss Pope was married to Mr. Laswell a year or so after her graduation, but lived only a short time after her marriage. Miss Shaw removed with her people to California. Coming up to Oregan to attend the marriage of her friend, Miss DeVore, as bridesmaid, she caught the smallpox and died. She was a bright, intelligent, lovely girl, and gave promise of great usefulness in future life. Miss DeVore married Hon.

W. C. Johnson, and is a writer and artist of much more than ordinary ability, but like some of the rest of us I fear, she has not attained the dizzy heights to which she longed to soar when a student at the old Portland Academy.,J. B. Cox graduated in medicine settled in California and became an eminent physician; he died about the year 1885. He was a good, true, honest man, and spent his life in a useful manner.

In September, 1865, Mr. S. C. Sayre took charge as principal, with Miss Angeline Robb as preceptress, Miss Francis Henderson, teacher of primary department, Miss Anna R. Robb, music teacher, and Mme. Parot as teacher of French. While a man of some education Prof. Sayre did not make a success, although he had a splendid corps of assistants.



PORTLAND ACADEMY AND FEMALE SEMINARY, 1865.

Miss Angeline Robb married Colonel J. M. Drake, now deceased, and now lives in San Jose, Cal. Miss Henderson married Judge John Catlin, and resides in this city. Miss Anna R. Robb married Hon. C. W. Parish and died about two years since at Canyon City.

In 1866 Prof. T. M. Gatch took charge as principal. His was a most fortunate selection, and under him the school prospered. The enrollment was 275. His assistants were Miss Emily York, preceptress; Prof. T. H. Crawford assistant; Miss Carrie Jeffers, assistant; Miss Anna R. Robb and Prof. J. E. Sedlak music teachers, and Mrs. E. R. Phelps, teacher of primary department. A military company was organized which was drilled first by Captain W. S. Powell, and then by Captain S. C. Mills. In 1869 the officers of this company were Daniel Harvey, captain; George J. Ainsworth, first lieutenant, and F. R. Strong, second lieutenant. This created quite a military spirit among the boys. In these times school was taught the full 44 weeks in the year. Prof. Gatch remained in charge of the institution for four years and left the school prosperous. Prof. Gatch has filled a large space in the educational history of the state, and is now the honored President of the State Agricultural College at Corvallis. Prof. Crawford taught for many years in the public schools, as principal; also served as city superintendent, and now occupies a position in the Oregon State Agricultural College. Miss York married Mr. A. W. Moore, of Olympia, who died some years ago, and she now lives with her daughter in Eastern Oregon. Miss Jeffers married George L. Hibbard, and now resides in this city. Mrs. Phelps taught in the public schools many years, and died here some 15 years ago. During Prof. Gatch's term, the following were graduated from the institution: Wilbur Masters, Albert Morton, Foster Bennett, Winfield S.

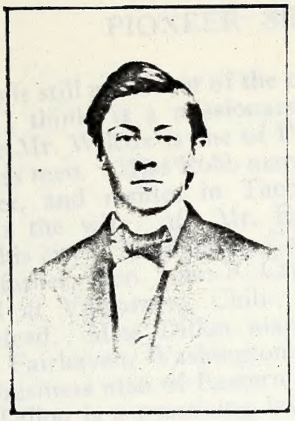
Chapman, Harra D. Chapman, Fred V. Holman, Douglas W. Taylor, Fred R. Strong, Thomas N. Strong, Thomas Connell, Charles A. Backenstoss, Samuel Simon, Silas G. Kelly, William Dierdorf and Miss Louisa Ingrams. Wilbur Masters settled in Yakima, Washington, and died there some years ago. He was a young man of sterling character and worth, of good ability, giving promise of a useful and prosperous career, yet the great conquerer, death, called for him, and he passed forever out of sight. Albert Morton is still one of Portland's honored citizens. Foster Bennett was a teacher, and for a time assisted Prof. Gatch, but for years I have lost sight of him. Winfield S. Chapman has for many years been a man of affairs in the City of Portland, holding positions of trust and responsibility in the city government, worthily filling them. He is now searching for gold in the wilds of Alaska. Harra Chapman is too well known to the readers of this journal as one of its publishers to need words of introduction from me. Fred V. Holman is and for many years has been a lawyer of this city, occupying a high position at the bar. Everybody in the city of Portland knows Douglas W. Taylor; he, too, has occupied many important positions in the city government of Portland. He has been United States Surveyor General of the State, and has worthily filled all these places. Fred R. and Thomas N. Strong are well known leading lawyers of the city. Thomas Connell is the Vice-President of the Ainsworth National Bank. Charles A. Backenstoss is dead. Samuel Simon is a partner in the mercantile houses of Fleischner, Mayer & Co. Silas G. Kelly is a respected farmer of this county. William Dierdorf is a minister in California. Miss Louisa Ingram married Mr. Foster Bennett.

The trustees in 1869 were W. H. Watkins, president; A. C. Gibbs, secretary; W. S. Ladd, treasurer; H. W. Corbett, M. P. Deady, E. M. Burton, J. F. DeVore, George H. Atkinson, Henry Failing, E. D. Shattuck, Lloyd Brooke, A. L. Lovejoy, R. B. Wilson, E. J. Northrup, A. Walts, William Masters, Josiah Failing, O. S. Frambes, J. D. Holman, M. F. Mulkey, Thomas M. Gatch. All dead but three, Messrs. Corbett, Frambes and Gatch.

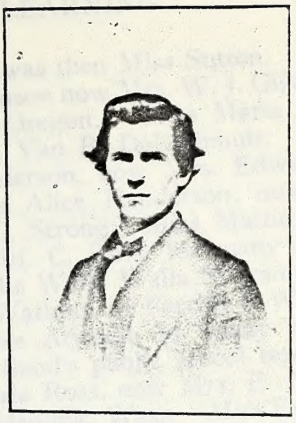
In 1870 Rev. W. H. Rogers, assisted by his brother, Prof. L. L. Rogers, took charge of the institution. They were cultured, cultivated gentlemen, and good teachers, but only remained in the school for one year. At the close of their term Misses Emma Giltner, Lottie E. Hall and Mattie Grooms, and William H. Upton, W. W. Gibbs, and Newton L. Gilham were graduated. Miss Giltner is now the wife of our fellow townsman, Eugene D. White. Miss Hall married a Mr. Powell, and has been dead some years. Miss Grooms is now the widow of Lyle P. Gilliland, for many years bookkeeper with the First National Bank but now deceased. Billy Upton, as we used to call him, is now Hon. W. H. Upton, ex-Judge of the Superior Court, of Walla Walla, and a leading lawyer at that place. William W. Gibbs studied law and was admitted to the bar, but died many years ago. Newton L. Gilham for many years delivered Uncle Sam's mail "with certainty, safety and celerity" in this city.

In 1871 Rev. T. F. Royal took charge as principal, and for four years did effective work. He was assisted by Mrs. Royal and his sons, Prof. M. G. Royal and Rev. Stanley O. Royal.

I am already extending this article longer than I ought to, and cannot give time to details as I would like. Rev. T. F. Royal is still in active work and a member of the Oregon Conference. His son, Rev. S. O. Royal, is a leading member of one of the Ohio conferences of the Methodist Church, while M. G. Royal is one of the leading educators of our neighboring state, Washington. During his term Miss Nannie Taylor, Miss Mary Coombs, Messrs W. H. Meisse, John Wilcox, W. W. E. Royal, Simon Selling and Quinn H. Dillon, and the Misses Emma C. Robb, Mary E. Hall, Jennie Caples, Edith H. Dillon, and Mary E. Cook were graduated. Miss Taylor has been for many years and still is a teacher n the public schools of this city.



WM. T. WRIGHT.

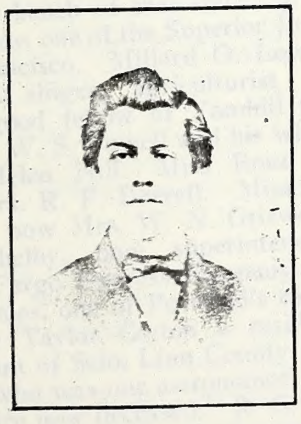


J. B. COX.

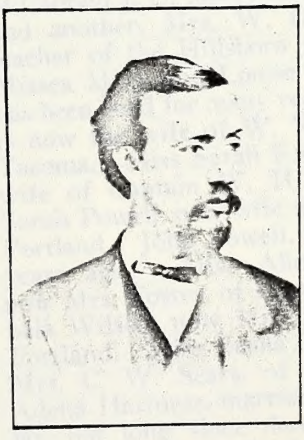
MRS. W. B. LASWELL.
(Miss Annie Pope.)

MRS. W. C. JOHNSON.
(Miss Josie DeVore.)

MISS KATE SHAW.



J. C. N. MORELAND.



WM. B. LASWELL.

PORTLAND ACADEMY—CLASS OF 1865.

Miss Coombs is still a resident of the city. Mr. Meisse I think, is a missionary in Africa, while Mr. Wilcox is one of Portland's business men. Miss Robb married Mr. Satterlee, and resides in Tacoma. Miss Hall is the wife of Mr. E. E. Cousins of this city. Miss Jennie Caples is with her father, Hon. John F. Caples, now Consul at Valparaiso, Chili. Mr. Selling is dead. Miss Dillon married, and lives in Fairhaven, Washington. Mr. Doane is a business man of Eastern Oregon. Mr. Dillon is a practicing lawyer, I think, now in Alaska.

After Prof. Royal resigned, Rev. S. G. Heron and Mrs. Mary L. Bodenhammer, now Mrs. Ellis G. Hughes, had charge for a year, but the increasing excellence of the Portland High School made is impossible to keep up a school whose only support was from tuition, and the school was closed. The property remaining was deeded by the trustees to the Willamette University and the Portland Academy and Female Seminary ceased to be.

Of the many students who attended the old institution it would be a pleasure to speak and to recall their names. I have not all of them, and have no list from which to select. Judge D. W. Litchtenthaler, for many years a leading lawyer of Eastern Oregon, and now residing in Portland. W. S. Buckley another student of early days, went to California and for many years sat on the Superior bench of that state. J. M. P. Troutt now one of the Superior Judges of San Francisco. Millard O. Lownsdale, the great singer, agriculturist and all round good fellow of Yamhill County. Captain W. S. Powell and his wife, then Miss Helen Hill. Miss Rosa Frazer, now Mrs. R. F. Burrell. Miss Jerusha Frazer, now Mrs. W. N. Griswold. Eugene Shelby, now superintendent of Wells-Fargo Express Company. Byron Z. Holmes, one of Portland's capitalists. George Taylor Cotton a resident and merchant of Scio, Linn County. Luther Cary, who was our astronomer. Alonzo McIntire now deceased. R. G. Callison, of Lane County, Captain George J. Ainsworth, now deceased, and his now widow, who was then Miss Sutton. Miss Mary Robinson now Mrs. W. J. Gilkey, of Dayton, Oregon. Miss Maria Kelly, now Mrs. Van B. DeLashmutt. Miss Oliva Henderson, now Mrs. Edward Failing. Miss Alice Henderson, now Mrs. Dr. C. C. Strong. Miss Mattie Boon, wife of Ed. C. Ross, for many years editor of the Walla Walla Statesman. George E. Watkins, of Parrish & Watkins. Miss Abbie Atwood, for many years one of Portland's public school teachers. Miss Lizzie Ross, now Mrs. E. A. Levins, of Goldendale, Wash. Miss Eva Pope, now Mrs. George A. Steel. Miss Georgia Pope, now Mrs. Judge Meldrum. Miss M. E. Pope, now Mrs. R. F. Canfield. Mary and Ellen and their brother, Dr. J. W. Robinson, of Jacksonville. Charles B. Talbot, deceased. Miss Alice Talbot, now Mrs. N. H. Bird, of this city. Captain Richard Hoyt, for many years leading river pilot of the Columbia River, now deceased. Dr. Boyd P. Quivey, and his wife, Miss Mildred Bennett. Miss Irine Quivey, now Mrs. F. R. Coffin, of Boise City, Idaho. Eugene, Walter and Herman Graden. Eugene long since deceased, while Walter and Herman occupy good positions in this city. Miss Grace Gray, now Mrs. Judge Goodall, of Union County. Harry Benson, now Judge H. L. Benson, of Klamath Falls. The Misses Eagleton, one now the wife of our Congressman, Thomas H. Tongue, another of Captain J. D. Merryman, of Hillsboro, and another, Mrs. W. D. Pittinger, a teacher of the Hillsboro public schools. Misses Mary and Louise Hensill, Mary has been dead for many years, and Louise is now the wife of W. W. Sprague, of Tacoma. Miss Sarah Kiethley, now the wife of Captain W. H. Pope. Miss Sarah Powell, now wife of H. C. Hill, of Portland. John Powell, who died many years ago. Miss Alice Rockafellow, now Mrs. Foster, of Portland. Miss Mahala Wilson, now Mrs. J. H. Burke, of Portland. Miss Icelia Anderson, now Mrs. C. W. Sears, of Albany. Miss Adelia Hartness, married to S. S. Douglas, but long since deceased. George Hartness, one of Portland's substantial

citizens. Edward W. Cornell, one of Portland's prominent citizens, and his wife, formerly Miss Sarah Robb. Edward Failing, now deceased. James F. Failing, one of our foremost merchants. William T. Gillihan, James Weatherford, Lewis Weatherford, Ella Weatherford, now Mrs. David Steel, Ada Weatherford, now Mrs. Dr. Downing, Myrtie Walker, now Mrs. Winch, Mary Walling, now Mrs. W. E. Newsome, George Coffin, Stephen Coffin, Adelia Belknap, Lorena Belknap. Esther Campbell married Ben Holladay. Hattie Campbell married Charles E. Calef. Gus Campbell, Sallie Campbell, Jennie Patterson, Mary Patterson, Eppa Patterson, now Mrs. George H. Andrews; Effie Patterson, Alex McCready, J. B. Lane, J. W. King, Eva McNamee Sally Dobbins, now Mrs. George T. Myers; D. W. Dobbins, Charles R. Watkins, Miss Sophie Taylor, now the wife of I. W. Pratt, the dean of the teachers in the public schools of this city; W. Y. Masters, a good lawyer and one of Portland's city fathers; S. G. Skidmore, deceased; L. C. Millard, dead; Jasper W. Johnson, Jacob J. Johnson, William A. Luse, of Coos County, Edward M. Atkinson, Robert W. Blossom, Louis Blumauer, now head of Blumauer-Frank Drug Company; W. B. Jones, one of Portland's merchants; William H. Mattoon, Ladru Royal, James D. Sutherland, Minerva W. Bryant, Alta Bryant, Eliza J. Dunbar, Martha E. Kelly, now Mrs. Dr. Plummer; Henry Ach, now one of San Francisco's leading lawyers; Emanuel Beck, Willie S. Becanan now Captain Becanan, well-known river pilot; Harry C. Boyd, now insurance man; Emil Bories, now Dean of Medical Department, Washington State University; Ben Selling, one of the leading business men of this city; William M. Ladd and Charles E. Ladd, now of Ladd & Tilton; Edward N. Deady, Paul R. Deady, Moses Durkheimer, merchant of Prairie City; Aaron Fox, merchant of Troutdale, and Herman E. Metzger, a Portland merchant. Miss Ida Curry, now the wife of Hon. S. G. Benson, of San Jose, Cal.; Herbert Northrup, now dead; Miss Ada Northrup, now the wife of Mr. C. A. Morden, foreman of the Oregonian printing office; Miss Clara Northrup, of this city, and Miss Nellie Northrup, wife of J. M. Johnson, of Spokane; Miss Laura Kline, now Mrs. F. S. Akin of Mount Tabor and Miss Abbie Kline, now Mrs. J. C. Moreland, who for more than 33 years has been one of the most loving, forbearing, and faithful wives with which a man was ever blessed.

There are many others whose names I do not recall whom I would like to mention.

Thus the old Portland Academy and Female Seminary served its time and generation well. Its students have gone into the world to engage in trade and business, in the learned professions, at the bar and on the bench and in the pulpit; they have served in various important positions and I do not know of any one who has not so conducted himself as to honor the institution. It is now more than 35 years since I left this school; of those who were students there very many have passed away. The majority of my class has sunk into dreamless rest. The boys and girls of then are the grand parents of today. Time rolls on and soon the students who attended school in the old academy will be what the institution is today—only a memory.

J. C. MORELAND.

* * *

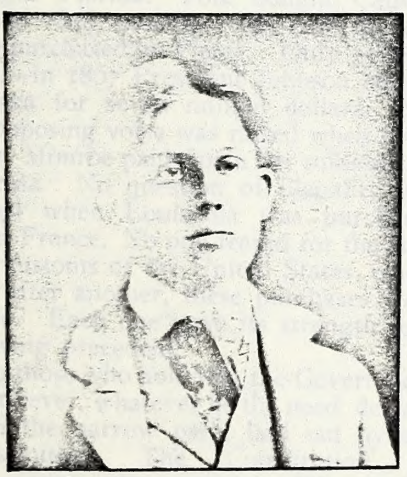
A building which is now standing in Oregon City and which served as the first capitol of the territory of Oregon, was built in 1850 by John L. Morrison, after whom Morrison street, Portland, was named. The territorial Legislature held its sessions there before the capitol was changed to Salem. Subsequently it was used as a Good Templars' hall and a Y. M. C. A. occupied it. Both of these possesed good libraries in their time. It was also used for a private school. The Oregon City Enterprise was first published therein. Again it was used as a saloon and hotel for several years.

A NATIONAL ISSUE DISCUSSED.

A NATIVE SON SPEAKS ON THE PHILIPPINE QUESTION BEFORE A HARVARD UNIVERSITY SOCIETY.

We are permitted by Mr. H. W. Corbett to print the following argument written by his grandson, Henry Ladd Corbett, now at Harvard College, he representing the affirmative of the question propounded:,

Was the United States Justified in Retaining the Philippines?



HENRY LADD CORBETT.

We are all fully acquainted with events which preceded the declaration of war with Spain,—the cruelty and oppression exercised by Spain over the Cuban islanders, their heroic struggle for independence, the intervention of the United States, and finally the destruction of the "Maine." It was owing rather to a combination of all these causes than any particular one, that lead to the Spanish-American War.

On the 22nd of April the war was begun by a proclamation by the president, which established a blockade of several ports on the north coast of Cuba. As Great Britian immediately proclaimed neutrality, Admiral Dewey with his Asiatic Squadron was forced to leave Hongkong and put to sea. In accordance with instructions from Washington he set sail for the Philippine Islands. Spain's western possessions. Upon his arrival at Manila, without a moment's delay Dewey forced his way under cover of darkness, into the harbor and in the engagement which then ensued, totally destroyed the Spanish fleet, silenced all the shore batteries and fortifications, and cast anchor before Manila itself.

From this onward the war progressed rapidly, both in Cuba and in the Philippines, until on August 12th, a protocol was signed, providing for peace. On August 13th, however, before the news of the protocol could reach them, Admiral Dewey and General Merritt, in conjunction with Aguinaldo, who was at the head of the Philippine revolt against Spain, had secured the surrender of Manila, the capital of the Philippines. It was not therefore surprising to find, four months later, in the treaty of peace drawn up at Paris, that Spain ceded the Philippine Islands to the United States for $20,000,000, and other valuable considerations.

The United States was now in full possession. She had become the sovereign ruler over eight or ten million people and an immense amount of territory. But the cry arose, "Is the United States justified in retaining these islands which have been bought and sold with no regard whatsoever to the will of their inhabitants?" "Is such action warrantable?" "Can such action be shown to be just and conformable to the laws and customs of the United States."

Let us glance back along the history of the United States and see if it be possi-

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On the 22nd of April the war was begun by a proclamation by the president, which established a blockade of several ports on the north coast of Cuba. As

ble to justify a retention of the Philippines on any legal grounds. "The power of the government," says the Hon. Whitelaw Reid, "to deal with foreign or domestic territory as territory, precisely as it pleases, was understood from the beginning to be absolute, and at no period in its history has the United States hesitated to exercise this power." It is true that the nation has recognized this power of the government, and heretofore it has never raised the slightest objection to it. In fact the United States has established as a precedent, her right to acquire new territory unquestioned. Let me call your attention to several important acquisitions of territory. Very early in the history of the United States, Louisiana was purchased. Monroe bought Florida. Polk bought California in 1848, and later on, New Mexico was purchased by Pierce. Only 33 years ago,—in 1867 President Johnson bought Alaska for seven million dollars. Not an opposing voice was raised when President Monroe paid Spain her millions for Florida. No question of illegality was raised when Louisiana was purchased from France. No one feared for the laws and customs of the United States, when, one after another, these purchases were made. Each one gave its strength to a growing precedent.

To those who hold that the Government must never, whatever be the need, deviate from the narrow path, laid out by the Constitution. The Constitution itself says, in article IV, section III, that "Congress shall have the power to dispose of and make all rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property belonging to the United States."

I have often heard the objection voiced that this policy of expanding American territorial bounds and of extending her government over foreign peoples is contrary to the Monroe doctrine. Why this should be considered as a conclusive argument against expansion, I do not know, for to apply the doctrine to the present case is manifestly impossible. If those who bring forward this argument had but taken the trouble to investigate, they would have discovered this fact for themselves; they would have seen that the Monroe Doctrine was pronounced at a particular time under circumstances which have no particular bearing upon the present case.,During Monroe's presidency, frequent troubles arose through European powers interfering in the government of many Central and South American countries. As things were going on, it would have been only a matter of time before the United States would have been hemmed in by a ring of European colonies. It was owing to this ever increasing menace that Monroe pronounced his famous doctrine, which neither was, nor was intended to be, a restriction upon American expansion. It was simply a warning to European powers to stay at home. They might keep what land they then possessed said Monroe, but henceforth America was to be no colonizing ground for the powers.

A few, even now declare that expansion is wholly foreign to the precedent established by United States history. Their statement is false on the face of it. Look at the history of the United States? It was hardly fifteen years after the establishment of a stable government before the purchase of Louisiana added more than 1,000,000 sq. miles to United States territory. The Florida purchase in 1819 added 59,268 sq. miles more. The annexation of Texas still further increased American boundaries, until after the purchase of Alaska in 1867, the United States contained nearly four times the erea of its original thirteen states.

In all truth then we can say that the United States is justified in retaining the Philippines on legal ground. For the United States not only holds these islands by right of purchase, a right which has never been denied her, but her action is justified by history and even by the Constitution itself.

Besides this justification on legal grounds, a retention of the Philippines can be justified on grounds of political advantage. In the first place, the islands are extremely valuable in them-

selves, as possessing great natural advantages. They are covered with untouched forests of valuable woods, as many as sixty varieties of rare trees being found there in great quantities. In spite of the value of this timber region, its development has so far been neglected, but there only awaits the awakening, sure to follow American government in the islands, before this undeveloped country will begin to be opened up by American citizens and to become of advantage to the United States.

In addition to timber wealth, the islands contain large mineral deposits of almost every kind. Iron and sulphur are found in large deposits in all of the islands. Gold is found to some extent in all the islands, but particularly in Luzon and Minandas. The island of Cebu possesses large lead deposits, and Luzon in addition to its extensive gold mines, abounds in copper. Besides all these various deposits I have spoken of, Cebu and Negros, possess one other which is of great value inasmuch as it renders the islands having it particularly acceptable as mid-sea stations. This deposit is coal, which in itself is sufficient to make the islands posessing it worth keeping.

Agricultural possibilities next demand a consideration, for they are an extremely important factor in the wealth of the Philippines. Farms, the islands do not possess, for although the country is fine farm land, yet, owing to the impossibility of development under Spain's rule little or no attention has been paid to its cultivation, so the result is that there is not a farm on the island. Here is a ready field for the American cultivator.

Entirely apart from the opportunities offered by this neglected occupation of farming, are the possibilities open to wealthy cultivators or planters to establish large plantations of such product as coffee, rice, tobacco, sugar or hemp. Coffee grows in a semi-wild state in the islands, and is under no careful system of cultivation which will bring forth good results; but slight even as the attention given to coffee raising is, every enterprising native nevertheless, grows his own coffee and his own garden. Besides coffee, rice offers its possibilities to the American planter, for large tracts of country are suited to its cultivation, and the only reason that it is not more successfully grown is the fact that anything like extensive cultivation was impossible under Spain's rule. Tobacco is one of the great products and it is grown extensively. The great tobacco fields of the Cayagan valley rival even the famous tobacco fields of Cuba. Cultivation of sugar is another large industry, and Philippine sugar, when placed under a proper process of refinement, has been found to be of the highest grade. Hemp, however, is the cheif island industry, and millions of dollars are already invested in its cultivation for Manila hemp, (as it is called) is in great demand the world over.

It is not only from a political standpoint that the Philippines are so valuable but they offer facilities, to the nation who posesses them, as a base for all naval operations in the western seas. Not only do they have advantageous position being situated as they are at the entrance to the Orient in the track of Japan and Chinese trade, but their strength and resources are immense. They possess timber of all sorts, iron, lead, and other mineral products, to say nothing of that most necessary of all necessities for an islands base,—coal. Their strength too is in no degree behind their resources for all the principle islands have magnificent harbors which can be fortified until they are well nigh impregnable. Then too, the islands are valuable as a commercial chain between the United States and the Orient. They are pickets as it were, at the trade entrances of China, Korea, French Indo-China, The Malay Peninsular, the islands of Indionesia to the south, and even of Australia. more than this when once the Nicaraguan Canal has been completed, these island stations will draw a great porportion of that American and European trade which reaches the Orient by way of the Suez Canal and Cape Horn.

Therefore, this disposes of one more important question. Whatever the political advantage which the United

States will obtain through possessing these islands warrants retaining them, should be considered. Surely the United States is justified as far as politcal grounds go, for any islands which possess, in addition to their natural value, such position as the Philippines possess, are worth keeping.

One last consideration now remains. We have now seen that the United States was justified in retaining these islands on legal and political ground, but the most important consideration still remains. Should the United States retain the islands on grounds of moral duty? If the United States can prove no moral right to the islands, all previous considations go for naught, and we must acknowledge that the United States is in the wrong and that legal right and political advantage cannot outweigh the balance of justice.,As the case now stands it would seem that there are only four courses open to the United States.

First, she might return the islands to Spain, their original owner, which is not to be thought of, for by doing so the United States is only contradicting her own established policy. She is abandoning the islands to a tyranny far worse than that which the Spaniards exercised in Cuba when that was at its worst. Besides, it was to free the down-trodden that she entered upon this war. So that it would be impossible to say to the Spaniards, "We cannot let you exercise your hated rule over Cuba for a moment. But there are the Philippines way out west take them, but be sure you rule kindly."

Then, apart from this the natives themselves are a hindrance to this plan. The whole country would rise in revolt and break from Spain's power oncemore. Spain has already demonstrated her incapacity to cope with native revolts as shown by the state of her authority in the Philippines at the time of the Spanish-American war.

The second course is equally impossible. It is to call other nations to aid her in a disposal of the islands. The very thought of such a thing is incompatible with self respect and pride, and besides it would be extremely detrimental to the good reputation of the United States as one of the first nations of the world. Then after all, it would only lead to fresh difficulties with European nations, from whose quarrels we have always striven to keep clear, and possibly involve us in other foreign wars.,

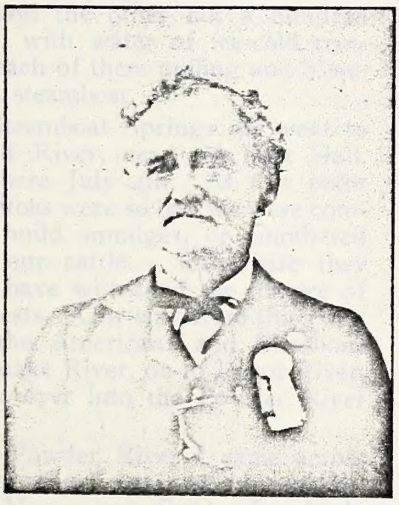
The third course, to leave the islanders to work out their own salvation, after having driven out Spain, is far from being thought of, because the islanders are totally unfit for government. The Negritos, who comprise the larger portion of the inhabitants, are mere children in intelligence, men of the lower type of the human race.

The Pagan Malays and Sulus who comprise the remaining half, are mostly pirates, bloodthirsty and treacherous, who are impatient of all restraint and will not willingly submit to be governed. They could never be coerced by any Philippine government, as even Spain with her armies and machine guns could not check their ravages and keep them in control. What the higher class of native is, is seen from the fact that Sandico, a minister of Aguinaldo's cabinet, voiced the feelings of his people when he called for a wholesale massacre of all the foreign population of Manila.

Only one last course then is open to the United States,— that is to keep the islands herself and govern them to the best of her ability, to prove to the whole world that the great responsibility assumed before Spain and Europe will be carried on worthy shoulders, and that it it is possible for a free republic to govern her territory even to its farthest borders, justly and wisely.

CROSSING THE PLAINS.

Our train was known as the Miller's train. We crossed the Missouri River at Council Bluffs on the third day of May, A. D., 1853. We passed over the site of the present town of Omaha, there being no human habitations there at the time, but a few Indian tepees. Nothing of extraordinary interest transpired with us until we reached the Loup Fork of the Platte River, where we had our first experience with ferrying a stream in our wagon boxes. We first drove our horses and cattle over, then a man swam the river, taking one end of a small line, to the other of which was attached one end



ISAAC V. MOSSMAN,
A Pioneer of 1853.

of a large manila cable. The cable being hauled across the stream and fastened one end to a tree on each side, the crossing began. First the women and children, then the camping outfit, then the running gear of the wagons were transported across. There was brandy in the train for medicinal purposes. This some of the men indulged too freely in, and on the last trip over upset the wagon box and were drowned, the swift water carrying their bodies beyond the possibility of recovery. We traveled on without other incident worthy of mention until reaching some sand hills, where phantom ships with sails set and masts we encountered a terrific sand storm. We were in whirling, drifting sand for over three hours. It cut our faces and hands like knives. Proceeding to the Platte River, we traveled up the north bank of it, being in sight of Chimney Rock, the tall "Sentinel of the Plains," for eight or ten days. We were generally entertained at night with coyote concerts (admission free), but as a usual thing we were so fatigued that we said our prayers backwards, turned over on the other side, and went to sleep, when the music began.

We passed myriads of graves of the emigrants of the year before, 1852, who had died of the cholera. The wolves had dug up their bodies, eaten the flesh from the bones, and their grinning skeletons were bleaching in the sun for hundreds of miles along our line. We were often compelled to halt our teams and form a circle with our wagons around our stock to keep it from being stampeded by the buffalo, which crossed our track at intervals in herds of thousands, sounding like distant thunder as they rushed on with tremendous speed.

We were often deluded by mirage, sometimes seeing ahead of us the most beautiful lakes, upon whose bosom floated bending with the weight of a breeze which always seemed but a little pace ahead of us. We would hurry on, and when we imagined ourselves almost in reach of the water, the lake would disappear completely. This is no fairy tale, but too advanced a subject for me to attempt an explanation. The rarified air on the desert was another curious thing, a raven at a distance would look as tall as a man.

On our journey we passed by the celebrated Indepence Rock on the Sweetwater, whereon thousands of emigrants had carved their names. Independence Rock is near the Devil's Gate, where the Sweetwater runs for many miles under a mountain. It took us two nights and

a day to cross the Great American Desert, and when we came in sight of Green River we imagined we had reached Paradise at last. When still a mile from the river we were compelled to unhitch our cattle from the wagons, lest they should haul them into the river, so frantic was our stock for lack of water.

We loitered at Green River two days to allow the washing to be done, and the stock to recuperate.

On the night of June 27, in the Bear River Valley, we experienced quite a storm, the snow falling to a depth of two inches, going off, however, by 10 o'clock the next day. One of the curiosities of our journey was the celebrated "Steamboat Springs," near Bear River, one hot enough to boil an egg in the allotted four minutes, and the other not a hundred feet away, with water of ice-cold temperature, each of them puffing and blowing like a steamboat.

From Steamboat Springs we went to Port Nueff River, near old Fort Hall, arriving there July 4th. At this point the mosquitoes were so bad we were compelled to build smudges, or smothered fires, for our cattle. Otherwise they could not have withstood the torture of the little pests. Our way from this point lay past the American and Shoshone Falls of Snake River, on to Burnt River, and thence over into the Powder River Valley.

On the Powder River I came across two former school mates of mine in Illinois, Eli Moore and Cribb Landreth. They had come out from the Willamette Valley to purchase cattle from the emigrants. I concluded to remain with them until they returned to the valley. While staying at this point the Driver family came along and camped near us, and Mrs. Driver, mother of Rev. I D Driver, died, and we buried her on the banks of the Powder River. One day while camped at this point, being in possession of a Hudson's Bay Company salmon hook, I rode about fifteen miles up the river to do some fishing. I soon caught three fine large salmon The fourth one I hooked fell off into the edge of the water, and I threw myself after it. In the ensuing scuffle we both rolled into the river. I received a good ducking and my pistol got wet, but I saved my salmon. Just as the four salmon had been secured to the saddle bow, and I was on the eve of mounting, four Snake Indians rode up, and, without ceremony, compelled me, at the point of their arrows, to deliver up my piscatorial catch to them. Badly chagrined at losing my fish. I mounted my mule and started off, when the Indians started after me; but I bluffed them off with my wet pistol, wandered on and reached home late, fully promising never to fish so far from home again.

About the first of October the cattle which my friends had purchased were started for the Willamette Valley. We crossed the Blue Mountains on the old Lee encampment road, and camped near where the City of Pendleton now stands. While here the Indians drove off some of our cattle at night, and the next morning came to us looking as innocent as doves and asked: "Conchi chick-a-mon mika potlatch spose nika iscum mika moos moos?" (which liberally interpreted means: How much money will yo give if I get your cattle?) Five dollars was the price agreed on, and the cattle were soon in our possession again. It was an old trick of the Indians to steal horses and cattle and hold them in hiding until ransomed by the emigrants.

We crossed the Cascade Mountains on the old Barlow road. After we had arrived at Foster's, I bid my friends farewell, and rode on ahead of them into Oregon City, arriving there on October 20th, and stopping at the Main-Street House. On calling for something to eat, they gave me some poor salmon, weak tea, and "Blue John bread," which weighed a pound to the square inch. I slept on a wet straw bed, and for breakfast had about the same fare as the night before. and for two meals and the bed I was charged the modest sum of three dollars.

WORKING IN THE VALLEY.

From Oregon City I proceeded to Portland, and helped make a wagon road up the river as far as Oswego, and then

went to work in a sawmill at the mouth of the Tualatin River. In March, 1854, I purchased a pony and went to Tin Pot Valley, five miles below Yoncalla, and was employed to carry the United States mail from there to Scottsburg, thirty-five miles down the Umpqua River. Scottsburg was at that time a lively little town. My route was down Elk Creek, passing by the old Hudson's Bay Company's Fort Umpqua, then owned by Colonel W. W. Chapman, and occupied by him and his family. On the other side of the river, passing on the way, Levin's, Cape Cod Butler's and Job Hatfield's places, and the bachelor ranch and shanty of S. F. Chadwick, afterwards Secretary of State.

I often met as many as a hundred pack-mules on the road, loaded with miners' supplies, and bound for Yreka, Jacksonville, Crescent City and Althouse Creek.

Scottsburg had the following merchants at that time: Brown & Drumm, Ladd & Peters, Hinsdale. Jack Nickelson and George T. Allen. Most of the old merchants have crossed the divide. John Drumm died in California, Peters in Jacksonville, L. P. Brown in Mount Idaho, Bob Ladd in Portland, George Haines in Roseburg, and George T. Allen (of Allen & Lewis), I think in Portland.

On one trip from Scottsburg, in December, 1854, when I arrived at Elk Creek it was too high to cross, so I proceeded over the mountains by what was known as Tom Folly's trail. When I came to Tom Folly's Creek I found it so swollen that I carried my mail bag across on a fallen tree, and then attempted to drive my horse across, but he refused to be driven, so I mounted and spurred him into the stream. As soon as we reached swimming water the current carried him down stream so rapidly that, in order to save my own life, I grabbed a bunch of willows overhanging from the bank and left the horse to his own resources. I never heard of horse, saddle or bridle again. When satisfied that my horse had gone—the way of all good horses, I was about to say, I shouldered my mail and made my way through mud and water knee deep to Yoncalla, getting there late at night, very much fatigued, but exceedingly glad to be alive. But this is only an incident of the many hardships to be endured in those days.

I continued carrying the mail until October, 1855, when I was employed by one William Parker to drive a four-horse team to Dallas, Polk County, for a load of oats.

BECOMES A SOLDIER.

On arriving at Dallas, I found that the news had just been received that Agent Bolin, of the Yakima Indian Reservation had been murdered, and Governor Curry had called for volunteers to go to the Indian country. A company of one hundred and three men, known as Company G, First Regiment, Oregon Mounted Volunteers, was raised at Dallas, and I joined it.

The following officers were elected: Captain, A. N. Armstrong, First Lieutenant, Ben Hayden; Second Lieutenant, Dave Cosper; First Sergeant, W. L. Hayter; Second Sergeant, A. S. Cumagies; Third Sergeant, J. L. Martin; Fourth Sergeant, Samuel H. Tethron; First Corporal, Dick Smith; Second Corporal, Marcus Gilliam; Third Corporal, your humble servant. We left Dallas October 16th, marched to Portland, crossed the river, and camped in an oak grove just above what is now the east end of the Morrison-Street Bridge.

While camped here I learned to bake bread on a stick, a trick that stood me in hand many a time afterwards. The dough is made up in the mouth of the flour sack, then rolled around a stick, which is stuck in the ground near the fire, and the bread is left to bake, the stick being turned as often as required.

Leaving this camp, we marched to Vancouver, and were transported from there by steamers Fashon and Belle to the Lower Cascades. Disembarking there we marched across the portage to the Upper Cascades, where we camped for several days, waiting for transportation to The Dalles. While waiting we attended a dance at the Griswold House. The Griswold family were afterwards all, or nearly all, killed by the Indians. While at the Cascades we killed a hog, at least

it resembled a hog, but its flesh was the color of salmon, and so impregnated with a fishy taste from feeding on salmon we had to discard it as an article of diet. Finally transports were procured in the shape of two small steamers, the Mary and the Wasco.On arrival at The Dalles, the battalion held an election, and our Captain being elected Major, Ben Hayden was chosen to succeed him as Captain of our company.

With little delay we left for the Yakima campaign. Our regiment was under the command of Colonel Nesmith, Major Armstrong being second in command.

We traveled through the Klickitat Valley, crossed the Simco Mountains, passed one of the battle-fields where Colonel Steptoe had been defeated, arriving in the evening at the Two Buttes near where the town of North Yakima now stands. Here we found the Indians massed on two bald hills between which the Yakima River runs. Within a short time they were driven from our side of the river, but they kept up such infernal yelling and screeching on the other side that Major Rains, who had arrived with his company of regulars and a brass mounted howitzer, ordered his gunners to turn loose and shell the Indian stronghold, across the river. The Indians became panic stricken at this unexpected attack, and retired from the hill, leaving three dead and two more wounded. We heard no more yelling that night.

The next morning we charged through the canyon up the Yakima River, where we found the Indians scattered all over the sage-brush plains. We had given them a good run for their money, and now chased them before us across the plains and into hiding in the Natchez Mountains. I was after a Yakima Indian, when our guide, old Cut Mouth John, over reached me and shot him with an old yager, putting a hole through him as large as a tin cup. After the Indian fell Old John scalped him, and secured his horse and gun. There were several other Indians killed that day.

We marched thence up the Wenatchee River, where we surprised and secured a band of three or four hundred Indian horses. After Arthur Chapman and Sam Fletcher, of my company, by order of the Colonel, had lassoed and secured some of the best, in order to prevent the Indians from securing fresh horses to carry on the war the remaining ones were shot. It seemed a frightful slaughter but they were all wild ponies, and we had little time to break them. Two days after killing the horses we had another little brush with the Indians, wherein Steve Waymire, of our company, was slightly wounded by a gunshot in the leg. After scouting around for several days we made our way by easy marches back to The Dalles, and the command went into camp on Three-Mile Creek, back of that point. Being rainy weather and the command without covering of any kind, one can imagine that our experiences were anything but pleasant ones.

One day Arthur Chapman and myself were detailed to take twenty-five or thirty horses into The Dalles and have them shod. When the shoer had completed the work and we were on the point of starting back for camp, we observed a large tent forty or fifty feet long, standing near by and belonging to the United States garrison, and we concluded to appropriate it in the name of the State of Oregon, and Ben Hayden, Captain. While Chapman watched the sentinel, I severed the "guy" ropes and "struck" the tent. Then, rolling it up, we each took an end on his horse and started for camp, where we arrived with our acqusition in good condition. When pitched it was found capacious enough to shelter our entire company. To say that it was appreciated by the men is putting it very mildly.

After a few days' recuperation, we went on a scouting expedition, passed the Warm Springs, to the headwaters of the Des Chutes, and thence over to Lost River. There were few Indians to be seen on that expedition; in one little skirmish, however, we killed two Indians. Returning to The Dalles we moved camp to Ten Mile Creek, where we remained two weeks, watching Old Stock

Whittley, who at the time was giving the settlers considerable trouble; but he would never meet us with his braves. He was a sharp old "tilicum," and always managed to elude our efforts to "corral" him.

One night there was an alarm at the mouth of the Des Chutes River, and our horses being on the range under guard we were compelled to "hoof" it fifteen miles only to find that the Indians had vanished. Then, like Mr. Riley's command, "we marched down again," each one of us so darned mad he would have fought an acre of wild cats with his hands tied behind him.

When camp had been moved up the Columbia, near the mouth of John Day River, the news reached us that a four days' battle had been fought at Wal'a Walla between Colonel Kelly's command and the Indians. We moved camp to Fort Henrietta, on the Umatilla River. While there the thermometer registered 30 degrees below zero, some of our mules were frozen to death, and the men suffered very much. After the cold spell of weather we proceedd over to Walla Walla Valley, and thence to Red Wolf's Landing, on the Snake River, where we procured some fresh horses. While at the present site of Walla Walla we hung four Indians that were implicated in the murder of Indian Agent Bolin at the Yakima Reservation. We scouted the country from place to place until February 1, 1856, and then returned to The Dalles, where our company was mustered out of the service. I then joined Company B, Second Regiment, Oregon Mounted Volunteers, then in command of Captain B. F. Burch, Colonel Tom Cornelius being in command of the regiment.

The last of February we again started from The Dalles for the Palouse country. We scouted our way pretty thoroughly, and had a few skirmishes with the Indians. In the latter part of March, while encamped at Palouse Falls, we ran out of provisions, and for twenty-four days subsisted on poor horse meat, without salt or bread. Our bill of fare, day after day, was stewed horse meat and wild onions. It was slim eating, but we were "out of meat."

From Palouse Falls we went to Snake River, taking with us two boats, which had been hauled to us with ox teams from The Dalles. Arriving at Snake River, the Indians were found encamped on the other side, but as soon as discovered they packed up their tepees and struck out. Swimming our horses across, two companies formed and gave chase, overtaking a few at White Bluffs on the Columbia, where three were killed, the others escaping across the river. Returning to Snake River, we found an Indian at least a hundred years old, in a little "dug-out," where he had been left to die. After giving him something to eat, we left him to his fate.

Crossing the Snake River we scouted through the Big Bend country, finding water very scarce. At one camp we found three dead horses in the Spring, and, after dragging them out, it took us until after midnight to water our horses and secure enough water to make some coffee.

The next day we suffered much from thirst, but finally reached the Yakima Valley by crossing the River at White Bluffs. We camped on the Yakima River one night, losing several horses. The next morning we moved camp to the mouth of Cottonwood Creek. Here Colonel Cornelius ordered George Zimmerman and myself back to the camp of the night before, to stay there until morning and then look for the lost horses. Arriving at the old camp after dark, we staked our mules and retired to rest. About midnight two Indian dogs came to our camp, and I assure my readers we felt very blue. At daybreak the next morning we struck out to look for our lost horses, expecting every moment to run into an Indian ambush. After riding several miles we saw a suspicious dust arising ahead of us, and started to return to where we had left the main command. Soon afterwards we observed a small party of Indians coming towards us, and our hair raised involuntarily on end. We spurred our mules to their greatest speed, but the Indians ap-

peared to gain on us at every jump. We had about determined to give up the race and turn and face our pursuers, to sell our lives as dearly as passible, when, from some undiscovered cause, the Indians shifted their course and left us to ourselves. A few miles further on we found a note from Lieutenant Hutchinson of my company sticking on a sage bush, which said that the Indians had killed Captain Hembree, and for us to go to Cottonwood Creek and remain there until dark, then to follow up the creek at night, as the hills were alive with Indians. We forged ahead until we came in sight of our old camp, and, to our agreeable surprise, found the command still there. At the last moment the Colonel had ordered that no movement be attempted until we were heard of, dead or alive.

It appeared, that morning Captain Hembree, accompanied by about ten men had started up the side of the mountain from the Cottonwood, and when nearly a mile from camp, had engaged about seventy-five Indians, who had ridden over the ridge and cut him and his party off from the command.

The Indians killed the Captain, scalped him, stripped him, and relieved his pockets of $600 in gold, securing his rifle, two pistols, his mule, saddle, bridle and gold watch, and made away before the command could overtake them, so quickly was their work accomplished.

The day after Captain Hembree was killed we moved camp towards The Dalles, taking his body with us. Passing up Cottonwood Canyon, I was on the advance guard, and was riding by the side of Colonel Cornelius, when an Indian, ambushed behind a pine tree, fired on us. His shot cut the leather thong of my shot pouch and went through my vest, but doing no serious harm. After firing, he dodged from behind the trees and scampered off up the hill, trying to escape. I raised my rifle to fire at him, but the Colonel pushed it to one side, saying: "I claim that 'Injun.'" and almost simultaneously blazed away and brought the red devil down. He then ran up and scalped him. After losing his scalp the Indian rose to his feet, when the Colonel made a good Indian of him with a pistol ball through the brains. Meanwhile others of the command had not been idle, but had unearthed several Indians and taken their scalps.

We now crossed the Simcoe Mountains, marched through the Klickitat Valley, and went into camp about fifteen miles from The Dalles. Here I was taken down with mountain fever, and was transported to that embryo city and placed in a hospital. A day or two after my departure, the Indians made a dash and secured nearly all the horses and mules belonging to the command, leaving only a few of the poorest ones. This occurred on a cold morning, after the stock had been tied up all night and were shivering with cold. The Indians were in hiding at a convenient distance, and watching for an opportunity, as soon as the stock were turned loose, swept down and dashed between it and the herders and secured not only the loose stock, but a majority of the herders' own horses. The Indians started the stock on the run, and kept them so moving until out of danger. They captured some fine mules, worth on an average, $200 apiece, and many large American horses. This was a great loss to Oregon Territory and to the individuals who owned their own mounts. I lost a horse worth $150, and never received a cent for him.

When able to travel, I bid farewell to the hospital, and proceeded to Salem, where I was discharged.

In this connection I want to say that we were handicapped during the whole campaign for want of suitable horses to follow the hostile Indians. They had plenty of good mounts at all times, while the volunteers had only one horse each, which soon run down in flesh, and could not then keep pace with the Indians.

ISAAC V. MOSSMAN.

(To be continued.)

HOW CAPTAIN DOBBINS WAS PROMOTED.

A SCRAP OF IDAHO HISTORY.

(Copyright 1900, by G. A. Waggoner.)

(Concluded.)

We traveled along with the timber line until we reached a point overlooking a large basin in the hills. Cautiously peeping over a ledge of rocks, a large Indian village was in full view, about a mile below. We counted forty-three lodges. Our glass enabled us to get a good view. Evidently the lodges had just been put up, as the grass was still standing about the doors and the children were frolicking about with that childish curiosity which indicated they were not among familiar objects. The horses were feeding briskly away from where they had just been turned loose. The young girls were wandering about the camp with all the aimlessness of youth, while some of the elder women hacked away the brush from the willow-fringed stream that they might reach the water. The men were evidently preparing for a grand hunt, as they were seen with bows and arrows and guns in hand, passing from lodge to lodge. It was a beautiful sight. The whole picture is stamped upon the retina of my mind today. I can call it up at will; even now I am seated again in the rocks and drinking in the wild, ravishing beauty of the scene.

The encampment is near the center of the valley, which is circular in form, resembling a huge basin whose well defined rim touches and rests against the darker green of the pine-clad hills, wild flowers and yellow sage mingle with the green grass, and give the basin a rich tan color. The hills overlap, concealing from view the entrance and exit of the willow-fringed stream, which is thrown carelessly with many windings and doublings, like a green thread across the basin.

The Indian women have lighted the fires, and each wigwam is rolling from its summit heavy folds of blue smoke, causing me to imagine an impossible group of miniature volcanic pyramids, from which the fire is just ready to burst. The immense herd of horses just freed from the day's journey are moving leisurely toward the western edge of the basin, industriously cropping the grass which grows in wild profusion among the sage.

I can see the dark warriors, with bare limbs an dshoulders, standing or moving about the ledges, and the little wolf-like dogs, the children, the young men and maidens. One among the latter catches my eye, and the glass is leveled long where she stands. It is apart from the village, down the stream, which seems to have carelessly doubled about to throw a fold of tall willows to conceal her from prying eyes. She is young, lithe and apparently slight built for one of her race. The top of her shoulders, her neck and arms are bare. Some kind of beads encircle her wrists and neck; her long, black hair, uncaught by braid or band, thrown backward reaches to her waistband; her face, when she turns toward me, by its tinge here and there of vermillion, tells me she has carefully made her toilette, although lately arrivd from a dusty journey, and, I believe, she has deliberately laid her plans to ensnare a young brave, one just a little braver than all the rest. He is standing by her side, and I verily believe is fully aware she has wandered away from the rest that he might follow; that her lips and cheeks were painted for his especial notice, and that all the fond endearments

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which she is lavishing upon a little spotted colt, which stands quietly for her caresses, are intended for him. He waits patiently while her arms are about the neck of her little pet; then as its dam walks away and it breaks loose to follow, he twirls a finger in a lock of the raven hair of his pet, and playfully they wander on together.

All this is in my picture, seen distinctly, while two snow-clad peaks on the north and west look down to reflect the rays of the setting sun and hold in check the gathering twilight, relighting the whole basin and bringing out in clear outline and almost startling distinctness, the whole scene below.

Of all the pictures memory has preserved of that eventful raid, this one has been the least touched by time, and is the most tenderly cherished.

Of all the habitations of man, that of the Indian is, to my mind, the most picturesque. But to us the grandest sight was the horses. They covered the entire western half of the basin. For hours we lay and watched the village. Our glass was of service to us in enabling us to see without being seen and to know without being known. Besides it gave us much food for after thought, if rightly understood. How much of the story of life came crowding through the lenses of that glass as we lay among the rocks and watched that Indian village!

"We have a streak of luck," said Bob, "and are going to have things all our way. By dark those horses will be over that hill, two miles from the village, and very likely without a single herder."

We lay quietly until dark, and then started to skirt around the encampment to where the horses were last seen. We walked swiftly and silently along, our moccasined feet falling without a sound upon the thick carpet of grass which covered the hills. In about an hour we were feeding rapidly away from the came up with the hindmost horses, which a couple of miles, Bob said, "Let us mount and drive a little faster." The hindmost horses were easily approached. We noosed a couple, and, mounting, brought in the stragglers, crowding the herd closer together without a sound louder than a low hist. We had the whole band in motion, going at a full trot. Luckily there was a good trail. Many of the horses had been stolen from the Boise country, and some of them were leading out briskly for home.

We changed our riding horses frequently, trying to get the best ones within reach of our ropes, and increased our speed until midnight, when the whole herd was going at full run. We had dropped out most of the mares and colts, knowing they would follow along and cover up the tracks of the horses. We rode back and forwards in driving, thereby destroying the evidence that the band was being driven. By this maneuver we hoped to deceive any Indians who might follow into the belief that their stock was taking a journey of their own accord, in which case they might follow to overtake them without alarming the village.

We were driving over light alkali soil. Clouds of white dust arose, floating off to the south, and showed in the clear moonlight like billows of moving snow. On we thundered. A thousand horses and but two to ride. The air was cool and bracing, the moon was at the full. We had no thought of weariness; danger and hope carried us beyond fatigue. There was danger behind, there was hope ahead, but not one drop of our blood but was doing active duty in sustaining our spirits which had now risen to the highest pitch. It was a glorious ride. Back and forth we darted with the fury of devils, uttering vehement hisses and lashing the hindmost horses with our ropes. Throughout the night we galloped and ran. When daylight began to dawn we were in sight of Snake River, ten miles above Salmon Falls.

Looking back we saw a dust about a mile back, which told us we were about to be overtaken. At last Bob stopped to see what was coming. I heard him fire two shots. He soon overtook me and said,"It was only a couple of

boys, and they were not armed. I could not bear to hurt them, but shot their horses. You should have seen the rascals run; they dived into the sage brush like a couple of rabbits. When the others come on, those boys and their dead horses will tell a big tale. They did not see me, and will think there was a dozen of me."

After awhile six or eight Indians came in sight, and Bob stopped again. He fired several shots in rapid succession. "They ran at the first fire," said Bob. "I don't think I killed an Indian, but I crippled two or three horses. They will rally around a while to work up their courage before they come on. An Indian cannot fight in a cold collar, no more than a balky horse will work in one."

I proposed to stop back the next time, but Bob said he was afraid the Snakes would play some trick upon me. Besides, he added, "you will have plenty of fighting before the sun is an hour high. There are more coming, and they will fight when they get warmed up to it. Yonder they come now. Every cussed old mare we let go is tearing along our trail with a Snake on her back. Let us both stop and give them a dose."

We tied our horses out of range, and, concealing ourselves behind some rocks, waited. "Now," said Bob, "draw your breath slow and deep, and raise your sights for 300 yards. When they come over that hill let them have it. Fire as fast as you can. I don't care about killing many of them, but want to make them think there are twenty-five or thirty of us. We came after horses, not Indians."

As soon as they came in sight we commenced firing. I don't think I ever heard such rapid firing from two guns. The Snakes knew nothing about repeating guns at that time, and might easily have imagined a small army was shooting at them. At any rate, they took the back track in a hurry. Again we crowded our horses forward.

"If we can only reach the Falls," said Bob, "there is a place there where we can whip the whole Snake nation. The old mare brigade is coming on pretty lively, but we must not give up our horses while we have a cartridge left. Now, let's drive like h——l for the Falls."

The Indians came in sight again, but a single shot turned them back, and we rushed on. Darting against the herd, we shouted, waved our blankets, and fired our guns to frighten the horses to renewed speed, and they thundered down the long slope to the Falls, the noise of their hoofs drowning the roar of the water.

"Here," said Bob, "we will whip the mare brigade or immortalize this place by making of it a new Thermopyle."

As we took our places behind a ledge of rock to await the savages I could but smile at the incongruity of Bob's appearance and his knowledge of Greek history. This time it was no trifling matter. There were not less than fifty Indians, and they were approaching with great caution.

"No foolishness now," said Bob, "kill an Indian every shot."

They came within a hundred yards before we opened fire. They attempted a charge, but as several fell they ran. Again they rallied, but in confusion received our fire until they broke again. All but one brave fellow who charged directly upon us, yelling like a demon and swaying his body so rapidly from side to side that we missed him several times. With those two Henries blazing at him, he came within fifty feet of us before horse and rider fell. I took this opportunity to secure a saddle, which, although of Indian make, was better than no saddle. While I was adjusting it to my horse, the blast of a bugle came clear and sharp, and, looking, we saw a body of United States troops charging down upon us.

"Stand perfectly still and point the muzzle of your gun down," said Bob. "We are white men," shouted he, as the troops closed around us.

"Throw down your gun, you red skunk," yelled the Captain, "or you are a dead Indian." We did not obey this order.

Bob said, "If you are hunting Indians, they are there," pointing to some yet in sight beyond our battle-field. Leaving a guard with us, the troops charged back to where the Indians were seen. After a fruitless chase they returned.

"You say you are a white man," demanded the Captain, riding up to Bob.

"Yes, sir, as white as you are."

"Then you are the most devilish looking white man I ever saw. How came you with those blood-thirsty Snakes?"

"We were bringing in our horses when the Snakes attacked us. That they were no friends of ours you may know from the dead Indians lying along our trail."

"You don't pretend to say all these horses are yours, do you?"

"Yes, sir. Every one of theme. We have had them out in the hills, where the grass is good, and were bringing them in when these cussed Indians tried to take them away from us. By the way, I am glad you came along, Captain, and shall be obliged to call on you for protection until we reach the settlements."

The Captain laughed but said, "All right, I will help take the stock in. Are you a white man, too?" he said, approaching me.

I was standing stock still where I had remained since the troops first charged upon us. I had been stricken dumb with astonishment, but the muzzle of my gun was thrust into the ground as Bob had directed, and I had taken the precaution to remove my wig, and was holding the ugly thing in my hand. My position was very humilating. The thought had crossed my mind that my brown curly hair, which rose in triumph above my paint and grease, was the only thing that would save me from an ignominious death at the hands of my own countrymen. I answered, "Yes, sir. I am a miner and shall join my partner in begging your protection until we reach Boise City.

He laughed and said, "All right, I will protect you from the Indians, but you must take your chances with Uncle Sam. Your stock is worn out. We will camp here."

This was done in true military fashion. Guards were placed around the camp and stock, and Bob and I, laying down upon our blankets, were soon fast asleep. The Captain and part of his command went back to our battle ground. They found eight dead Indians and twelve horses. After resting a few hours, Bob secured an escort and went after our camp fixtures and horses left as we went out. They returned at dark. I was pleased to recover my handsome bay, but I don't think I was ever so much relieved in my life as, when, after a thorough scrubbing, I was arrayed in my own clothes and was able again to look like a white man. I could not understand why Bob still retained his disguise, but as he generally had good reasons for what he did, I asked no questions. We were treated with great respect by the soldiers, who seemed to have a high opinion of our fighting qualities. When we arrived at Boise the stock was turned on the hills east of the fort.

The Captain said, "I must leave a guard with these horses. It is evident you have taken them from the Indians. Uncle Sam does not allow citizens to keep or dispose of stock taken in that way."

"All right," said Bob. "I will go with you to your quarters, as I want to talk with you a little before this matter is finally settled."

When they reached the Captain's quarters Bob said, "do you know Bob Fitzhugh?"

I know him well. A braver or better man does not live."

"Would you do him a favor if you could?"

"I would risk my life for him. He saved mine once at the risk of his own."

"Well, I am Bob Fitzhugh. Let me have some soap and water and you shall know me."

The Captain could not believe him but stood looking on until he emerged from the wash bowl, and extending his hand, said, "How are you, Captain Dobbins. It is strange you did not know me, paint or no paint."

"Know you!" said Dobbins, "I would defy the devil to have known you had been his own imp, after you were painted and fixed up in that style. I watched you closely as we came along, and thought you had the most frightful appearance of any human being I ever looked at. I was of the opinion you might secure the chieftainship of the Snake nation on your general appearance. But I am awful glad to see you, Bob, and now what do you want?"

"Well, you see, Mr. Snell and I have had some hard work and taken a good many chances in getting those horses. Most of them belong to the whites who will claim them. If the Government returns them we will get nothing for our trouble. Now, there is very little pleasure in riding a hundred miles, bare back, over a rough trail, with a band of hostile Indians yelling and shouting behind, to say nothing about the danger of being hit by a bullet. You must admit we have been rather successful and struck the hostiles a hard blow. All the fighting done for the last five years has not crippled them as much as Dave and I did in that night's ride and morning's fight. They laugh at the efforts of a body of men following them to retake stock which they have stolen. They only drive it further into the hills. But it is a very different thing when I go after them and employ their own tactics. Now, Captain, I don't care so much about myself as I do for that boy whom I pursuaded to go with me. He is good stuff and I like him. I promised to make some money for him, and I've got to do it some way. I know the regulations the Government has made about captured stock, and know you will take some little chances of getting into trouble by doing what I want you to, but a man ain't much account in this world unless he will take some chances for a friend. I want you to notice that a number of horses have been taken which the owners can have by paying for bringing in and herding. Proof of ownership can be made to me without putting the Government to any trouble. You can take credit for killing those Snakes. We will make a report of the affair which will help you along in the line of promotion and do no one any harm as far as the honor attending that raid is concerned. I assure you Snell and I care nothing about it."

For a moment the Captain was silent. Then he said, "The law is against your request, but the equities are all with you. Besides I do not forget that you are the man who swam to the middle of Snake River to save my life when I was drowning, and that you did it while others were paralized with fright and unable to assist me. Go ahead, Bob. I will take all chances. I only wish they were equal to those you took for me."

When Bob returned we were in undisputed possession. We counted our band and found we had seven hundred and fifty-five horses. In a few days the settlers began to come to prove and take their property. We charged $10 a head and no trouble collecting our fee, as the horses were worth from $75 to $150 each, and there were plenty of owners for them, especially when it became known we were not particular about the proof. A good, strong claim, accompanied by the fee, was considered sufficient evidence of ownership. Even the spotted ponies, which had probably never seen a white man before, found some one to claim them. In fact, any one who had $10 and wanted a horse, did not hesitate to lay claim to one of our band. We were liberal, too, and often threw in a small horse when any one had proven a number of them. They went off so rapidly that we raised the reclamation fee to $20, and still found owners. A mining excitement springing up aided materially in closing out the remnant of the band.

One day Captain Dobbins called upon us, saying he wanted to confer with us about the affair at Salmon Falls.

"Of course," he said, "my report to the Department has been forwarded, but you know the newspapers expect something a little more detailed and graphic than a dry military report, so I thought we might give them something not uncomplimentary to the actors in the skirm-

ish. How many Indians do you think we killed?"

"About forty," said Bob. "There were twenty-two found dead, and many were carried away by their friends."

"How many were engaged?"

"Over five hundred."

"Were any chiefs killed?"

"Yes Old Crazy Horse was killed."

"How did you recognize him?"

"By his horse. He always rides a spotted horse. By his dress, and by the way he fought."

"Why! I thought he was a Sioux chief."

"Oh! that's another one. In fact, every tribe has a chief or medicine man of that name. It is a kind of title of nobility among them like the name of Douglas among the Scots. They are all desperate fighters. There will be but little trouble with the Snakes after this. How many horses did we take? About two hundred head."

"My command fought well, I thought."

"Yes. It fought most desperately."

"I believe the engagement commenced near the Falls, did it not?"

"Yes. The dreadful roar of the waters at times drowned the frightful din of the carnage."

"Say, Fitzhugh," and a smile of admiration beamed upon Bob, "I would like you to write an account of the battle for publication in the papers, as you seem to have noted everything accurately."

"I shall be much pleased to do so," said Bob. "Send me out a little stationery, and I will write it tomorrow."

When Bob was seated to write up the Battle, he said, "Now I have never done any particular good in this world, but I intend to do a good act now. I am going to promote Captain Dobbins. He is a noble fellow, and does not forget a kindness done to him."

Bob worked all day at his report, frequently rubbing his hands and laughing to himself. In a few days the following account appeared:

THE SNAKES DEFEATED—THE GREAT VICTORY.

Captain Dobbins Destroys the Flower of the Snake Tribe in a Single Battle at Salmon Falls, Without Losing a Man.

The Right Man in the Right Place.

So much fruitless chasing after the savages ocurs on the frontier that our readers will relish the following brief account of the destruction of the marauding Snakes by Captain Dobbins, United States Regulars, on the 13th inst.

While scouting in the vicinity of old Fort Boise with Company E and part of Company D, Captain Dobbins discovered the trail of a large band of Snake Indians who were returning from a thieving expedition to the John Day settlement, with several thousand horses and a large amount of other plunder. Instantly the command was put in motion, and the pursuit commenced. The trail led across the great bend of Snake River, and was easily followed. Four hours' hard riding brought the command in sight of the fleeing savages. When they saw they were pursued by United States troops they made every effort to escape. They could be seen darting like devils about in the cloud of dust raised by the immense herd of horses they were driving, and with frantic efforts trying to urge them forward. Such bulky articles of plunder as impeded their progress were abandoned, and all kinds of articles were strewn along their path. Dobbins rode at the head of his troops, silent and erect, his teeth firmly set, while his eyes were fixed upon the cloud of dust ahead, well knowing that from it at any moment might emerge the blood thirsty savages to give him battle. But a stern chase is a long chase. Salmon Falls was reached before the Indians were overhauled and brought to bay. A few attempted to drive their horses on, while the main body, as near as could be ascertained, over 2,000 turned and charged upon the troops. But charge met charge, and in an instant their line was broken, and they were running in every direction for shelter.

They rallied again, and with frightful yells came down upon the little band.

Firmly Captain Dobbins held his ground and the savages recoiled before the deadly fire of his rifles. Only an instant and again they came riding to the very muzzles of the blazing guns. The chivalry of the plains was there, and its flower, the great chief, Crazy Horse, fought like a raging lion among his fallen braves. He was determined to conquer, and again he charged, but in vain, for there stood the little band with rifles blazing a constant stream of fire, and there was Captain Dobbins. When the great chief saw he was defeated, he resolved to die or to avenge the death of his people. With uplifted tomahawk, he rode full upon the troops. Their leader awaited him with flashing eyes and drawn sabre. They met like knights of old, this savage chief, the terror of the plains, and the mild, unassuming Captain of Company D. Civilization confronted barbarism. The conflict was short. It was a fitting place for such a conflict, the home of the savage. The sound of the falls had lulled him to sleep when a child, a wave of wind bore its roar across the battle-field to silence his dying groan. When their chief fell the Indians fled, leaving all their horses and plunder in the hands of the victors. About fifty dead warriors were found on the battle-field. And it is known that hundreds were carried away, as is the custom among these people. Conservative estimates, made by those who were in a position to judge, place the loss to the Indians at not less than five hundred. Over 2,000 head of horses and mules were captured, besides much other property of but little value except to the Indians themselves.

This is the severest blow the Snake Indians have ever suffered, and will undoubtedly put a stop to their marauding depredations against the whites.

Too much praise cannot be given to Captain Dobbins and his brave command, who won this phenomenal victory without the loss of a single man. The scouts, Bob Fitzhugh and Dave Snell, also deserve worthy mention for efficient services rendered in trailing the savages."

This graphic account was extensively published and attracted much attention, especially in military circles. I was inclined to think, while perusing it, that Bob had mistaken his calling. Had he chosen to enter the literary field, he might have created as great a sensation there as he had among the Indians. Some may have thought the battle overdrawn, but the troops who shared the Captain's glory were not inclined to contradict it, and Bob stoutly maintained its accuracy. The Captain was in every one's mouth. The bright eyes of beauty beamed on him wherever he went, and he was toasted far and near as the great Indian fighter of the Northwest. Fame pursued him industriously from that day. In a few weeks he was called to more active duty in the Southern States, where he was promoted until he wore the uniform of a Lieutenant-Colonel. He honored it, too, and at the close of the rebellion, held the respect and love of a grateful nation. He ever retained a warm friendship for Bob, and once with his family, made a journey 2,000 miles to visit him. He always gave him credit for turning the tide of fortune in his favor, and thanked him repeatedly for the graphic account of his maiden fight at Salmon Falls, Idaho.

Bob and I closed our partnership business within a month of our arrival in Boise, and I found myself the proud possessor of the handsome sum of $5420, besides my handsome bay horse, which I resolved never to part with. My dreams were realized. I could now buy the little farm in the Willamette Valley, and pay cash down. My joy was unbounded. Roseate hues floated before my eyes and tinted all the future while I was making the few preparations to return home. I literally walked on air. Bob begged me to go with him after more horses, and protested strongly against my leaving him. He might as well protest with a cyclone on its way to Kansas. We parted the warmest of friends. He has been successful in all his enterprises, and is now a wealthy stockman, his herds of cattle and horses roaming about the scenes of our early exploits on Snake River. I meet him frequently, and we often laugh about old times and of how Captain Dobbins was promoted.

G. A. WAGGONER.

PHILIPPINE LETTER.

A VISIT TO THE HOME OF AGUINALDO'S MOTHER.

CAVITE, P. I., MARCH 17, 1900.

Leaving Cavite at 8:30 A. M. in a large native banco manned by three natives, we skirted along under the shadow of the frowning walls of the old fortress, which had in former days been a mighty instrument of defense, but of late the material has been used to repair the navy-yard and make drive ways here and in Cavite. The vast space occupied by these walls will soon be replaced by navy-yard work shops. As we swept clear of the old Fort Guadolope, the City of Cavite presented an extremely interesting picture with its red gabled roofs, numerous towers of the churches, forming a distinct picture against the blue sky. The palms and other tropical plants added to the picture and made one almost imagine that he was skirting along in a gondola in the beautiful City of Venice.

As we crossed the bay the industrious natives could be seen plying their nets in keen competition to be the first to place their juicy capture of the denizens of the deep on the market. As we neared the Pueblo of Cavite Veho (Old Cavite), the tower on the house of the once famous Aguinaldo could be seen standing out in bold relief among the numerous houses of smaller size, indicating that he had been following the old adage, "making hay while the sun shines," in the matter of acumulating a sufficiency of this world's goods. An experience that recalled the days of youth was remembered as we lift our boats on the shoulders of our boatman, as the water near the shore of the bay was so shallow it would not allow the boat to approach near shore. This experience was made a trifle more intersting by the thought that the men who were supporting us would have dearly loved to have tipped us over and hold us under water until we would have been two Americans less.

We visited the massive old cathedral at Cavite Veho which was the largest in the province. It presented a fair picture of American marksmanship, as it was literally shot to pieces.

Our next place of importance to visit was Aguinaldo's former residence, a large and comfortable house. I learned from the sentry at the gate that the house was occupied by a Lieutenant Barry of the army. I called upon him and introduced myself, asking permission to take a picture of the famous painting on the ceiling of Aguinaldo's sitting-room. It was a very beautiful and striking piece of painting. It represented a Filipino senorita who had ascended a flight of stairs where the Spanish flag hurled in bold relief, but she had torn it down, broken the chains asunder that held it, and was hoisting the Filipino flag in its place.

We were entertained royally by Lieutenant Barry, and during our conversation I noticed an old native lady sitting at the opposite side of the room on an old army cot, but did not pay any particular attention to her until our friend told us she was the mother of Aguinaldo. I then engaged her in conversation, asking her many questions about her son. She stated he was 36 years of age, and was born within a few hundred feet of the house we were sitting in. His father, Don Carlos Aguinaldo, was a man of some prominence, being a solicitor-at-law, and thrice elected Mayor of Cavite, his native place; had in his marriage with "Dona Trinidad Famy," six children, one of whom is Emilio Aguiraldo. The mother stated to us that from his youth he showed a great desire to learn. His first studies were made in the college of San Juan de Ietrau, in Manila, until the death of his father, when, unfortunately, he was

obliged to leave his education to attend to the necessities of his home.

Shortly after his return from college, he and his brother accepted positions in the Cavite Arsenal, under the Spanish. He was a clerk, and his brother was a draftsman. Only a few days ago I was in the draftsman's room, and they had a map posted on the wall of Manila Bay made by him, which was really a skilled piece of work. Aguinaldo from his boyhood had sworn the vendetta against the friars, well knowing the wrong that was perpetrated upon his people by these vampires, clothed in the garb of religion. Aguinaldo, after taking up arms against the Spanish, drove them from the province of Cavite and declared himself the Governor of that province. His first move was to expel all the friars. Today, go where you will through the province, the eye turns to colossal fragments, a forlorn but vital thing, broken, crushed, and yet undying. All these old cathedrals are powerless to break the silence that enwraps the noble ruin. Its disgnity is as imperturbable as that of mountain and sea. Never was style of architecture more spontaneously in touch with its environment than that followed by the mission buildings.

Earthquakes have rent, man has despoiled, time has renounced, the old cathedrals, yet its pure nobility survives, indestructible. The tower has fallen, the sanctuary is bare and weather beaten. the cloisters of the quadrangle are roofless, and the bones of forgotten padres lie beneath the roof of tangled shrubbery; but the bells still hang in their rawhide lashings, and the cross rises white against the sky. A contemptuous century has rolled past, and the whole ambition and once promising dream of monkish rule has long since ended, but this slow crumbling structure will not have it so. Like some dethroned and superannuated king, whose insistent claim to royal function cloaks him with a certain grandeur. It sits in silent state, too venerable for disrespect and too august for pity.

From my personal observation, since I have been here, I believe at the present time if the Governor-General would deport the friars from the islands, Aguinaldo and his followers would lay down their arms. The people are sending petitions from every province begging in the most pathetic words for the General to expel them. But no, he will not act, and mind what I say, there will be war here as long as these people are allowed to remain. It is so plain to one who is here and can hear the one cry all the time from all classes of Filipinos: "Expel the friars!"

The people had begun to show great loyalty to our flag and believed in us until the demonstration a short while back when the General went to a meeting of the friars in Manila for the purpose of trying to get the natives to allow the friars to remain, when he and his suite all came near being mobbed.

Only yesterday, while in conversation with a wealthy and highly educated Filipino here in Cavite, he asked me why the Americans did not expel the friars if they wanted peace. He expressed to me his views plainly He said: "Mr. Perkins, I have seen war and bloodshed all my life, and I expect my children and grandchildren will see the same. It is a problem which worries me a great deal. Why don't the powers that be, undertake to do something which is in accord with the people's wishes." I hope the time is not far distant when our noble flag will be understood by the people, so we can engage in the industries of the islands, for these islands are among the grandest in the world for all pursuits of mankind.

CHARLTON B. PERKINS.

SLAVERY IN THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST.

It is generally understood among the older of our pioneers now living, that slavery existed among the Indians up to the early forties. Their emancipation being begun, and probably effected, at that time through Rev. Jason Lee, who, through the enlisted co-operation of Dr. McLoughlin, brought about a discontinuance of the practice among them.

It is not, however, understood that the black man was held in servitude within the limits of the Pacific Northwest. Such was nevertheless the case. The only known instance when a transfer of ownership was made a matter of record was the recording of a bill of sale in Lane county, Oregon. A Mr. Southworth sold the "negro boy Cole and his grandmother," to Col. Joseph Teal in the later fifties, Judge Stratton drawing up the papers required to consummate the sale. Col. Teal gave the old woman and the boy their freedom a little time thereafter, and they settled on the Long Tom, near the present town of Junction City, where they lived for a number of years.

Quite a number of pioneers brought slaves with them, but practically gave them their liberty upon their arrival here, or very soon afterwards without formulation of papers to that effect. One mother, a free negro woman, purchased her own son before leaving "the States" and after reaching the Willamette valley had the transfer recorded, the date being April 13, 1854. This document was the first miscellaneous instrument recorded in Washington county, Oregon. It was as follows:

D. Snowden to Jane Thomas:

Know all men by these presents, that for and in consideration of the sum of five hundred dollars, to me in hand paid by Jane Thomas, late Jane Snowden, a free woman of color, the receipt whereof is hereby confessed and acknowledged. I, David Snowden, of the county of Ray, in the state of Missouri, have bargained, sold and delivered to her, the said Jane Thomas, late Jane Snowden, a free woman of color one certain negro boy slave named Billy, aged 11 years, and son of said Jane Thomas, late Jane Snowden ,a free woman of color. This sale is made to gratify the said Jane Thomas, mother of the said negro boy, Billy, as she is about to emigrate to Oregon, and wishes to take the boy with her. Given under my hand and seal this 17th day of December, A. D. 1852. DAVID SNOWDEN.

Washington was settled with the idea that no slavery should exist therein, and probably the only instance known where the colored race were considered as the chattels of the white man, was in 1860. On the 25th of September of that year a mulatto boy belonging to Gen. James Tilton, of Olympia, was forcibly taken from the steamer Eliza Anderson, while lying at the wharf in Victoria. It seems that the boy had run away from his master, and being recognized as a stowaway on board a few hours before the steamer arrived at her foreign destination, was confined to a state-room so he could be taken back to Olympia on the return trip. The matter coming to the notice of the British authorities, the boy was taken from the steamer on a writ of habeas corpus. Finding that he could not be held in slavery the general allowed the boy to go without making an effort to reclaim him. Those acquainted with the facts state that it was the inclination of his master to give him his freedom when he was able to look out for himself, voluntary action of the boy only hastening matters.

Subscribe for the Oregon Native Son. The only magazine of history published in the Pacific Northwest. Fully illustrated with portraits of pioneers to the original Oregon, their descendants, as well as views of its scenery, mines, fields, etc.

Contributions solicited upon all historical subjects appertaining to the Pacific Northwest. Crossing the plains, Indian wars, first settlements, adventures, reminiscences and other data that will be of interest.

LEGENDARY LORE OF THE INDIANS.

The Indian says "frog in the moon," instead of "man in the moon." In various legends told by the Indians the frog is in some way connected with nights luminary. A statement is made that Coyote and the Eagle once concluded to go to the land of souls and bring them back to earth. They arrived there in due course of time, but during the day. According to the belief of the Indian the spirits of the departed are only active at night and through this the adventurerers were obliged to wait until evening's shadows fell. As the last rays of setting sun grew dim upon the western horizon the spirits began to appear for dance and frolic, but on account of the light that the moon gave, it must be done away with before well laid plans could be accomplished. The frog, whom the spirits had no fear of, came close to where Coyote was secreted, and by him killed, Coyote dressing himself in its skin. With this disguise he was allowed to approach the moon without having his designs suspicioned. Within suitable distance, he quickly grabbed the luminary and swallowed it when all was darkness. The spirits being secured, Coyote hung up the frog skin along with the moon, and there it remains plain and perfect to Indian eyes.

Another story told is to the effect that when Coyote was roaming the earth putting down sin and oppression, that the frog in fear of being punished for some wrong doing, jumped to the moon and has remained there ever since, coming to plain view every time there is a "new moon" to see if he is being pursued

According to some, the whippoorwill, wanting a light suitable for its pursuits, determined to make a moon, and used the frog as material. By what magic this was brought about the Indian does not state. Still, the feat was accomplished. His frogship was thus transformed and hung in the heavens, frog side out.

Among some of the tribes farther north, there is a legend told of fairy days, when two Indian maidens sat one evening,

"Watching the westward going stars
Pass shortly out of sight."

and of all the glittering multitude, two, one red, one white-shining with peculiar brightness, attracted their attention. One of the maidens said the red is mine the other chose the white. The night waned and they retired to the family lodge. While they slept the stars admired, assumed human form, descended from their heaven's home, and bore away the damsels to a country strange and beautiful. Here to one of the brides was born a wonderful child—none other than the Moon. In defiance, however, of all the white man's ideas of its feminine claims and attributes, it was a boy. The other twain was blessed with no children, and grew jealous of their more fortunate neighbors, and when the parents of the Moon were not looking, he was stolen and taken back to earth and left in the midst of a dense forest. Soon after he was so left, he was discovered by the Woodpecker. This individual was the original canoe maker. Upon finding the child he was afraid to take it home with him, and yet did not want to part with it. He therefore hollowed out an immense cedar "stick," or tree, which he lined with woven mats made of rushes, over which he placed the softest furs. Here the child was hidden until he could consult his wife in relation to what further he should do in the matter. Upon her seeing the babe she became fondly attached to it, and took it home with her.

The daughter of this couple was the Lark, a creature envious by nature, and, of course, jealous of the attentions shown the new acquisition to the family circle. When the Moon had grown up so as to understand, she began to twit him about his parentage, calling him a "stick"

LEGENDARY LORE OF THE INDIANS.

child, making disparaging illusions to his hiding place in the tree, and that he had no mother. The Moon scanned the faces of his foster parents and of the Lark, but found no likeness to himself in their countenance or resemblance otherwise, and it so weighed upon his mind that he concluded to run away. After wandering a long distance, he heard some children singing. Being tired and dispirited, he wished himself a berry, so that he could be eaten and thus lost; a flower to be plucked, fade and perish; then a dog, but hardly had this wish been conceived before he was transformed into such animal, when he went bounding to where the children were and joined with them in their frolics. The chief's daughter became attached to him, and from thence he was her constant companion. One evening she met a handsome brave, with whom she became enamored, but never saw him except when the shades of night began to gather. After a time they were married, but she did not know that her husband and her playfellow of the hours of day were identical. In due course of time four children were born to them—three dogs and one a girl, half human half dog. The old chief, her father, was so exasperated in consequence that he banished her to the sea shore far away.

One day the mother was out digging clams, and on nearing the lodge, heard loud laughter coming therefrom. This she could not understand, as its only occupants she found to be her offspring, and the girl the only one who could talk. Taking her to one side for an explanation, she learned that as soon as she would leave the lodge the father would lay aside his hairy robe and then remove those of the three dog children, when they would all assume human form. She believed that she could dispel the enchantment hanging over them, and told the girl not to tell of her approach the next time she went for clams, but, instead, claim that she was far away. On her going out again, the robes were laid aside as usual. While they sported and laughed, the mother quietly stole near the lodge, and, at an opportune moment crept within, seized the discarded robes and threw them into the fire, when they were burned. Her husband thus stood forth a noble chieftain and her dog sons handsome young men.

The Moon's mother bewailed the loss of her son for many snows, weeping over his little bed until it became so wet that she wrung from it a flood which, when falling, became rounded and more brighter than any tear since. Before it reached the earth, the Great Spirit stopped its fall, and willed that it should float in space, and a loving mother's tear drops became the present sun. The mother sent many messengers to find her son, the Moon, but they were all killed by the che-aht-ko's or giants. One day the Bluejay came to her, telling her that he knew where her son could be found, and that he would go and bring him to her if she would provide him with a blue robe or blanket. She gave him the brightest that was ever made, and, spreading his wings he soared away to earth, flying above the towering trees so that the che-aht-ko's could not reach him, safely reaching the lodge where lived the object of his search. The Moon understood all languages, and when the Jay twittered at his door, went to him and was told of his parentage. Upon consenting to go where his mother dwelt, the Jay took him and his family upon its back and earth lost forever, except the sight of one of them at night, a notable family, the father of which, coming near at the gathering of evening shades to show to his wife's relations that he still lives, but not close enough to hear the father of his better half speak for fear he will be cross, as in the days when he banished her from the paternal roof. Through the brightness inherited from his starry parent, comes the light to mankind, that illumes the hills and dales when the sun has gone to sleep.

PILLAR ROCK.

Pillar Rock, situated down on the Columbia river, near Brookfield, at one time lived at Celilo, and was one of the ancient animal gods. He took a notion not to allow the salmon to pass that point, and in consequence the Indians

living above where he did were unable to secure food, salmon in those days being their main article of sustenence. This went along for some time, but at last Coyote came traveling that way, putting a stop to the god's selfish and cruel actions. In explanation of his conduct, he claimed that he could not bear to see that salmon pass by him, and that he stopped them on that account and not to deprive the Indians of needed food. Coyote not being a believer in selfishness, tore down the obstruction made to prevent salmon from proceeding up the river, and then shouldered their builder and carried him down the river. On arriving at a point deemed suitable for his designs, he halted, turned his burden into stone and set him out in the river's channel; telling him that he should stand there forever, and that the salmon should sport and play around him when seeking the upper waters of the river, and he should not be able to prevent their progress. Selfishness brings about hardship to others, and often the downfall of those imbued with that characteristic.

LOUSE ROCKS.

There are two large rocks near the south head of Long Island, in Shoalwater bay caled "E'-na-poo," or Louse Rocks, and the legend is that they were formerly a chief and his wife, who were not only of a vicious character, but very filthy and dirty. They are credited with being the first to introduce the festive louse into this section of the country, which soon secured a foothold upon the other Indians, much to their discomfort. The god Coyote came along one day and his person becoming infested with the vermin, he grew so wroth that he pronounced a curse upon their introducers, condemning them to become rocks as a punishment, placing them out in the bay where they could not come in contact with the Indians again. This couple doubtless left some descendants, for among the Indians living along the coast, are some who are the filthiest, dirtiest and most full supplied with companion vermin, of any creatures in the world.

COYOTE KILLS A DRAGON.

Not far from Bethel, Polk county, a large number of fossil remains were found some years ago, which the Indians stated were the bones of a monster dragon inhabiting the Willamette valley in the ages past. At night it would come forth from concealment, hunt out the abodes of the people and devour them by families and communities, only ceasing its devastations when morning came, returning then because it could not bear the light of day. Coyote heard of the monsters doings and resolved not only to put a stop to them, but end the dragon's life as well. Knowing that it could not be lured from its hiding place in the daytime, and so that he would be better situated to accomplish its destruction, he set about to perform the task by the aid of strategy.

When the sun had reached its meridian, Coyote took his bow and arrows and went forth to the higher ground and there shot one of the arrows into the sun, then another into the lower end of the first, and so on, until he had a continuous string of them reaching to the earth. He then pulled the sun down to him, and submerged it in the waters of the Willamette river. The dragon, thinking that night had come, emerged from his den. At the proper time Coyote released the sun, which quickly returned to its place in the heavens, lighting up the earth. Blinded by its rays and consequently helpless, the dragon floundered about in the swamp near its den, and was easily dispatched by Coyote. The Indians never would frequent the immediate locality of the monster's death, and looked for evil to come upon the pale-face who dug out and carried away its remains.

F. H. SAYLOR.

PIONEER VESSELS "COLUMBIA."

"Columbia" has been quite a favorite name for vessels which have plowed the waters of the great river after which they were christened. The first of the name to appear in the Pacific ocean and drop her anchor in the second waterway of the Union, was the American ship Columbia, Captain Robert Gray commanding. To him belongs the honor of the discovery of the river, and in honor of his good ship, he named the river. He crossed the bar on May 11, 1792, coming to anchor in Baker's bay. She was the first American vessel to carry the Stars and Stripes around the globe.

The next vessel to bear the name is also historical from the fact that it was the first vessel built in the Pacific Northwest proper. Her frame work was shipped here from the East on the ship Tonquin, her remaining timbers were secured from our native woods. When she left the ways at Astoria, October 2, 1811, she plunged into the waters under the name of Dolly, but with the downfall of the Astor enterprise that built her, she fell into the possession of the British, who renamed her the Columbia. In after years she was taken to California, where she was dismantled and abandoned.

Another Columbia, the third to arrive, was a British brig. She came as a trading vessel, arriving in 1817. In that year she entered the river for a brief stay. After securing a cargo she left for foreign waters and did not return to this coast.

The next of the name to come was a British bark which has quite a page in history, not only because she was the consort of the Beaver, the first steamer to enter the Pacific and the second to cross the Atlantic, but because she was for years the semi-regular sailing vessel to run from this coast to the Sandwich Islands, then a much more important port than all of the Pacific coast combined. She belonged to the Hudson's Bay Company and reached anchorage inside the river's bar on March 22, 1836. She finally left these shores in 1843, never to return.

People not very well posted on the discovery of the Columbia river, frequently state that the river was christened after this Hudson's Bay Company's bark, those of them believing this, should read up on the premises. If they are Americans, they certainly ought to be proud of their nationality, when they discover that one of their own countrymen named the river in honor of an American vessel, the first whose spread of sail cast a shadow upon its surging tide, and through this was the Pacific Northwest declared territory of the United States.

The next pioneer was wholly of home manufacture. It was the river steamer Columbia, the first built in the Pacific Northwest, and like the first sailing vessel (the Dolly), launched on the river. She was built at Astoria in 1850. She was an oddly shaped and clumsy craft, being double ender like a ferry boat. She ran between Portland and Astoria for a year or so, when she was dismantled. Her machinery was put on the steamer Fashion and her hull left to go out with the tide to loose itself among the sea and shore sands.

The first steamship to bear the name, it is said, was built in New York by a former resident of Astoria by the name of Hunt, who went east to construct her under an agreement with Messrs. Chapman, Coffin and Lownsdale, Portland townsite proprietors. The keel was laid in 1849 and when ready to launch, financial difficulties arose and she was attached and sold to Howland & Aspinwall. These gentlemen brought her around the Horn and ran her between San Francisco and Portland, as originally intended, from the winter of 1850 to

1860, when she was sent to Chinese waters.

Since 1850, quite a number of vessels, of different class, called the Columbia, have been identified with the shipping interests of the Pacific Northwest, but around none of them has been woven the woof and warp of incident as memorable as that which clings to their predecessors of pioneer times.

♣ ♣

STARTING A REPUBLICAN PARTY.

A Document That Marks the Origin of the Republican Party in Oregon.

The following is a true copy of the first call and resolutions of the first meeting for the formation of the Republican party in Oregon:

WILLAMETTE FORKS, O. T., JULY 14, 1865.—In pursuance of the recommendation of Ben Davis and H. Shaw, as to starting a Republican party, the undernamed think the time has come. The old parties have lost all the good that was in them, and the time has come when the Republican is the party for this age. We think that the spread of slavery should be stopped. We, the undersigned citizens, join the new party:

On motion of Hiram Smith, T. J. Vaughan is chairman, and on motion of M. Wilkins, Thomas Cady is secretary.

I. Van Duyn,	A. H. Vaughan,
J. C. Spore,	Jacob Zimmer,
Dave Wilson,	W. Cranem,
John Bouey,	J. S. Fields,
Frank Bouey,	W. Whitney,
E. J. Keith,	S. Bonnette,
A. Wadsworth,	M. H. Harlow,
Henry Smith,	G. R. Ward,
F. M. Simmons,	Hiram Smith,
John Post,	William Long,
G. D. Coffin,	Wilson Smith,
T. Newland,	John Young,
James Donnals,	B. Ramsy,
H. Miller,	William Polic,
M. Wilkns,	John Maxwell,
W. Nelson,	Shel Spencer,
James Lytle,	A. A. Spencer,
Robert Wilson,	Thomas Cady,
C. C. Morton,	T. J. Vaughan,
H. Greenwood,	John Sippi.

Chairman, T. J. Vaughan; secretary, Thomas Cady.

♣ ♣ ♣

THE INDIAN GIRL.

Where Willamette's wavelets curl
In their ceaseless flow.
Once there roamed an Indian girl,
In the long ago.
Paused the antelope and deer,
On the grassy plain,
To hear her, by the waters clear,
Sing this sweet refrain:

"Bright river of the golden West!
Long as shines the sun in heaven,
Close by thy side I shall abide,
And love thy waters that have given
To my spirit peace and rest."

O'er the waters all aglow
With the sun's bright hue,
Like an arrow from the bow,
Sped her light canoe,
Glidng down the river grand
Soft and low she sang,
And gently to the silver strand
Wafted the sweet refrain:

"Bright river of the golden West!
Long as shines the sun in heaven,
Close by thy side I shall abide,
And love thy waters that have given
To my spirit peace and rest."

Aldon Harness.

NOTICE TO THE WORLD.

GRAND PRESIDENT BLUMAUER OUTLINES THE INTENTIONS OF THE NATIVE SONS AND DAUGHTERS.

PORTLAND, OR., NOV. 1.—It has been decided by the Pioneer Monument Committee of the Society of Oregon Native Sons, with the concurrence of the Oregon Native Daughters, to hold in Portland, next year, a grand celebration to last a week or ten days. While the plans are not fully matured, the consensus of opinion among business men, as expressed by many of them, is that it will be more satisfactory to have it take the place of the annual exposition; that we should make it a state affair—an exhibition of the wonderful improvements in manufacturing appliances and machinery in the nearly three score years of our governmental existence, and offer every encouragement to the people to bring in the historical relics they have laid away. Besides the attractiveness of such a feature, it will give our historical society an opportunity to augment their already valuable collection.

The Native Sons and Native Daughters are historical societies, their common object being to see that the history of the early days of the land of "interminable woods" is duly recorded. The tidal wave of historical research which is now rolling over the Northwest, if not initiated, has been swelled to its present gigantic proportions by the efforts of the Native Sons and Native Daughters, who have, in their organizations, resolved that the full history of Oregon shall be writ; that he who now curls his lips in scorn when the name of "old pioneer" is mentioned will bow his head in reverence when one of those old heroes passes him with face faded and turned to the ground by a weight of years or adversity.

The purpose of this celebration is to raise money to build to them a monument. They do not need it at our hands, for their work is more enduring than marble mausoleum or any building of human structure. From the towering mountains round about us, whose crests parallel our noble rivers and enclose our fertile valleys, down to the myriads of little brooklets, where the speckled trout sport in the shady nooks, the very names bear evidence of the noble acts and achievements of the early settlers of Oregon.

We expect Oregon's adopted sons and daughters to aid us in making the proposed celebration of 1901 the grandest ever witnessed in this state. We desire the business men, and all other societies, to join us in preparing amusements for, and taking care of the largest concourse of people ever before assembled in the Northwest. Such a concourse will assemble in the year 1901, the year when the Native Sons and Native Daughters will have their innings.

It will be a state affair, and steps should be taken at once to demonstrate to the order throughout the state that the metropolis will meet them half way, when anything that will redound to the advantage of the city is proposed.

Portland is especially interested in this movement, for it isproposed to erect a memorial building on one of the park row blocks, which can be used as a museum for pioneer relics, a meeting place for the pioneers, Indian War Veterans and Oregon Historical Society and a depository for the archives of the Oregon Historical Society, a place where the history of Oregon can be learned in object lessons. We propose that 100,000 people witness the laying of the corner-stone, and the corner-stone shall be laid in 1901—Native Sons' and Native Daughters' year.

Let this be notice to all men everywhere that the year 1901 is "our year," and we will take possession of our own.

SOL BLUMAUER,

NESIKA WA-WA.

Griffin's Cabin, Native Sons of Oregon, and Lucinda Carter Hill's Cabin, Native Daughters of Oregon, gave an entertainment and banquet at Hillsboro Thursday evening, which was attended by Grand President Sol Blumauer and the other officers of the Grand Cabin.

One of the most interesting features of the meeting was the presence of Mrs. Mary Wood, a pioneer of 1853, aged 102 years. Despite her age, Mrs. Wood is remarkably vigorous, and appeared greatly to enjoy the entertainment which was given. She remained at the meeting until nearly 12 o'clock, and did not seem to be fatigued in the least. Her memory is failing her to some extent, but physically she does not appear like a woman who has lived so long.

Mrs. Wood was born in Knoxville, Knox County, Tenn., and came to Oregon with her only child, Mrs. James B. Southworth, who is also living, in 1853, in an ox wagon. They went to Hillsboro, where they have always made their home. Mrs. Wood claims to have kept the first hotel in Hillsboro. She cooked and managed the hotel for nearly a score of years personally. It was called the Washington Hotel, Mrs. Wood says, because her father held office under General Washington, and was anxious to perpetuate his memory in some manner.

There is still another distinction connected with the parentage of Mrs. Wood. It will be remembered that some time after the Pilgrims came to America, a shipload of girls were brought over and sold as wives to the colonists for so many hundred pounds of tobacco. Mrs. Wood says that her grandmother was one of the girls who came to America in that way. Her daughter is now 70 years old, and has lost none of her sprightliness. They have a number of old-time relics, among them being a spoon brought over by the Pilgrims, and many other articles which have been in the family a century or longer.

The matter of holding a grand celebration in Portland in 1901, Native Sons' year, was discussed with the result that the pioneers, Indian War Veterans and Native Sons and Daughters present promised to give the matter their most earnest support. The celebration will take place some time next Fall, and will last for a week or ten days. It is for the purpose of raising funds for a monument to the pioneers.

THOSE WHO ATTENDED.

Among the pioneers present at the entertainment were the following. Hon. W. D. Hare and wife, '52; J. W. Wilkes, '45; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Tucker, '52; Henry Wehrung, '52; Dr. T. A. Bailey, a pioneer by courtesy; Mrs. T. A. Bailey, '49; James W. Chambers, '45; Michael Moore, '44; Mrs. Moore, '45; Mrs. Archbold, '45; Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Butler, '46; Isaac Butler, '45; Mrs. Susan J. Brown, '52; Mrs. A. J. Freeman, '45; Peter Brocan and wife, Mrs. M. W. Pittinger, Gabriel Wilkes.

There is no comparison between the characters of Professor O. S. Frambes and Professor T. M. Gatch, who taught in the old Portland Academy and Female Seminary. Frambes was a brute without a particle of sympathy for the children under his charge. That the unmerciful punishments which he inflicted upon little children were not altogether due to an ungovernable temper, is amply proven by the fact that he always had a five-foot raw hide in his desk, which must have been provided in his cooler moments, when these so-called fits overtook him. One of the most brutal and cowardly acts a man was ever guilty of was the infliction of a severe punishment by Frambes on the person of a deformed and crippled girl by the name of Renie Davis, who possessed a most angelic disposition. It is believed by the writer that the punishment he inflicted ultimately caused the girl's death.

Professor Gatch needs no enconiums at our hands. The many prominent men in Oregon who received their education under his tutorship, both at the old academy and at the Willamette University, will all bear witness to his kind and sympathetic nature. He always appealed to the best instincts of a scholar's nature, holding that a failure of this treatment proved the incorrigibility of the scholar. For this reason he is beloved by all his old scholars, while the man Frambes is utterly despised by most of them.

ERROR.

In the October number of the magazine we stated that the children of Hon. W. H. H. Dufur were named Anna B. and Blanch B., when it should have read Andrew B. and Blanche G., the latter being the correct names of his children.

The excitement which always attends a presidential election is now over, and the question of building a monument to the Pioneers and Indian War Veterans of Oregon is now before the people. The grand celebration for the purpose of raising funds for the monument will occur in 1901.

It is now a settled fact that the Native Sons and Daughters will give a grand celebration in the early Fall of 1901. They have commenced already to make arrangements and look for attractions. The celebration is to last eight or ten days.

Write to us what you think of the proposed celebration of Oregon's Native Sons and Daughters in 1901

OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

GEO. H. HIMES, ASSISTANT SECRETARY:

The following communication from James F. Failing explains itself. It is to be hoped others will take the same interest in relation to this matter that those who compiled the list herein have done. A matter of so much historical value has been too long neglected.

PORTLAND, OREGON, NOV. 1900.

Mr. George H. Himes, Assistant Secretary Oregon Historical Society. Dear Sir: Complying with your request for a list of the students of the Portland Academy and Female Seminary, I hand you the enclosure.

This list is of the teachers and students, during the terms of the school while Rev P. G. Buchanan, A. M., and Rev. C. S. Kingsley, were principals, from the commencement of the school in 1851, until the end of Mr. Kingsley's connection with the school as teacher in 1859.

In arranging this list I have had the assistance of Mr. J. W. ("Jim") King and his sister, Mrs. Ellen D Starr, nee King, who, between them, furnished nearly half of the names. As there appears to be no records extant, we were compelled to depend almost entirely upon our memories, and doubtless have omitted many names. I shall be very glad indeed if anyone knowing of omissions would notify you, and thus have the list made a correct one as near as possible. Very truly,

JAMES F. FAILING.

LIST OF TEACHERS.

Following is the list of teachers at the Portland Academy and Female Seminary from its beginning, in 1851, to 1859:

Rev. P. G. Buchanan, A. M., principal from beginning to 1853; Rev. Calvin S. Kingsley, principal from 1853 to 1859; Miss Lizzie Boise, Miss A. Clark, (Mrs. B. P. Cardwell), Miss C. E. Hines (Mrs. A. R. Shipley), Miss Carrie Hull, Mrs. Orlena M. Johnson (nee Cardwell), Mrs. E. A. Kingsley, Miss Kate Quivey (Mrs. A. E. Wait).

LIST OF PUPILS.

Miss Sarah Abrams (Mrs. Harvey A. Hogue), William R. Abrams, George Abernethy, Franklin S. Akin, Icelia Anderson (Mrs. C. W. Sears), Arabella Ankeny, Henry Ankeny, Levi Ankeny, Orinoco Ankeny (Mrs. Vincent Cook), Edwin D. Backenstos, Mary Backenstos, James Backentos, Roseta Barker, Miss Lorena Barker (Mrs. S. Holcomb), Charlotte Barnes, Lucy Barnes, Burris Bartholemew, Rose Bartholemew (Mrs. John Wilson), Samuel L. Bell, Lazarus Bettman, Clarissa Bird, Fannie Black, Charles Erdley Blossom, Mercy M. Blossom (Mrs. J. D. Gordon), Leonora Blossom (Mrs. J. J. Hoffman), Alice Bonnell, Henry Bonnell, Rufus Bonnell, Walter G. Bovakin, Rebecca Brents, Charles F. Burgess, James Brown, Joseph Brown, Margaret Brown, William S. Buckley, Georgiana Burton (Mrs. H. L. Pittock), Helen M. Burton, James Burk, William Barrow, Edward D. Bush, Mrs. Martha Burney, James H. Burk, Mary Ann Buckalew (Mrs. C. P. Ferry), James S. Backenstos, James Campbell, John Campbell, Ann Campbell (Mrs. —— Roe), Charles C. Caffee, Edward T. Caffee, Emma Carroll (Mrs. James Lotan), Charles Carter, Jane Carter, Jefferson Carter, Nancy E. Carter (Mrs. La Fayette Grover), Isabella Carson, Miranda Carson (Mrs. W. T. B. Nicholson), W. W. Carson, Robert Catlin, Seth Catlin, Arthur Chapman, James G. Chapman, Thomas Chapman, Mary E. Chapman (Mrs. H. G. Galbraith), William Chapman, John Chance, Abbie Cline, John Cline, Abbie Coffin, George Coffin, Hezekiah Coffin, Stephen Coffin, Jr., George W. Coffman, Levi Daniel Coffman, Lucy Collins, Edward W. Cornell, Caltha Cotton (Mrs. James G. Dierdorff), Elizabeth Couch (Mrs. R. Glisan), Alexander Creasy, Frances Hull, Eliza A. Humphrey (Mrs. H. Denlinger), Orpha T. Humphrey (Mrs. I. H. Gove), Wolcott J. Humphrey, Henry Ingram, Louisa Ingram (Mrs. Charles Wiberg), Jacob Johnson, Jasper W. Johnson, John Q. A. Johnson, Cornelia Kern (Mrs. Stransbery), Isabella Jane Kern (Mrs. Williams), William J. Kern, Mary Jane Kelly (Mrs. James Aiken), Carrie J. King, Ellen D. King (Mrs. L. V. Starr), James W. King, Marion W. King (Mrs. Dr. S. M. Harris), Frances Kittredge (Mrs. George F. Boynton), Moses Lee, Joe Ben Lane, Martha J. Lee, Winnie Lane, D. W. Litchenthaler, Hannah Llewellen, Frederick Love, Green C. Love, Lewis Love Lafayette Masters, Wilbur Masters, John Mathers, Alexander B. McCready, William H. McDonald, George Maxwell (Kanaka George), Eliza Jane McGuire, Anna McKee, Helen McKee, Miss Annette McLaughlin (Mrs. John Cotter), Wallace McLaughlin, Frances McNamee (Mrs. E. J. Northrup), William McNamee, Harriet Millard (Mrs. H. B. Morse), Henry W. Millard, Levi C. Millard, Miss Mary Millard (Mrs. H. L. Hoyt), Effie C. Morgan, Erastus M. Morgan, Frank Morgan, A. J. McNamee, Samuel A. Moreland, William Moreland, John Mountain, Joseph Mann, Edward E. Morgan, W. D. Nichols, Henry C. Northrop, Nemiah Northrop, Charles W. Parrish, Unity Patton, Anna Pentland (Mrs. S. L. Brooks), Frances Louisa Peters (Mrs. S. B. Morse), James W. Poe, Annie Pope (Mrs. W. B. Laswell), Eva Pope (Mrs. George A. Steel), John Wesley Powell, Leonard J. Powell, Sarah A. Powell (Mrs. H. C. Hill), Susan F. Powell, John Poynter, Theodore Poynter, Edward Pugh, Mary Purple, William S. Powell, Winfield Peters, Boyd P. Quivey, Martha Ranson (Mrs. L. J. Powell), Stephen Ross, C. F. Royal, Mary C. Royal, Edwin Rusell, Mary Russell, Nancy Russell, John B. Roberts, Virginia Shattuck, Olive Simonds, Mary Skidmore (Mrs. C. E. Sitton), Stephen G. Skidmore, Elizabeth Stephens (Mrs. A. M. Loryea), James B. Stephens, Jr., Nancy Stephens, Thomas Stephens, Jr., Charles Starr, Hugh B. Starr, Abiah Starr, Andrew Stewart, Charles Stewart, Albert Sunderland, Mary Cecilia Spencer (Mrs. Stephen A. Young), George Talbot (of Talbot Heights), George Talbot (of Powell's Valley), Miss Mary E. Talbot (Mrs. George E. Halver, of The Dalles), Charles B. Talbot, Alice Talbot (Mrs. N. H. Bird),

Douglas W. Taylor, Sophia Taylor (Mrs. I. W. Pratt), Anna B. Tichenor (Mrs. George Dart), Jacob Tichenor, Charlotte Terwilleger (Mrs. C. H. Cartwright), Hiram Terwilleger, R. Henry Thompson, Lewis Thompson, Almira Watts, John M. Watts, Lewis W. Watts, James W. Weatherford, Lewis C Weatherofrd, Mary Weatherford, William Weatherford, Thomas A. Wood, William Thomas Wright, Joseph R. Wiley, Miss Sarah Jane Watkins (Mrs. L. M. Parrish), George E. Watkins, Henry Young, Samantha A. Cornell (Mrs. McAllister), Wilbur F. Cornell, Albert Morton, Mary E. Robb, Mary Pugh.

PACIFIC NORTHWEST CHRONOLOGY.

In 1824 Dr. McLoughlin and James Douglas arrived at Astoria, and in 1825 the doctor establishes Vancouver, moving there in March of that year. Same situated on the Point Vancouver of Lieutenant Broughton. Called by the Chinooks Skit-so-to-ho, and Ala-si-kas by the Klikitats. Its meaning is "place of mud-turtles."

The proper title of Dr. John McLoughlin was that of Chief Factor. He was, however, called by courtesy the "Governor." The real Governor at that time of the Hudson's Bay Company was Sir H. Pelly, in England, and Sir George Simpson, in Canada. Dr. McLoughlin had knighthood conferred upon him in the '40s. He was made a knight of the Order of St. Gregory by Pope Gregory the XIV.

Dr. William C. McKay was born in 1824. His father, Tom McKay, was of the Astor expedition coming on the Tonquin in 1811. His mother was a daughter of Concomly, chief of the Chinooks. When his mother died, his father married the half-breed daughter of Montoure, the confidential clerk of the Hudson's Bay Company. By this latter marriage a son, Donald, was born.

The first "dude" to come to the Pacific Northwest was J. Lee Lewis, who arrived as an employee of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1824. It is said that though a fop, he was a man of fine appearance, well educated, and possessed of good qualities. He retired from the service of the company in 1846, after having charge of many of their important trading posts, and went to Australia. Not liking that country, he returned and settled in the Red River section. A son of his, A. Lee Lewis, was the first representative to the territorial legislature of Oregon from Vancouver (Clarke) County.

1825—Fort Colville established by Hudson's Bay Company.

Fort Boise, the first fort in Idaho, was established by the Hudson's Bay Company.

1826—David Douglas, Scotch scientist, who found and named the Douglas spruce of the Pacific Coast, discovered the natives cultivating the indigenous tobacco plant of the Columbia River.

1827—The first apple trees grown in the Pacific Northwest were planted at Vancouver, Washington. They sprang from the seed of an apple eaten at a dinner party given in London, England. One of the ladies present, more in jest than in earnest, took the seeds from an apple brought in with the desert, and gave them to Captain Simpson, of the Hudson's Bay Company's Coast service, who was also a guest, telling him to plant them on his arrival at Vancouver. While at a dinner at Vancouver in 1847, the Captain was reminded of the seeds given him and handed them to Bruce, the gardener at the Fort, who planted them in boxes, under glass. With careful nursing and forcing, he soon had some strong, healthy sprouts, which soon bore fruit.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

WALTER J. HOLMAN.

The subject of this sketch was born in the City of Portland, Or., August 5, 1875. His parents were Edward and Mary (DeLin) Holman. His father came to Oregon in 1863, making Portland his home. His mother was a native daughter, her parents being pioneres of 1852. She died in 1879.

Mr. Holman received his education in the public schools of his birth place. Subsequently he became a member of the Edward Holman Undertaking Company, of which he is the secretary. In 1899 he led to the altar one of Oregon's most charming native daughters, Miss Mabel M. Bird. This happy union occurred on October 4th of that year. Their fireside is one where unalloyed contentment dwells. Tney have no children.

He is a member of the Woodmen, Modern Woodmen, Native Sons and the Knights of Pythias. In the latter order, to which he has given more attention than to the others, he has advanced well to the front rank, being a past chancellor of Castle Lodge, of which he is a member, and it is said that the honors received by him were bestowed through merit.

Mrs. Holman first saw the light of day in Yamhill county, the date of her birth being April 27, 1877. Her parents were Nathan and Alice (Talbot) Bird. Her father is a native son of Oregon, and her mother a pioneer, she having crossed the plains in 1849 with her parents when a small child. When Mrs. Holman was quite young her parents removed from their country home to Portland, where they have since continued to reside, and in that city she was educated.

GEORGE F. M'CORKLE AND WIFE.

George F. McCorkle was born in Lincoln County, Mo., September 10, 1819. In 1840, when 21 years of age, he was married to Miss Elizabeth B. Howell, who was born in Granger County, Tenn., in 1822, and who went with her parents to Indiana in 1828, and to Missouri in 1837.

With the first general immigration train in 1843 Mr. and Mrs. McCorkle crossed the plains to Oregon with an ox team. After spending one year in Oregon City, they settled on a donation claim on Howell's prairie, where they each resided until claimed for a higher life. To them were born eight children, four of whom are now living, Isabelle Looney, Josephine Bagless, J. H. McCorkle and Albert McCorkle; also fifteen grandchildren and one grandchild.

The McCorkles were highly respected in the community where they lived so long. In early life Mrs. McCorkle joined the Baptist Church, and a few years ago became a member of the Christian Church.

Mr. McCorkle died in July, 1891, and Mrs. McCorkle on September 26th, last. With the passing away of the McCorkles we are reminded that it is only a question of a very short time when the brave, sturdy, honored pioneers of Oregon will all have joined the great majority on the other side, "in that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns."

CHARLTON BRISTOW PERKINS.

The young man whose name stands as the caption to this sketch was born in Eugene, Or., December 20, 1875, and received a common school education in the public schools of that place and Llewellyn. He enlisted in the United States Navy September 18, 1896; was rated as navigation writer, and assigned to duty on the U. S. S. Monadnock. He took an active part in the Spanish-American war, also in the suppression of the insurrection in the Philippines. During the memorable attack by the Insurgents on Manila, February 4, 5, and 6, 1899, when the city and surrounding country were wrapped in lurid flames, and smoke from burning buildings and nepa huts, making it impossible to signal between the Navy and Army, he and two of his companions were detailed by the Captain of the Monadnock to communicate with the Army, and deliver an important message in order that the guns of the ship, which were being rapidly fired at the Insurgents, might not interfere with our advancing forces.

They were taken in a steam launch as near the shore as the boat could approach for shallow water, when they waded ashore and ran nearly half a mile through a galling fire from the Insurgents' guns, delivered the message to Lieutenant Truman, of the Army, and returned to the ship without receiving a scratch or a wound. For this act of bravery they were highly commended by the Captain. At the present time he is a naval clerk in the Cavite navy-yard, Philippine Islands.

When the Monadnock was ordered to Hong Kong for repairs, in April, 1899, he took a trip to Canton and other interior cities of China, and wrote a series of articles on the silk culture and other industries of the "Flowery Kingdom," which was extensively published in the country and attracted wide-spread attention. His

letter to the Lowell (Mass.) Pan," giving an account of the "Cruise of the Monadnock" in her hazardous voyage of 8000 miles across the Pacific from San Francisco to Manila, "startled all Lowell," and atracted much attention in the East.

♣

HENRY W. PRETTYMAN.

The well-known pioneer whose name gives title to this brief sketch is a native of Delaware, having been born in Sussex County, in that state, July 31, 1839. His parents were Dr. Perry and Elizabeth H. Prettyman, who were among the earlier settlers of the Pacific Northwest. In 1842 Mr. Prettyman removed to Missouri with his parents, and in 1847 came across the plains with them to Oregon. The family resided in Oregon City until the fall of 1849, when a donation land claim was located opposite Portland, some three miles east of the Willamette River. At that time their claim was well covered with timber, but is now adorned with the elegant suburban homes of Portland people.

At that time there were only two families, those of James B. Stevens and Rev. Clinton Kelly, living near them. Then educational facilities were very limited in this locality, the log schoolhouses being few and far between. Mr. Prettyman's parents were, however, well educated, and, through their home teaching he acquired the greater portion of his earlier education, finishing latterly in the public schools.

The professional services of his father, one of the very few physicians then here, being in great demand from far and wide, the sons were kept at home to attend to the cultivation and improvement of the farm; and it can be said they brought it to the fore in a manner highly creditable to them. In 1863, however, Mr. Prettyman started out for himself, going to the mines in Idaho. In 1864 he returned to his old home and began business as a nurseryman and florist. From a small start his endeavor grew to a large and thriving enterprise, which he relinquished in 1888 for a very considerable sum to other parties, and he now lives upon the income from his earnings.

While engaged in business, he sought to bring his venture to an advanced state in all ways, and, through close attention and time devoted to experimenting and culture of new varieties, his efforts resulted in the introduction of many before unknown species, among them being the famous Oregon cherry.

In 1868 Mr. Prettyman was married to Miss Rachel D. Vandevort, whose parents were pioneers of 1852. She remained the joy and comfort of her home until April 25, 1900, when she was called to a higher life, greatly mourned by her husband and a surviving child, and regretted by a numerous circle of friends.

Mr. Prettyman became so well known as a leader in fruit culture that the office of president of the American Pomological Society for Oregon came to him unsought. This honorable position he held for five years. He devotes considerable of his hours of ease to hunting, etc., and is considered one of the best wing shots on the Pacific coast. Being a leader among those who believe in the protection of game in the state, his influence toward the enactment of laws for that purpose has been very great. He is at the present time deputy state game warden and forester and deputy state fish commissioner for Multnomah county. With him these offices are not sinecures, nor is favoritism by any means shown to those who consider themselves above the law. In perfect accord with his principles, he so performs his official duties as to demonstrate the amenability of all, be they of high or low degree.

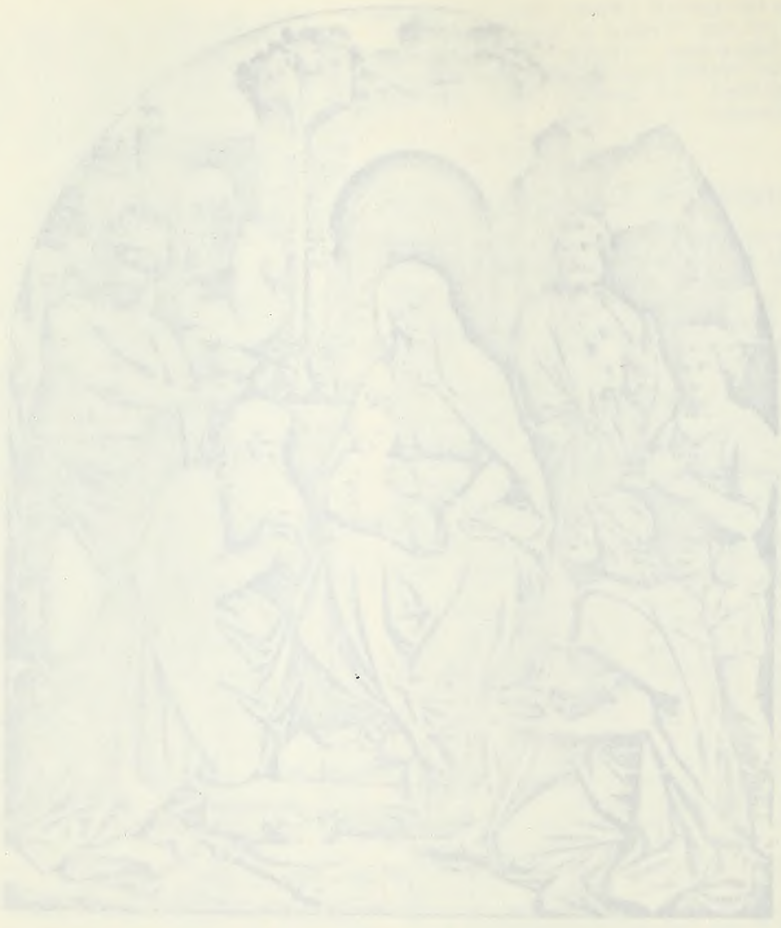
Mr. Prettyman resides on a portion of the old donation land claim, now better known as Mount Tabor, where he is surrounded by every convenience and comfort. His daughter, Sadie, makes her home with him. The family have been consistent members of the Methodist Church, and recognized as being among those who have always practiced the greatest of all commandments—charity.

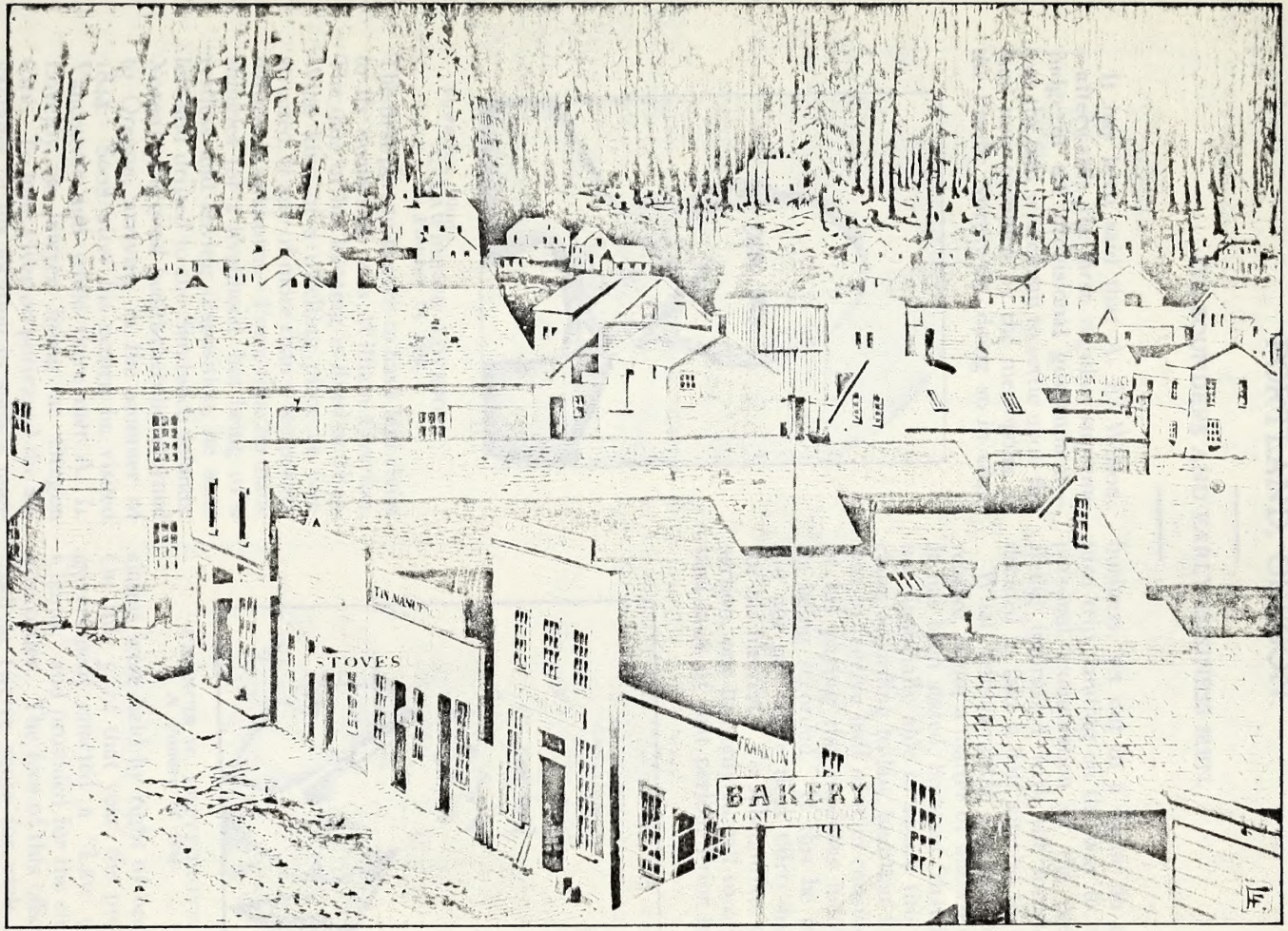
WANTED.—May, August and September number of the year 1899, and May numbers of 1900.

CHRISTMAS.

Meekly, before that humble door,
  Three veiled kings bend low,—
The stars above the city's street
  A path of glory shows:
A Caravan of dreams arrives,
  To bear the Babe away:
So wondrous is this miracle
  That happens every day.

Nellie Evans.



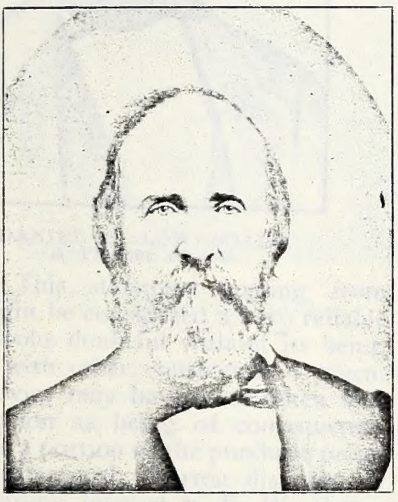


Buchtel, Photo. PORTLAND, OREGON, 1854. View from Front and Washington Streets.

PORTLAND, OREGON.

ITS FOUNDERS AND EARLY BUSINESS MEN.

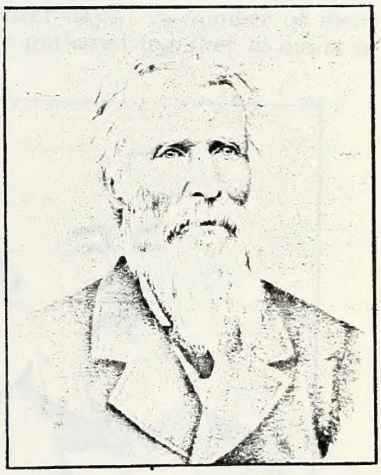
It has been said that A. E. Wilson, —afterwards the first regular supreme judge of the provisional government— was the first white man to settle upon the land now occupied by the metropolis of the Pacific Northwest, doing so in 1842.



Thwaites, Photo.
A. LAWRENCE LOVEJOY.
A Pioneer of 1842.

The first person known to have laid claim to its ownership was William Overton. The date of his locating is fixed at 1843. What kind of a dwelling place he constructed, if any of more than a temporary nature, is unknown. For a time he made shingles for a livelihood, but being of a restless and roving disposition, he soon left and drifted to the Sandwich Islands. Not enjoying good health there he returned to Oregon, arriving in the summer of 1844. Soon after his return he visited Vancouver and while there met A. L. Lovejoy, a lawyer living at Oregon City. To him, Overton portrayed the advantages of his location in such a manner, that he was induced to entertain the idea of stopping off to look at it on his way home, and, after concluding his business, set out in a canoe on the return trip, landing on the way to make a personal examination of the premises. Being impressed with the location, he decided to take a half interest therein.

What remuneration Overton was to receive, is not a matter of known record. It has been stated, however, that he was not financially able to secure title to the claim according to law, and that Lovejoy was to receive half of it in consideration of his paying the expenses incident to its being recorded. If this be true, he did not pay more than thirty-six cents for his interest. To substantiate this assertion, one has only to call to mind the land laws of that period. Prior to 1843,



FRANCIS W. PETTYGROVE.
A Poneer of 1843.

claims were held by right of occupancy. On July 5, of that year, the provisional government enacted a "Law of Land Claims," and provided for the election of a recorder. The fees of this official were fixed at twelve cents for each hundred words of any instrument of land boundaries presented for record. It is hardly probable that the length of the docu-

ment necessary for Overton to file, in order to protect his title to the claim, exceeded three hundred words, and the fess in consequence, thirty-six cents, as

DANIEL H. LOWNSDALE.
A Pioneer of 1845.

stated. This statement coming from what might be considered a very reliable source, looks doubtful without its being coupled with other consideration given. Legal advice may have been taken into consideration as being of consequence, and made a portion of the purchase price.

Soon afterward Overton disposed of his remaining interest to F. W. Pettygrove, an Oregon City merchant, for an "outfit" costing about fifty dollars, giving it out that he was going east. Further of him, history relates but little. It has been said that he came across the plains to California in 1841, and from there to Oregon in 1842 or 1843. No doubt it was the latter year, and that he came in the employ of Joseph Gale, who, at that time, brought up a band of cows, the purchase price of the schooner Star of Oregon. One writer in speaking of him says: "This man Overton stalks through the twilight of these early annals like a phantom of tradition, so little is known of his history, character or fate." Others state, that subsequent to his selling out to Pettygrove, he wandered east and southward, finally reaching Texas, and there winding up his earthly career at the end of a rope.

At this time the site was covered with a dense growth of fir, cedar, hemlock and a few maple trees. Historic page and remembrance of events given by those familiar with the hour, generally state that the first house built stood at the foot of Washington street. Mrs. Lovejoy, however, claims that it was located on the ground now occupied by the St. Charles Hotel. It was a store building and dwelling combined. The walls were of logs hewn smooth on the inner surface and weather boarded on the outside with riven planks; flooring of puncheons and chimney of sticks and mud. It was considered an imposing structure, and its old chimney, standing like a sentinel of promising future greatness, was looked upon with as much pride in those days, as the present inhabitants view the high uplifted tower of the Oregonian building.

This structure was erected for Pettygrove, and when ready to put together, there was the usual house raising familiar to pioneer days. A number of menfolks were gathered together to assist in

BENJ. STARK.
A Pioneer of 1846.

the work, coming to the scene in canoes or batteaux. In the latter was stored a bountiful supply of good things to eat, and feasting was mingled with the labor of the hour. Instead of occupying for

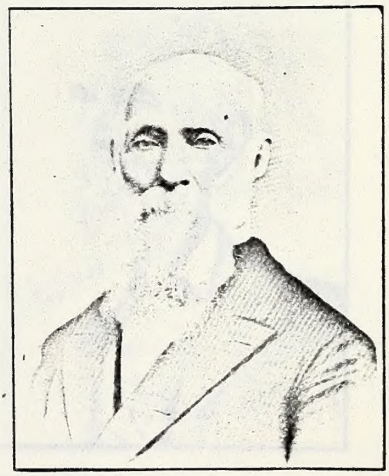
protection against ray of sun, they were seated beneath the shadows of the noble firs; the green sward beneath served as a tablecloth and maple leaves for napkins.

Browning, Photo.
GEN. STEPHEN COFFIN.
A Pioneer of 1847.

As soon as the situation would permit, the store room was stocked with goods and the dwelling made habitable. In charge was placed George Bell formerly a clerk with Pettygrove & Co., of the falls city, but now their representative in their branch house in Portland. With him came his wife, the first white woman to set foot upon the location. If she wished to receive calls from, or pay a visit to the "400," a trip to Vancouver or Oregon City, where her nearest neighbors lived, was necessary. A short time subsequently, the new place received a name, the selection being made during the course of a dinner at Oregon City. Lovejoy was from Massachusetts and wanted it called Boston; Pettygrove came from Maine, and desired that it should be called Portland. It was agreed to leave the issue to the toss of a copper penny, no doubt then the only one in Oregon. Pettygrove won, and the townsite was christened Portland.

Genl. A. L. Lovejoy came across the plains as far as Waiilatpu with the emigration of 1842. On his arrival there Dr. Whitman induced him to return east with him on his memorable trip, the object of which has been the subject of much difference of opinion. On their reaching Bent's Fort, here, owing to unforseen circumstances, Lovejoy was compelled to remain until the following spring, when he again set his face westward, reaching Oregon City in 1843, when he began the practice of law. He figured much in the early politics of the territory; was twice a candidate for the office of governor of Provisional Oregon, but was defeated both times by Geo. Abernethy. He served the commonwealth in various official positions with ability; was identified with the earlier railroad development and labored assiduously for the promotion of the public weal as a private citizen.

Francis W. Pettygrove proved an efficient and energetic partner. He came here in 1843 in the bark Victoria with a stock of goods. Finding Oregon City, where he located, to be inaccessible to sea going craft, and believing that Portland was, he entered into its establishment in earnest. In 1851, prospects for bettering his fortunes on Puget Sound



COL. W. W. CHAPMAN.
A Pioneer of 1847.

seemed alluring, and, selling out his interests here, he with others loaded a vessel and set sail for new fields, becoming one of the founders of Port Townsend;

protection against ray of sun, they were covered beneath the shadows of the noble firs; the green sward beneath served as a tablecloth and maple leaves for napkins.

As soon as the situation would permit, the store room was stocked with goods and the dwelling made habitable. In charge was placed George Hall formerly a clerk with Ivtzgrove & Co., of the falls city, but now their representative in their branch house in Portland. With him came his wife, the first white woman to set foot upon the location. If the wished to receive calls from or pay a visit to the "300," a trip to Lafayette or Oregon City, where her nearest neighbors lived, was necessary. At about time subsequently, the post place received a name, the selection being made during the course of a dinner at Oregon City. Lovejoy was from Massachusetts and wanted it called Boston; Ivtzgrove came from Maine, and desired that it should be called Portland. It was agreed to leave the issue to the toss of a copper penny, no doubt then the only one in Oregon. Ivtzgrove won, and the townsite was christened Portland.

Capt. A. L. Lovejoy came across the plains as far as Wallulatin with the emigration of 1842. On his arrival there

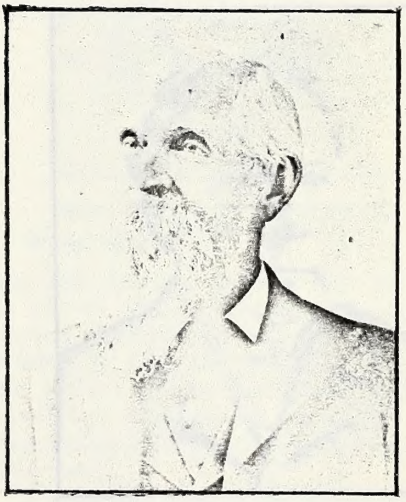
its first merchant and life-long leader in business circles. Portland lost a good citizen and a worthy man by his departure. He was judge of the district court

Browning, Photo.
CAPT. JOHN H. COUCH.
A Pioneer of 1840.

of Clackamas district in 1844-45, resigning in the latter year.

While the preliminary work of clearing the new site was done in the main by hired help, it is said that both Lovejoy and Pettygrove took off their coats and assisted in furthering it. They could not well give the enterprise which makes success crown one's efforts at an early date, and for the reason that the legal business of one and the traffic of the other stood in the way. The growth of Portland therefore lagged along until 1845, when greater activity than formerly was apparent. In this year streets were laid out and some sixteen blocks platted, Thomas A. Brown, assisted by James M. A. Terwilliger, doing the surveying. The lots were sold at a very nominal figure and often given away to those who would improve them. n 1847 Job McNamee jumped the claim, but finding that his plans of occupancy and for valid title, could not be secured to him, abandoned his attempt to hold it.

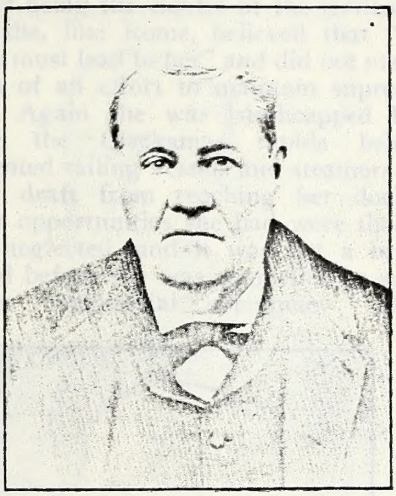
Quite a large emigration arrived during the year both by sea and the plains across. Among those coming was a future U. S. senator, Benj. Stark, as supercargo of the Tulon, Capt. Nathaniel Crosby, master. Soon after his arrival Stark purchasd the interests of Lovejoy, and in 1848 Petttygrove transferred his interests to Daniel H. Lownsdale. The purchase price in the latter sale was $5,000 worth of leather. Upon the consummation of the transfer, Lownsdale disposed of his tannery, situated a little distance back, to other parties and devoted himself entirely to making Portland the emporium of the Pacific Northwest. After a time he became convinced that his endeavor needed assistance, and he took into partnership Stephen Coffin and subsequently W.W.Chapman was admitted to the firm. As long as Lownsdale lived he took a lively interest in the city, contributing to the churches, schools and social state with a liberal hand. Gen'l Coffin came to Oregon in 1848 as a passenger on the bark Sequin. He was one of those men whose noble presence, courtly bearing and generous natures, made him friends wherever he went. Being a practical business man,



Tonman, Photo.
AMOS N. KING.
A Pioneer of 1845.

his work in furthering the best interests of the city, was most conspicuous. He always treated the emigrants arriving in a kind and friendly manner making

them welcome to his home. In danger he was to the fore, and when the Yakima Indian war broke out in 1855, he was one of the first to move for the defense of

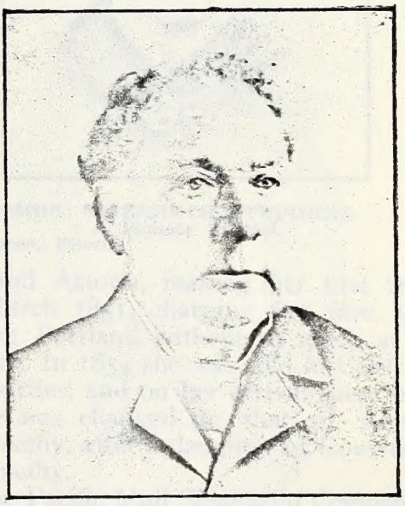


JAMES M. A. TERWILLIGER.
A Pioneer of 1845.

the settlers. There were plenty of volunteers, but no funds for transportation and he provided a steamer largely at his own expense, never making any claim upon the government for the outlay. If he had of done so, it is not probable that it would have been paid, as justice in this respect has never been given the volunteer soldiers of our early Indian wars. In 1861 he was appointed by Governor Gibbs, brigadier-general of the state militia, a post at that date demanding an able man. He filled the trust with credit to the state and to himself.

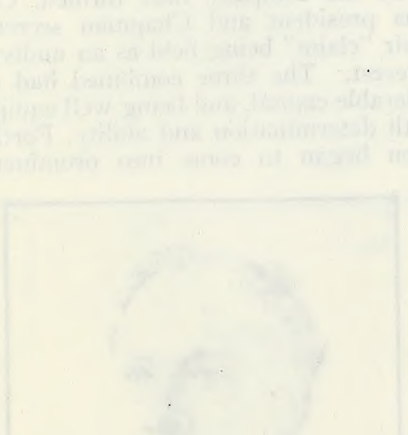
Col. Chapman had achieved no little distinction previous to his coming to Oregon. He had been a district attorney of Michigan, and when Wisconsin was set off from that state as a territory, became its U. S. district attorney, and when Iowa was separated from it as a territory, its citizens, so well pleased with him, elected him the first delegate to congress therefrom. He participated in the Indian wars of 1855-56 as lieutenant-colonel, showing himself as brave as the bravest. He incouraged improvements both local and in general throughout the state and Pacific Northwest in which enterprise he spent a fortune, not for private gain as the facts plainly show, but for the public good. At his pioneer home was to be found the only library of consequence in the city in early years, and all residents, or others desiring, were welcome to share it with him and be made comfortable by his fireside. He was certainly the best friend Portland ever had, and his like will never be known again. This article could not be written without giving him frequent mention and then but a moity of his worth to the community would be spoken. The record of his life would fill a volume, and it is to be regretted that in these pages the space for mention of him is confined to fewest words.

Of the company thus formed, Coffin was president and Chapman secretary, their "claim" being held as an undivided interest. The three combined had considerable capital, and being well equipped with determination and ability, Portland soon began to come into prominenece

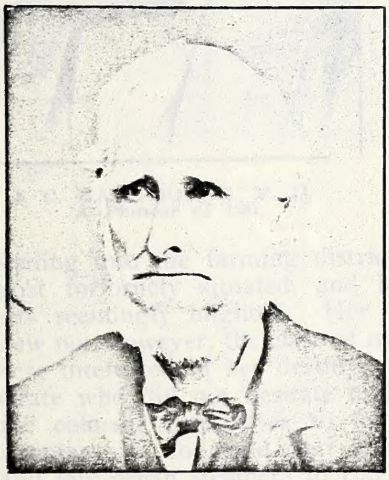


Moore, Photo.
WILLIAM SHERLOCK.
A Poneer of 1850.

dangerous to the prospects of the older settled places. Vancouver had so long been surrounded by the influence of the Hudson's Bay Company that the Ameri-



cans would take but little interest in its welfare, in consequence of which it was not listed as a rival of any of the prospective cities. Oregon City had become so swelled up with pride from the fact of her being the capitol of the territory, that she, like Rome, believed that "all roads must lead to her" and did not make much of an effort to maintain supremacy. Again she was handicapped because the Clackamas rapids below prevented sailing vessels and steamers of large draft from reaching her docks. What opportunities she had were therefore neglected, and it was but a brief period before she was compelled to surrender commercial supremacy Milwaukie, under the guiding hand of Lot Whitcomb, Capt. Jos. Kellogg and Wm. Torrence, made the race lively for a time. They had a splendid site, nurseries near, a newspaper and a saw mill at whose wharf shipping came to load with cargoes. Their profits on the sale of lumber being so great that they were soon able to purchase the old ship Lausanne, including engines for a steamer which were on board. Being possessed of the necessary machinery, Whitcomb determined to build a river racer to make sure the advantages of his townsite. In the enterprise he enlisted the co-operation of Berryman Jennings and S. S. White, the three costituting the original owners. By Christmas day, 1850, the task was finished, and the steamer Lot Whitcomb, as she was called, slid down the ways into the river. Jacob Kamm, one of the city's millionaire steamboat proprietors and veteran engineers, put her machinery together. A difficult task, as it was knocked-down on its arrival, and the only tools to be had here at the beginning was a bellows and an anvil. He, however, went to work, forging his own tools and accomplished the undertaking, and, upon completion, was her engineer for a considerable time. This boat was very commodious and swift. She at first ran between Milwaukie and Astoria, making her first trip in March 1851, charging $15 fare, ignoring Portland without so much as a salute. In 1854 she was sold to California parties, and on her arrival there her name was changed to that of Annie Abernethy, after a daughter of Governor Abernethy.

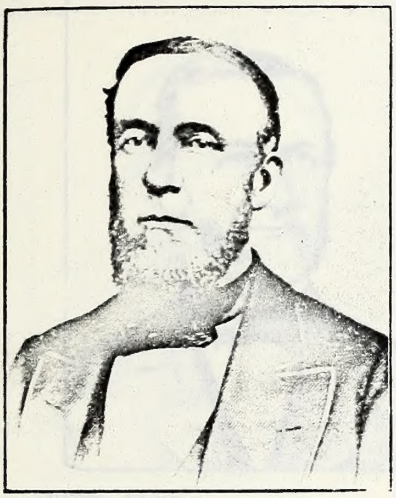


JAMES B. STEPHENS.
A Pioneer of 1844.
Moore, Photo.

MRS. ELIZABETH STEPHENS.
A Pioneer of 1844.
Moore, Photo.

The Pacific Mail Steamship Company, who first selected Astoria as their Oregon terminal, bought large interests at St. Helens and transferred the head of navigation for their line of steamers running to San Francisco to that place, bringing it into a position of formidable rivalry. With Milwaukie above as the

terminal and head of navigation for river craft, and St. Helens below standing likewise for the ocean steamers, Portland without steamers or even a wagon

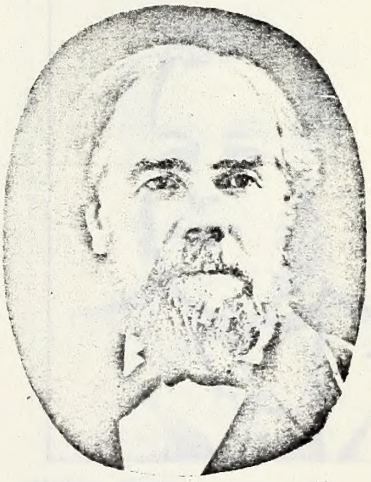


J. C. HAWTHORNE, M. D.
A Pioneer of 1857.

road leading into the farming districts, was most forlornely situated, and her prospects seemingly blighted. Her rivals knew not, however, the class of men who were interested in her destiny, the triumvirate who did not hesitate to inaugurate colossal enterprises to battle for advantages. To build and equip river and buy ocean steamers to run in opposition to rival towns, would appear almost an impossibility in that early day, but all these things were accomplished, principally by the triumvirate, but greatly assisted by individual residents of the city. Misfortune followed in the ocean steamer venture through the treachery of San Francisco parties owning stock therein; but the endeavor put forth, coupled with the undaunted courage of the triumvirate, taught the promoters of rival townsites that it was dangerous to enter into contests with them and forced them, out of self interest, to recognize Portland and establish their terminals there, and by 1851 the public eye became firmly fixed upon her as the coming commercial city of the Pacific Northwest, and its rivals sank at once into the position of villages. Besides these undertakings, the opening of a road over the mountain to the farming country west, was accomplished. This latter enterprise without doubt did more than any thing else to fix the metropolis where it is.

To Lownsdale, Coffin and Chapman, belongs the credit of laying surely and well the foundations of Portland's subsequent prominence as a commercial center. In doing so, they were public spirited to a fault. Among their generous deeds, donating for park and for other purposes properties for the general benefit of all. In this respect, their good wives, who shared with them in making the bequests, should not be forgotten when honor is conferred and praises sung. All of the three, together with the pioneer mothers who made their firesides glow with welcome by their kindly words and smiles benign to frequent callers, now lie silent in the tomb, but their worth to Portland will ever remain one of the brightest pages of its history.

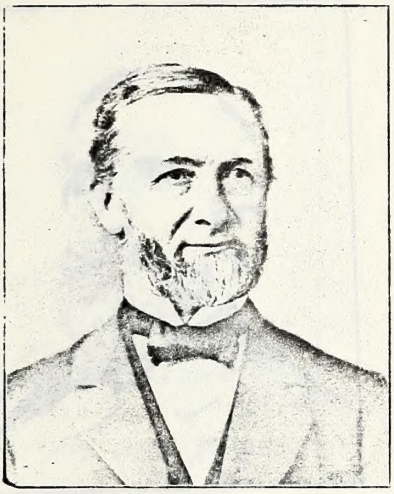
The next in the order of ownership of properties upon which the city is located was Capt. J. H. Couch, who first



CAPT. WM. IRVING.
A Pioneer of 1849.

arrived in Oregon in 1840 as master of the Maryland, at that time Portland being unknown. In 1846 he took up a claim which is now known as Couch's Addi-

tion. From the moment he bid adieu to the wave to become a resident of the city until his death, he was one of the best and most enterprising of Oregon's pio-



Moore, Photo.
HENRY W. CORBETT.
A Pioneer of 1851.

neers and citizens of Portland. He was for a term treasurer of the provisional government; the first appointee to the office of U. S. inspector of hulls, a position he retained until his decease. He also served in an official capacity under the state, Multnomah county and the city. In each and every trust confided to him, never did a custodian more wisely, honestly, and with greater fidelity fulfill the duties devolving upon him. In public employment, so in private life. He was also genial and whole-soled in disposition that he was personally known and esteemed, not only by all residents of the city, but wherever his business called him throughout the Union. Through him the city is probably indebted for the numbering among its progressive men, Capt. Geo. H. Flanders, his brother-in-law, and Cicero H. Lewis, his son-in-law. Capt. Flanders was his partner in business for some years, and, like him, made every effort to add to Portland's commercial supremacy. The first vessel going to China from Portland with a cargo, was dispatched by them. Capt. Couch and Benj. Stark under the firm name of Couch & Co., also advertised themselves as bankers and wholesale and retail merchants. This was probably the first banking done in the city.

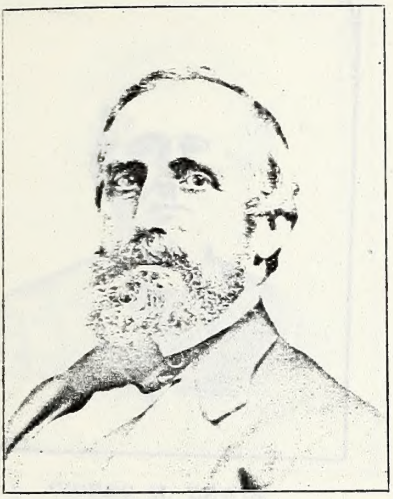
Immediately north of Capt. Couch settled Fred Ramsey, whose claim was afterwards sold to various parties and is known as Blackistone's, Wilson's, Sherlock's, and other additions. On the south of the city proper was the claim of Wm. Johnson, now known as Caruther's addition. It is said that he settled thereon as early as 1843, building his cabin near the corner of Curry and Kelly streets. It is also claimed that he was the only permanent settler below the falls of the Willamette to its mouth until the building of Pettygrove's store.

He was the only one of the original locators of the land upon which the city stands that had an Indian woman for a wife. In 1847 he abandoned his claim and in 1850 his squatter's rights were purchased by Mrs. Elizabeth Caruthers (Thomas) and her son Finice Caruthers, who proved up on it. Mrs. Caruthers under the name of Thomas. She would

Moore, Photo.
HENRY FAILING.
A Pioneer of 1851.

not, however, be called by this name for reasons best known to herself. The history of these purchasers is somewhat romantic, principally through the pecu-

larities of the mother, and by reason of litigation over the estate subsequent to the death of both of them. The relationship of the son to his mother was ques-

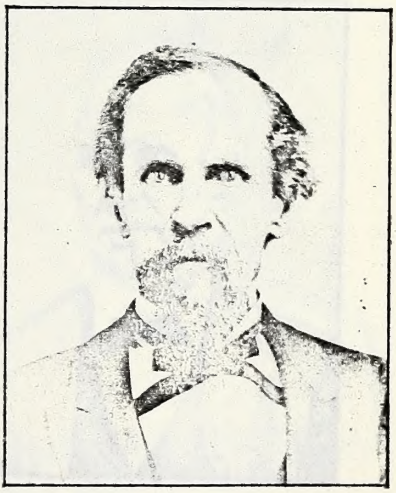


Moore, Photo.
WM. S. LADD.
A Pioneer of 1851.

tioned at her death, but the suit brought to disprove his being her son was dismissed. Upon his death without leaving a will or known heirs, parties went east to find one. Their efforts brought to the front as a claimant, one Joe Thomas, or "Wrestling Joe," who testified that he was the husband of Mrs. Caruthers, winning his suite, but afterwards denied it and exposed a fraud. The land in question has all been platted, the first twenty blocks by Finicé Caruthers and the remainder by the company succeeding to the interests of "Wrestling Joe." South of the Johnson claim was that of James M. A. Terwilliger, a man who built the second log cabin in the city and the first dwelling not connected with other building. On the southwest, now known as Portland Heights, Thomas Carter, one of the city's earlier merchants located. On the west, by purchase in 1849, Amos N. King secured a claim which has been platted and upon the greater portion of the same are situated hundreds of elegant residences. Adjacent properties to these mentioned have been platted and improved upon, dwellings, manufacturies, hospitals and other buildings closely set together, extending the city limits far and wide.

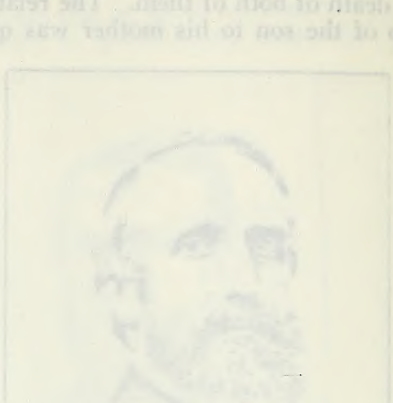
The earliest claimant to the land on the east side of the river, was Eteine Lucier, a French-Canadian, formerly in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company, settling there as early as 1829. He did not remain there long, removing to French prairie. Among the first pioneers to settle in this section was James B. Stephens, Jacob Wheeler, Capt. William Irving and others. Up to 1891 the east side was under a separate city government and known as East Portland. Other municipalities now a portion of the city, also located on that side of the river, were under individual control, they being Albina, Sunnyside, and Sellwood. During that year they were with the city on the west, consolidated under the name of Portland. The additions and additions upon additions known to the east side are without number and cannot be severally spoken of within the scope of this article and mention only will be given to the claims of the first settlers.

What is considered the original site

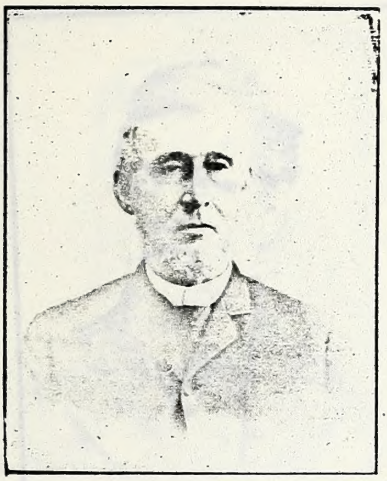


McAlpin, Photo.
CAPT. JACOB. KAMM.
A Pioneer of 1850.

of (East) Portland is situated upon the land claim of "Uncle" Jimmy Stephens, a porton of which, however, was sold in acreage to Dr. J. C. Hawthorne, who af-



terwards platted it as Hawthorne's addition. To the north of his claim was that of Jacob Wheeler. He platted it as Wheeler's addition, but soon afterwards



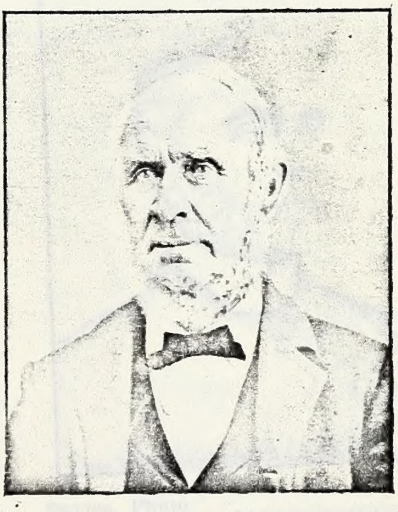
CICERO H. LEWIS.
A Pioneer of 1852.

sold the greater portion to interests controlled by Ben. Holladay, the latter replatting the purchase as Holladay's addition. On the north of this claim lay that of William Irving which has been laid off into lots and blocks under the name of various additions, the principal one being Irvington addition. On the north of this claim was that of James Thompson, upon which is located the greater portion of the city formerly known as Albina.

James B. Stephens was a pioneer of 1844. He was a cooper by trade and for the first year after his arrival made barrels at Oregon City. These were purchased by the Hudson's Bay Company which filled them with salmon, beef, and flour for shipment to the Sandwich Islands. In 1845 he bought at administrator's sale a deceased squatter's right to the claim which was subsequently patented to him. He began early in the ferriage business across the river, at first transporting travelers over in a canoe, then by huge sweep of oars and then by mule-power. The first written opinion delivered by the supreme court, of which there is any record, was one denying him a license to operate his ferry. He continued in this business for some seventeen years when he sold it out. He was always a firm friend of the public school system, giving liberally of his properties upon which school houses could be erected. He was progressive in his ideas, fostering and encouraging all plans for improvement.

In '56 the first cider manufactured in the city was made by him. His cider-mill, then a new invention, was the subject of no little gossip throughout the state. Farmers discussed the matter over their pipes, telling one another that it would grind sixty bushels of apples, $420 worth, per hour, for apples were selling that year for $7 a bushel.

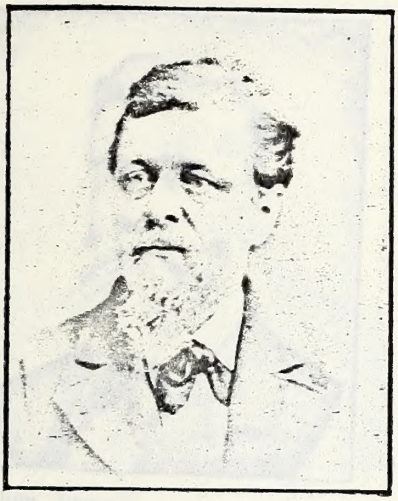
Crossing the river in an early day was somewhat dangerous. The story is told of the first ferryman's being forbidden by the proprietor of the east side to land passengers upon his premises; the crossing was made in a canoe in the face of a loaded shotgun in the hands of the man on the opposite side; however, the ferryman, upon pretence of shipping his oars, suddenly produced a rifle and under its



Kroft, Photo.
CAPT. JOSEPH KELLOGG.
A Pioneer of 1849

protection the passengers were landed unmolested. The mule-power ferry was considered in its day quite an advance over the more primitive methods of run-

ning a ferry. The first of the boats propelled in this manner had a tread-mill arrangement fixed in the middle of the boat, and paddle-wheels placed on each



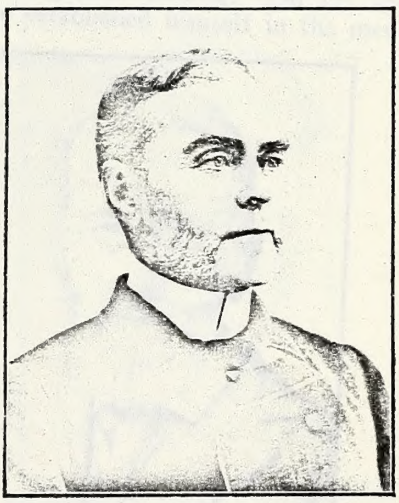
Tollman, Photo.
EDWARD J. NORTHRUP.
A Pioneer of 1852.

side. When the mule started the wheel would revolve, and with the aid of a long oar at the boat's end, steered to the opposite bank. Latterly an improvement was made—a tread mill being placed on each side of the boat and two mules used to work them. The terminal on the east side of the river was first located at the foot of East Oak (old J) street, but aftrwards removed to East Stark (old L) street. One of these old boats was called the Black Maria, and rightly named. In the absence of paint she was covered with tar, and on a hot day there was difficulty in gettng loose, if one got against it with their clothing.

One morning at an early hour a traveler came down to the river, wishing to get across. Finding the captain of the craft absent, and being a little under the influence of stimulents, he concluded to run the boat over without the missing skipper. All went very well until he reached the middle of the stream when the mules ceased to work their tread-mills with the same speed and the boat went circling round and round, the man forgetting to use the oar at the end as a stearing apparatus. He ran from mule to mule cursing each in turn to make them work together, but without effect, all the time floating down the stream. The captain finally came to his rescue in a small boat about the time of his reaching Swan island, and after union of cursing and application of club well laid in the back of the mules, at last arrived at the ferry slip on this side, where a rest had to be taken for several hours. The captain was so exasperated that he forgot to ask the traveller for his ferriage and the traveler never likd to have his experience in navigating a ferry boat referred to by his friends. He was at the time and likewise for years, a river steamer captain.

Jacob Wheeler was a quiet, though substantial citizen, and while he lived in (East) Portland, was ever ready to assist any endeavor for its upbuilding. He removed to California many years ago where he now resides.

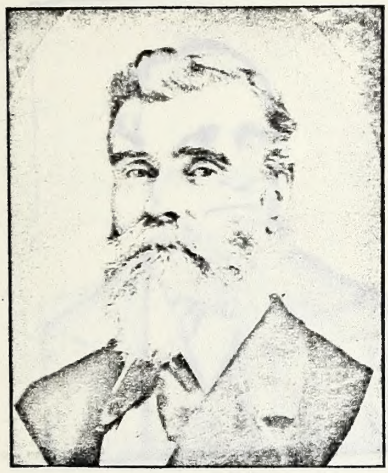
Capt. William Irving arrived here in 1849, as master and part owner of the



Davies, Photo.
JOSEPH A. STROWBRIDGE.
A Pioneer of 1852.

bark Success. On this vessel he brought a small steamer, known as the little Eagle. This steamer he placed on the Portland-Oregon City route where he

ran her for a time then sold her to other parties. Later he bought the Express, and, associated with others, owned a number of equally well-known pioneer



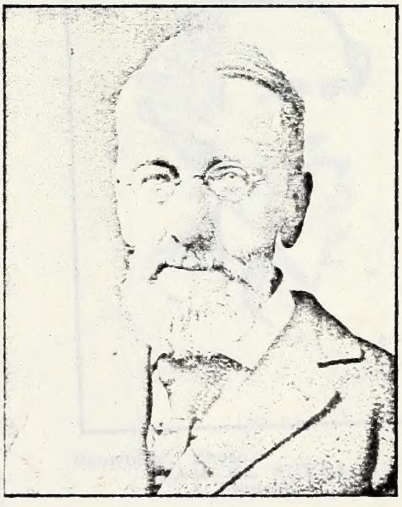
McAlpin, Photo.
JUSTUS M. STROWBRIDGE.
A Pioneer of 1853

steamers. In 1859 he disposed of his transportation interests here and removed to Victoria where he continued a like avocation until his death. The properties which comprise his donation claim have been improved, in the main, by his surviving widow. She has erected and owns some of the best and most commodious docks along the river front.

While our article treats more especially of the original Portland, its eastern after accessions cannot be well dropped without mention of Dr. J. C. Hawthorne and Capt. James H. McMillan. The former was ever, not only one of the foremost citizens of the community in which he lived, but of Oregon as well. He conducted for years an insane asylum on the contract plan for the state, and to his credit be it said that the patients under his charge received the best of care, treatment and consideration. The doctor's influence never failed a good cause, and where improvement, the public weal or sweet charity needed a champion, he was always counted among those in the front ranks.

Capt. McMillan was a pioneer of 1845. All he had between himself and starvation on his arrival was a fifty-cent piece and a determination to make an honest living. For the first two years he applied himself to various pursuits for a livelihood, and in 1847 was employed by Dr. McLoughlin to construct a bridge from the main street in Oregon City over the basin used by the doctor as a boom for logs. Upon this bridge was placed eight hundred and fifty feet of railway, made out of two-by-four scantlings, and bar iron one-half-by-two inches. This was the first railroad in the state, or west of the Rocky mountains. He served in the Indian wars with credit, finding his own horse and blankets, and the government did not contribute to the "ration" store. He obtained his realty on the east side of the river through purchase. Since acquiring it he had it platted and it forms one of the attractive residence portions of the city.

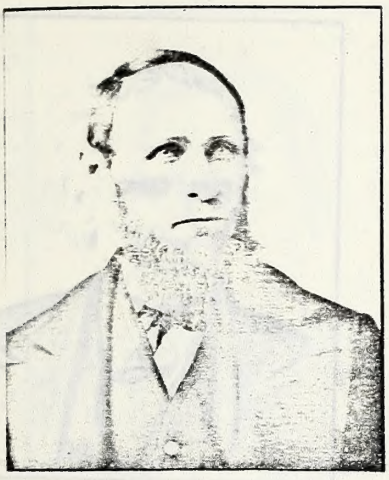
One of the early residents of the city who brought to Oregon much mature business experience and also a full knowledge of metropolitan life and manners, was Josiah Failing. On his arrival he established himself in the mer-



SAM'L A. CLARKE.
A Pioneer of 1850.

cantile business under the firm name of J. Failing & Co., his son Henry being his partner. In 1871 the firm was consolidated with that of H. W. Corbett, also

engaged in general merchandising, under the name of Corbett, Failing & Co. This firm soon began to deal exclusively in hardware. Latterly the stockholders

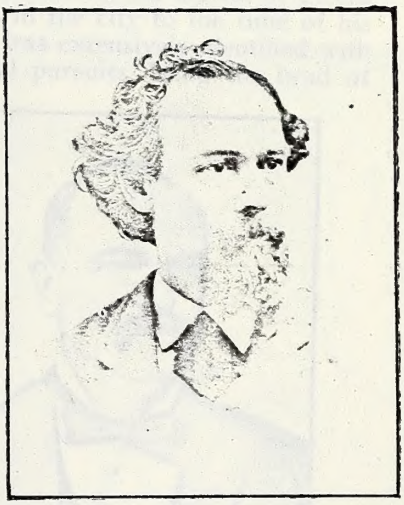


Hoyt, Photo.
GEORGE W. SHAVER.
A Pioneer of 1850.

of this firm and those interested in the firm of Foster & Robertson, a like enterprise, pooled their stock, and organized a new company which absorbed both of the old ones. This house took for name that of Corbett, Failing & Robertson, the managing partner now being Wm. E. Robertson, who came here with his parents when a child in 1855. Before these changes had, however, taken place, Mr. Failing retied from active business life. In 1853 he was mayor of the city and has otherwise been somewhat identified with public affairs.

At a very early day he gave his attention to the subject of Portland's public schools, maintaining through life a constant interest in them. Indeed, he may well be called the father of the public schools in this city. In his honor the Failing school was named. His life, prolonged even beyond the three score years and ten of the psalmist, was ever an example of well-doing. His industrious career was an honest one and none had greater consideration for the rights and interests of others than he possesed. He was always one of the most liberal and firm supporters of the Baptist church, of which he was a member. His labors and actions, in all their parts, might well be studied with a view of imitation by a people desirous of progress; for they were of that useful character which makes a city great and worth living in.

Among the early pioneers to Portland the lives of four have been so closely interwoven with its growth that their careers constitute a great portion of its history. Each of whom tied his fortunes to the single issue of its success; each depended absolutely upon its future for his own future, and its rise marked their rise from a position of very moderate circumstances to that of being the wealthiest men of the Pacific Northwest. These four men, it is needless to say were Henry W. Corbett, Wm. S. Ladd, Henry Failing, and Cicero H. Lewis. There are still other men who have achieved great wealth, each in their own particular line, and are entitled to prominent place among the builders of the city. Some were cut down by the scythe of time before Portland attained her

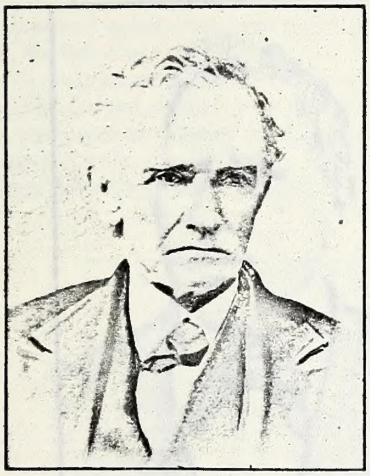


Browning, Photo.
SAMUEL SHERLOCK.
A Pioneer of 1850.

present prominent position; some lingered yet a few more years and a few remain as actively as the weight of advanced age will permit, still doing what they can for the city's increased com-

engaged in general merchandising, under the name of Corbett, Failing & Co. This firm soon began to deal exclusively in hardware. Latterly the stockholders

mercial advantages. Among them may be mentioned Hiram Smith, Capt. J. C. Ainsworth, Jacob Kamm, Simeon G. Reed, R. R. Thompson, John C. Carson,

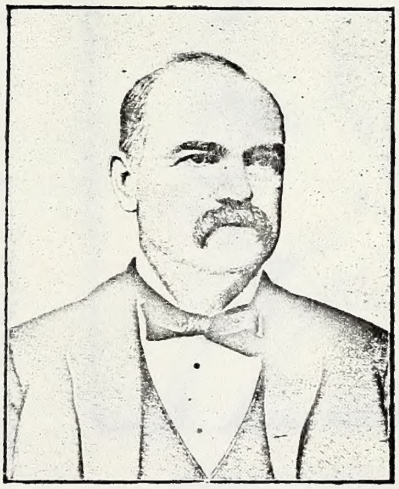


Browning, Photo
THOMAS J. DRYER.
A Pioneer of 1850.

Joseph A. Strowbridge, Justin M. Strowbridge, Capt. Joseph Kellogg, Edward J. Northrup, P. A. Marquam, Henry L. Pittock, H. W. Scott, Simon Blumauer, Geo. W. Shaver, John Wilson, Wm. Sherlock, Sam'l Sherlock, W. W. Baker, the veteran newspaper man, and others.

We have not the space to portray the characters, business life, or political walk of Henry W. Corbett, Wm. S. Ladd, or Henry Failing, since their becoming residents of the city as they should be, nor yet give but briefest mention to the great benefits the city derived through their coming here. Their business affairs were not confined within the limits of their great financial institutions; to connection with mercantile concern or individual effort in making the city substantial and beautiful with high uplifted building of stone and brick or palatial mansion. Hardly any enterprise, no matter how great the magnitude, but what they were in some manner connected with it, pushing to make them not only profitable, but to add impetus to enterprise and give employment to labor at wage worthy of the hire. Religious institutions were not forgotten; both public and private schools received marked attention, and charity—the giving of which makes mankind truly good and great, was ever in their minds eye. Among the many charitable institutions in the city there are but very few but what they were instrumental in founding as well as their greatest and life long beneficiaries. Quietly and unknown they gave; and on public subscription for relief of suffering humanity, for the benefit of the public their names headed the list in amounts far larger than those lower down thereon. Since the annual meetings of the pioneers have been held in Portland, over fifteen years, they have each contributed $100 per year for the entertainment of these noble men and women who builded our fair state. To enumerate all their acts for the general good cannot here be done. Mr. Ladd and Mr. Failing have both served as mayor of the city, and Mr. Corbett, the state, as United States senator, and all, the community in various other ways redounding to its benefit and their credit.

From the date of the arrival of Cicero H. Lewis in the city to the time of his death, he was extensively identified with commercial pursuits, being the head of



HARVEY W. SCOTT.
A Pioneer of 1852.

the princely wholesale grocers and commission house of Allen & Lewis. The business of this firm has always been

conducted on the strictest lines of integrity, and wherever known, and it is a household word in the Pacific Northwest, no claim of unfair dealing has ever

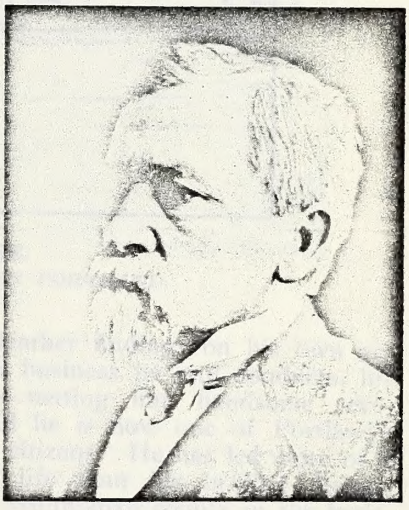
Aune, Photo.
SIMON BLUMAUER.
A Pioneer of 1852.

been charged against it. Mr. Lewis was a man of keen perception, excellent judgment and tireless energy. While he was connected with transportation corporations as well as other enterprises in a greater or less degree, he gave his main endeavor to his mercantile affairs, leaving the management of other holdings to his associates in such enterprises. In every phase of life he was plain, unassuming, sympathetic, and charitable. It is seldom that a public spirited man goes through life without holding public trusts, especially when emoluments are linked with the office. Mr. Lewis was an exception in this respect, for he never would accept but one position, and that without salary, it being a member of the water commission of the city. While the duties of this position were not arduous, it required brains to fill it well. His services on the board were invaluable to the community.

The first steamer built within the limits of the harbor was constructed by A. S. Murray, John Torrence, and James Clinton in 1853. She was given the name of Portland. When completed she was taken to the upper Willamette and ran there until 1857, when she was lost, being carried over the falls and dashed to pieces, drowning her captain and a dockman.

Of those who were engaged in steamboating in pioneer days, were Jacob Kamm and Joseph Kellogg. From the earliest infancy of such enterprises here until river traffic had grown to immense proportions they were leaders. Cut off from the interior except by wagon road and river, until recent years, this section of the Union could not have made the progress which it has without the untirnig energy of just such progressive men as they have been. Though one long since left the pilot house and the other has ceased to run the engines, both have continued during the intervening years, down to the present date, to link their walk of life to river transportation, both owning the larger interest in different lines now running out of the city.

The consolidation of various interests of river transportation brought together the nucleus and after prominence of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company.



HENRY L. PITTOCK.
A Pioneer of 1853.

Over this great corporation the master minds of Ainsworth, Reed, Thompson, Kamm, and Ladd kept watch. The two latter dictated to a great extent the finan-

conducted on the strictest lines of integrity, and wherever known, and it is a household word in the Pacific Northwest, no claim of unfair dealing has ever

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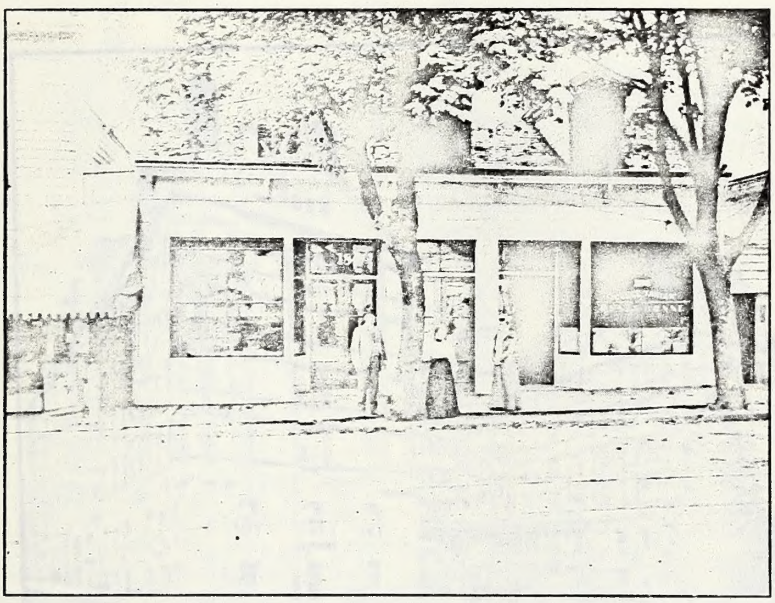
The first steamer built within the limits of the harbor was constructed by A. S. Murray, John Ferrens, and James Clinton in 1853. She was given the name of Portland. When completed she was

cial policy, and the first three looked after the active management, Capt. Ainsworth being the president and the controlling force. All became millionaires, and all but one spent a portion of his means in the erection of fine business blocks and otherwise improved his property in the city.

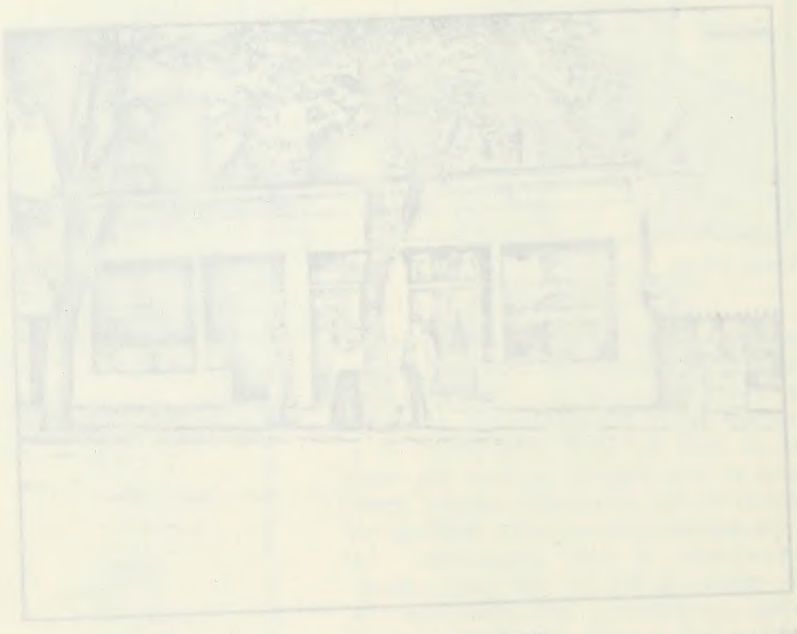
Another pioneer noted for his urbanity, generosity and ability was Hiram Smith. He was wealthy prior to his coming to Oregon and, it is said, used much money assisting other emigrants to reach the progress of Portland is due. In season and out of season they worked for its upbuilding and adornment. For a few years they were partners in business, but afterwards the firm was dissolved, Justus engaging in the shipping business in Idaho where he made a handsome fortune and returned again to Portland and has since been unoccupied in trade. Joseph entered into partnership with the late C. M. Wiberg, and carried on an extensive boot and shoe business for several years, and then took up deal-



Aune, Photo. THE CROSBY HOUSE.
FIRST FRAME DWELLING BUILT IN PORTLAND.

here. To the poor and unfortunate in the city he was an angel of deliverance, and made a specialty of putting broken or dispirited men on their feet again. Since his death unknown benevolence has come to light, and his gifts during the Oregon Indian wars, for the relief of settler and wounded soldiers and many other acts of noble charity and philanthrophy, reflect a world of credit upon his own name, but no less upon Portland.

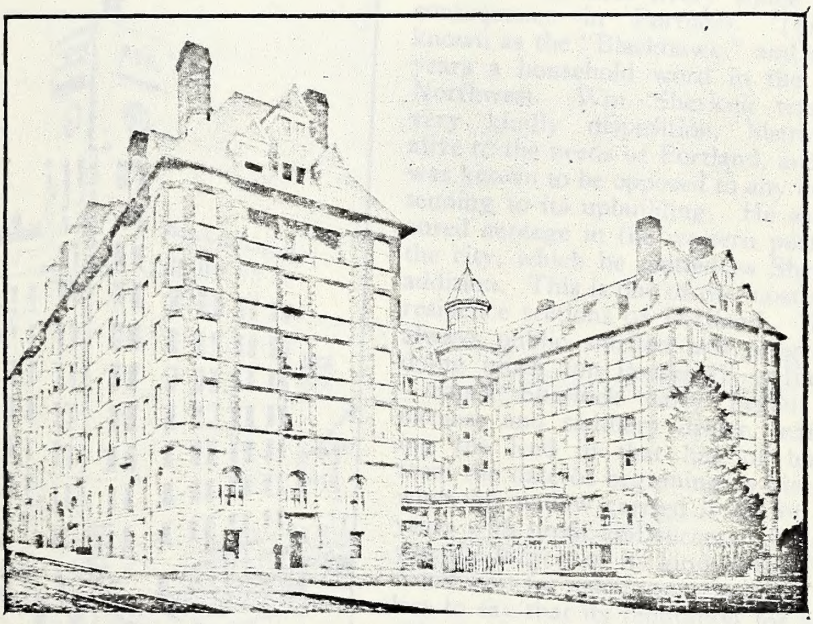
To the Strowbridge brothers much of ing in leather findings on his own account, a business he still conducts. his ventures netting him handsome revenues and he is now one of Portland's wealthy citizens. He has led more of a political life than his brother Justus, serving Multnomah county in the legislature, as a representative with ability, and as school director of Portland, in the latter position taking a much more lively interest in educational matters than the average man who has a vote in the conduct of schools. These brothers



are regarded as being shrewd, practical business men, and their reputation as honorable gentlemen of the highest integrity has been firmly established, and they possess the respect and confidence of all. To public religious and charitable endeavor they contribute their full share, and in some instances have distributed their means in a most liberal manner. They were deeply interested in the efforts to build the Portland, Dalles and Salt Lake Railway, an enterprise spoken of on another page of this number of this magazine.

dent to the welfare of Portland he never was a laggard, but always progressive and liberal. His son Louis was the first Jewish boy born in the city; another, Sol, is the efficient grand president of the Native Sons, serving a second term.

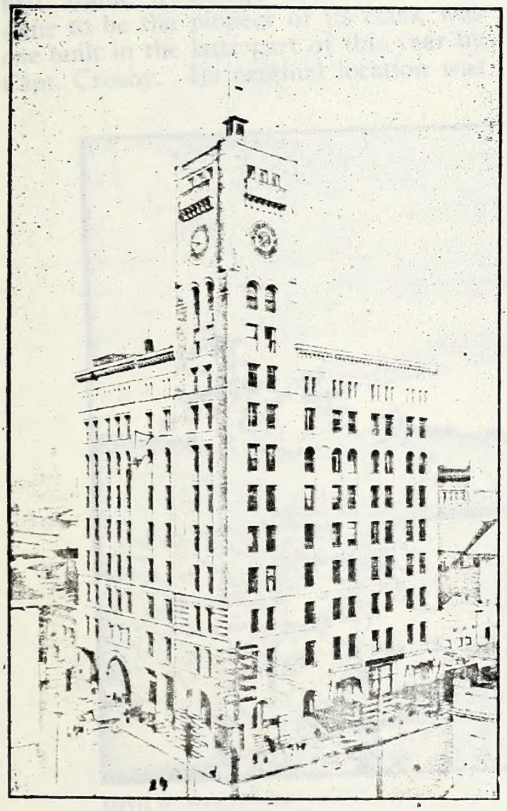
Among the many who have died in Portland leaving the city better for having lived in it the name of Edw. J. Northrup deserves no mean place. He came here in 1852 to clerk for his father, Nelson Northrup, who had preceded him by a couple of years, and in 1856 began business on his own account with J. M. Blos-



HOTEL PORTLAND.

The first of the Jewish race to locate in the city were Goldsmith & May, merchants, in 1849. Following them came a few others, but all soon left. The first to come and remain, were the Blumauer brothers, Joseph and Simon, arriving in 1851-52. Since the coming of Simon he has been connected with merchandising, in some of its leading branches, either actively or with his sons relieving him of the burden of the work, leaving him to give that valuable advice which years of experiene teaches one. In matters incisom as a partner. The hardware business thus established grew into what is now known as the Honeyman, DeHart Hardware Company. For some twenty years he engaged in this trade, his name always being at the head of the firm, when he disposed of his interests on account of failing health. A few years later he opened out in the carriage and wagon material line, but his career was cut short by reason of the fracture of his skull through a fall. Thus in the prime of life was taken suddenly from his fam-

ily and friends one who did much to build up his adopted city and state not only in a commercial way, but also in a moral one. He was always found on the right side of all movements for the moral uplifting of his fellowmen. His integrity and moral worth were fully appreciated by all who knew him, and his business affairs throwing him into contact with business men from all parts of the Pacific



Routledge, Photo.
THE OREGONIAN BUILDING.

Northwest, those acquainted with him were numbered by the score.

Judge P. A. Marquam, one of the city's best citizens, has long been identified with its progressive interests, and one of the finest structures within its limits, containing under its roof commodious store rooms, hundreds of offices and a magnificent theatre, was built by him, and is known by his name. He has served the city and county in various official capacities ably and well.

John C. Carson, another well-known business han for many years of the city, has always been active in educational, religious, and political circles, holding many important positions within the gift of the citizens. He has never borne the name of "doctor" but is as much entitled to the title as many of theose who came to Oregon along about the same date as he did, for he all but graduated in medicine before his arrival.

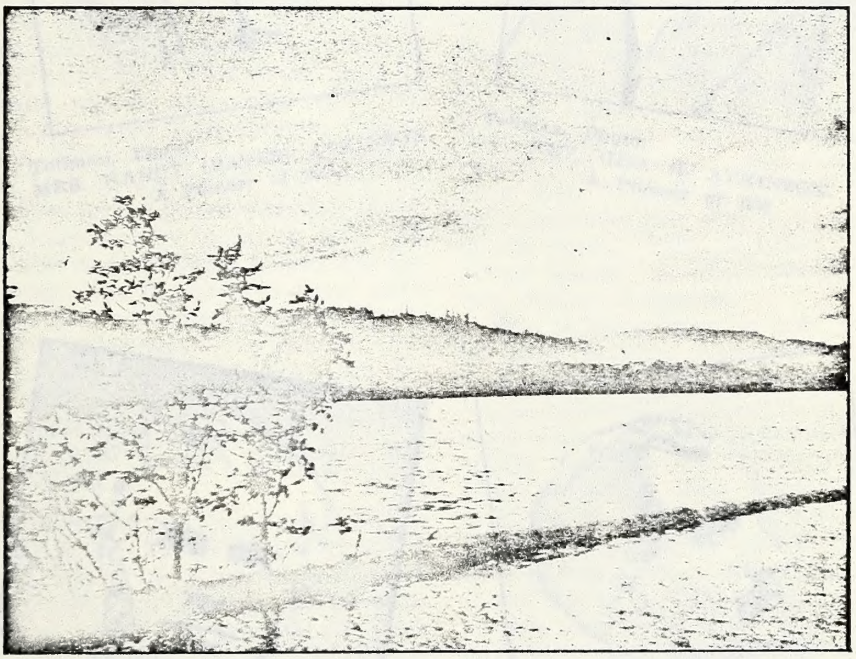
Wm. Sherlock, with C. P. Bacon, established the first livery stable of any consequence in Portland. This was known as the "Blackhawk," and was for years a household word in the Pacific Northwest. Wm. Sherlock was of a very kindly disposition, liberal, and alive to the needs of Portland, and never was known to be opposed to any measure tending to its upbuilding. He early secured acreage in the western portion of the city, which he platted as Sherlock's addition. This is one of the most sightly residence sections of Portland. He was always public spirited and progressive, doing much for Portland's welfare.

Sam'l Sherlock early began as a harness and saddlery dealer, maintaining the lead in that line of business from the date of beginning to his death, when his widow carried it on for many years with profit and success. This firm was the largest of its kind in the Pacific Northwest for many years, and it is needless to say that its reputation for honorable dealing was of the very best. Mr. Sherlock was a leader in the Masonic fraternity while in the city and alive. Portland lost one of her progressive men when he died.

James M. A. Terwilliger first took up a claim now known as the Prettyman donation, but traded it to James Davidson for a horse, and it in turn, together with a few dollars extra, for the six hundred and forty acres comprising the claim afterwards patented to himself. He was descended from Holland-Dutch ancestry, about the only representative of that people in the city for a number

of years subsequent to his arrival. In his heart was a tender spot for the needy and he never turned away when public or private assistance was brought to his attention.

Following the earlier structures, came others of like character, log houses being in fashion up to 1847. In this year buildings of a more pretentious appearance began to be erected. Among the first frame dwellings and claimed by some to be the pioneer of its class, was one built in the lattr part of this year by Capt. Crosby. Its original location was east. Carpenters were paid $15 per day to put it together, and were in no haste, making the building very expensive. Several early marriages were celebrated under its roof, among them being those of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. DeWitt and Gov. and Mrs. Pennoyer. Mrs. DeWitt, formerly Mrs. Polk, was the first occupant, Capt. Crosby's family not coming until sometime subsequent to its building. In these days it was looked upon with as much pride as the Hotel Portland is by the present residents. This dwelling of antique grandeur is in part occupied by



Orvil W. West, Photo

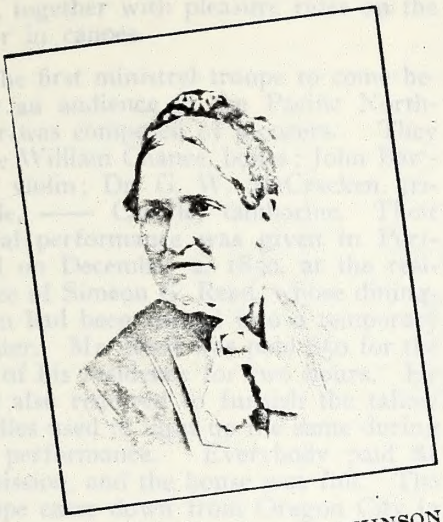
THE WILLAMETTE.

"From the Cascades frozen gorges,
Leaping like a child at play,
Winding, winding through the valley,
Bright Willamette glides away;
Onward ever,
Lovely river,
Softly calling to the sea;
Time that scars us,
Maims and mars us,
Leaves no track or trench on thee.

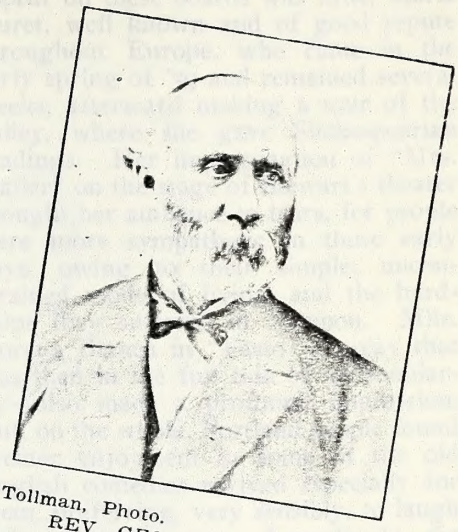
on the southwest corner of First and Washington streets, but now stands on Fourth near the corner of Yamhill. The doors, windows, and weather-boarding was brougt around the Horn from the

the publishers of this magazine. The Grand Secretary of the Native Sons of Oregon also has an office therein.

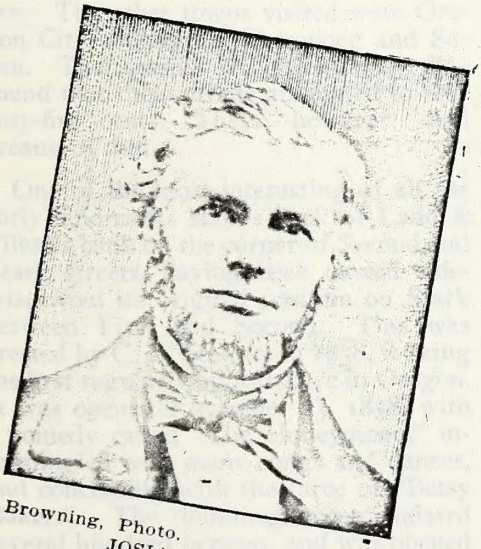
The first amusements were of the class known to frontir life, consisting of can-



Tollman, Photo.
MRS. NANCY (BATES) ATKINSON.
A Pioneer of 1848.



Tollman, Photo.
REV. GEO. H. ATKINSON.
A Pioneer of 1848



Browning, Photo.
JOSIAH FAILING.
A Pioneer of 1851.

Browning, Photo.
EMIL BORIES, M. D.

dy pulls, quilting bees, surprise parties, etc., together with pleasure rides on the river in canoes.

The first ministrel troupe to come before an audience in the Pacific Northwest was composed of pioneers. They were William Chance, bones; John Bartlett, violin; Dr. G. W. McCracken, triangle, —— Carlyle, tamborine. Their initial performance was given in Portland on December 2, 1850, at the residence of Simeon G. Reed, whose dining-room had been turned into a temporary theater. Mr. Reed was paid $50 for the use of his residence for two hours. He was also required to furnish the tallow candles used to light up the same during the performance. Everybody paid $1 admission, and the house was full. The troupe came down from Oregon City in a canoe, but, in order to save expenses, walked back to that place. On reaching Milwaukie, on the return trip, they found a mill located there to be on fire. All water near at hand being frozen into ice they fought the flames with snow balls, and with them succeeded in quenching the fire. The other towns visited were Oregon City, Butteville, Champoeg and Salem. The season being ended, they found that their profits amounted to seventy-five cents. They, however had oceans of fun.

One of the most interesting of all the early landmarks stands back of Ladd & Tilton's bank on the corner of Second and Stark streets, having been moved sidewise from its original position on Stark between First and Second. This was erected by C. P. Stewart in 1858, it being the first regularly built theatre in Oregon. It was opened November 23, 1858, with a comedy called "The Honeymoon," intermingled with many songs and dances, and concluding with the farce of "Betsy Baker." The building accommodated several hundred persons, and was opened nightly, Stewart's wife, Mrs. Lizzie Gordon Stewart, and her sister, Madame Louise Gordon, helping to furnish entertainment for such devotees of the stage as were not too tired to go after their day's work of felling fir trees or baking bread.

The first tragic actress of any note to appear on these boards was Mlle. Marie Duret, well known and of good repute throughout Europe, who came in the early spring of '59 and remained several weeks, afterward making a tour of the valley, where she gave Shakespearian readings. Her impersonation of "Mrs. Haller" on the stage of Stewart's theater brought her audience to tears, for people were more sympathetic in those early days, owing to their simple, unconstrained mode of living, and the hardships they suffered in common. Mlle. Duret's Bianca in "Fazio"—a play that was then in the full tide of its popularity—also made a profound impression. But, on the whole, Portland people found greater enjoyment in some of the old English comedies revived especially for them, preferring, very sensibly, to laugh rather than to weep. Accordingly, she gave them "The Love Chase," wherein her Constance was said to be the finest in the world, "Lady of Lyons" and the "Four Sisters," in which she personated four distinct characters.

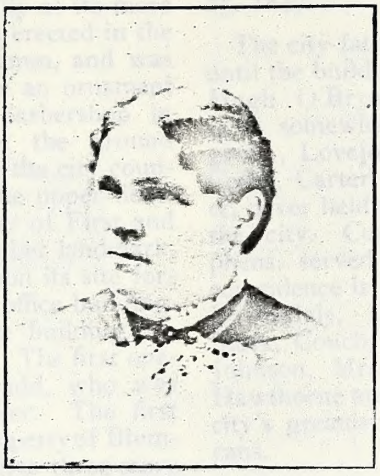
This building has also been the scene of many political triumphs and public demonstrations. Benjamin Stark, United States senator from Oregon in 1861-62, made more than one democratic speech within its walls. In the remakable political conflict in 1860, when Col. E. D. Baker on the side of the republicans, and Delazon Smith on the side of the Breckenridge democrats, made their great canvas of the state. Baker's election was a notable one, for he was the first republican senator ever elected to a distinguished office on this coast. Joseph Lane, United States senator from Oregon, and candidate for the vice presidency with Breckenridge at the time of the secession, also made speeches in this theater, as well as Col. Nsmith, another one of Oregon's pioneer senators, whose memory she justly holds in honor.

It will thus be seen that this old ramshackle building is a landmark of no ordinary importance, intimately bound up as it is with a most momentous period of Oregon's early history, and the scene, many times over, of the most intense emotional excitement.

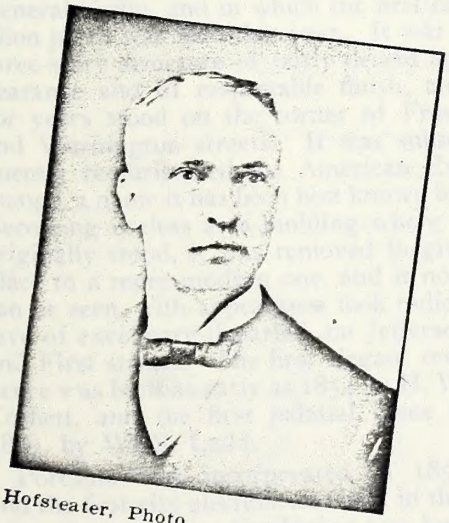
ds, pulls, quilting bees, surprise parties, etc., together with pleasure rides on the river in canoes.

The first minstrel troupe to come before an audience in the Pacific Northwest was composed of pioneers. They were William Clance, bones; John Barfoot, violin; Dr. C. W. McCracken, triangle, —— Carlyle, tambourine. Their initial performance was given in Portland on December 2, 1850, at the residence of Simeon G. Reed, whose dining-room had been turned into a temporary theater. Mr. Reed was paid $50 for the use of his residence for two hours. He was also required to furnish the tallow candles used to light up the room during the performance. Everybody paid $1 admission, and the house was full. The troupe came down from Oregon City in a canoe, but, in order to save expenses, walked back to that place. On reaching Milwaukie, on the return trip, they found a mill located there to be on fire. All water near at hand being frozen into ice they fought the flames with snow balls, and with them succeeded in quenching the fire. The other towns visited were Oregon City, Butterville, Champoeg and Salem. The season being ended, the minstrels found that their profits amounted to seventy-five cents. They, however, had had oceans of fun.

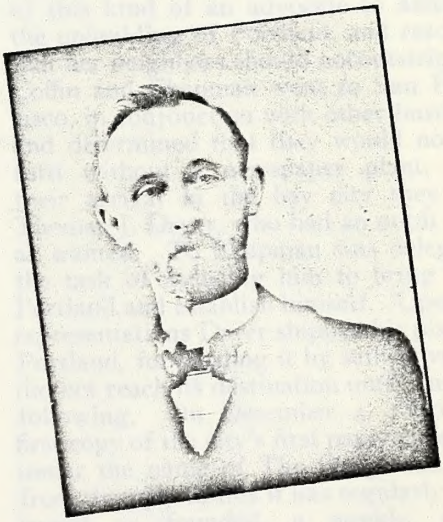
One of the most interesting of all the early landmarks stands back of Lamb & Tilton's bank on the corner of Second and Stark streets, having been moved somewhat from its original position on Stark between First and Second. This was erected by C. P. Stewart in 1853, it being the first regularly built theatre in Oregon. It was opened November 23, 1853, with a comedy called "The Honeymoon," interspersed with many songs and dances, and concluding with the farce of "Lesty Baker." The building accommodated several hundred persons, and was opened nightly, Stewart's wife, Miss Lizzie Gordon Stewart, and her sister, Madame Louise Gordon, helping to furnish entertainment for such devotees of the stage as were not too tired to go after their day's work of felling fir trees or laboring on the farm.



Browning, Photo.
MRS. SARAH FAIRBANKS KING.
A Pioneer of 1852.



Hofsteater, Photo.
WILLIAM P. OLDS.



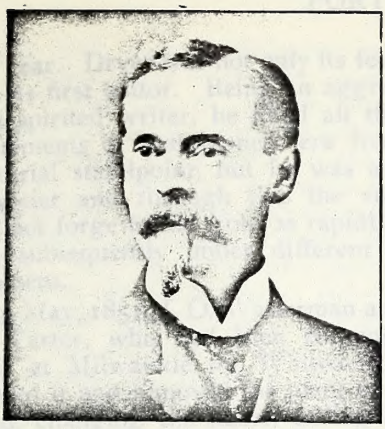
Hofsteater, Photo.
CHARLES W. KING.

The old shack of a building standing on the northeast corner of First and Washington streets, where faded sign-boards, ragged awnings, and broken windows stare apologetically at its more pretentious neighbors, was erected in the earlier fifties by Jacob Kamm, and was considered in its day quite an ornament to the city. The first barbershop in Portland was located on the ground floor of this structure, and the city council, for a time, occupied the upper floor. South of this, on the corner of First and Morrison, now stands another landmark, the Occidental Hotel. Upon its site formerly stood the first post office building. The first two-story frame building belonged to Thomas Carter. The first one-story brick, to W. S. Ladd, who was Portland's first real banker. The first two-story brick was the property of Blumauer Brothers, and the first three-story one to Benj. Stark. In the matter of hotels and lodging houses, the early accommodations were of the most primitive character. The old California house is said to have been the first regular hotel. The first, however, of any consequence was the Canton House, built in 1851, by General Coffin, and in which the first cotilion party was held that year. It was a three-story structure of fairly decent appearance and of respectable finish, and for years stood on the corner of Front and Washington streets. It was subsequently re-christened the American Exchange, a name it has been best known by. Becoming useless as a building where it originally stood, it was removed to give place to a more modern one, and it now can be seen, with appearance look indicitave of excellence departed, on Jefferson and First streets. The first elegant residence was built as early as 1854 by H. W. Corbett, and the first palatial home in 1859, by W. S. Ladd.

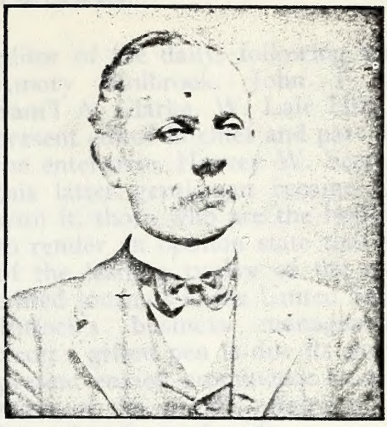
Portland was incorporated in 1851, and the first city election was held in that year, the votes cast numbering two hundred and twenty-two. Until 1854 it was in Washington county, and that portion on the east side of the river in Clackamas county. In that year Multnomah county was organized and Portland became its county seat. It is a curious fact that the first document recorded in Washington county was a bill of sale of a Portland lot, the date of the instrument being October 25, 1849.

The city fathers met in rented quarters until the building of the present city hall. Hugh O'Bryant was the first mayor. It is somewhat remarkable that Pettygrove, Lovejoy, Lownsdale, Chapman, Coffin, Carter, Stark, King, and Wheeler, never held an office within the gift of the city. Couch, Carter, Coffin, Stephens, served as councilmen. Another coincidence is that Lovejoy, Prettygrove, Lownsdale, Chapman, Coffin, Carter, Stark, Couch, Wheeler, Stephens, King, Johnson, Mrs. Caruthers and her son, Hawthorne and Ladd, who have been the city's greatest proprietors, were Americans.

Up to 1850 Portland was without a newspaper. The Spectator, the pioneer on the Pacific coast, had been published at Oregon City since 1846, and Milwaukie possessed a journal called the Western Star, established November, 1850. The ambitious triumvirate saw the necessity of this kind of an advocate to assist in the upbuilding of Portland, and resolved that her neighbors should not outstrip her. Coffin and Chapman went to San Francisco, in conjunction with other business, and determined that they would not return without a newspaper plant. On their arrival in the bay city they met Thomas J. Dryer, who had an outfit such as wanted. To Chapman was delegated the task of inducing him to bring it to Portland and establish himself. Upon his representations Dryer shipped his plant to Portland, forwarding it by sailing vessel, did not reach its destination until a month following. On December 4, 1850, the first copy of the city's first paper appeared under the name of The Oregonian, and from that day to this it has regularly been issued as founded, a weekly, every week. It was a sheet of four pages with four columns to the page. Thomas and Arthur, sons of Col. Chapman, and Henry Hill, distributing it throughout the city. The subscription price at that time was $7

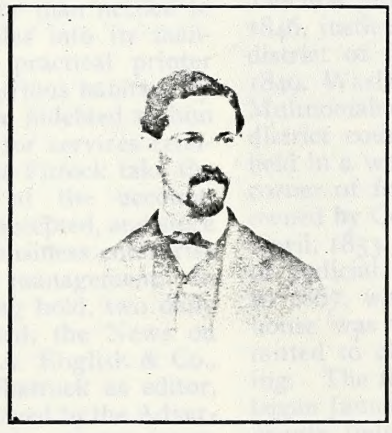


McAlpin, Photo.
FREDERICK V. HOLMAN.



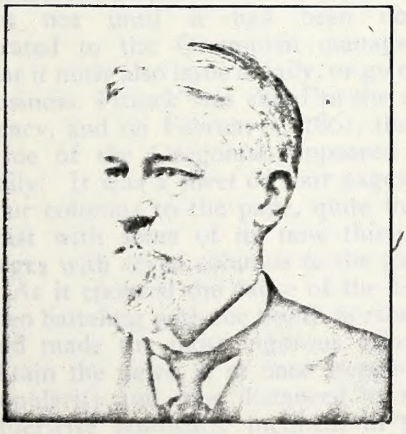
Davies, Photo.
DOUGLAS W. TAYLOR.

THE
GRADUATING CLASS
OF
THE YEAR 1868

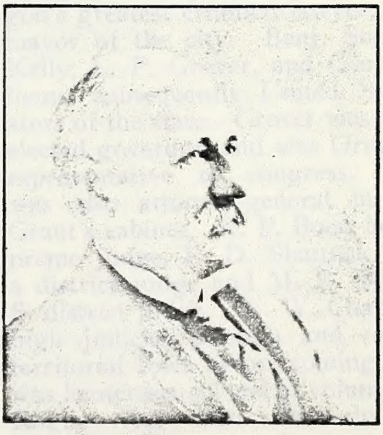


FOSTER BENNETT.

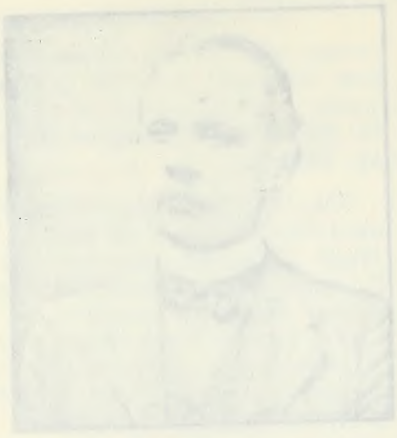
PORTLAND
ACADEMY AND
FEMALE SEMINARY



Hofsteater, Photo.
WINFIELD S. CHAPMAN.



Cousin, Photo.
HARRA D. CHAPMAN.



per year. Dryer was not only its founder but its first editor. Being an aggressive and spirited writer, he filled all the requirements of that pioneer era from an editorial standpoint, but he was a poor financier and through this the venture did not forge to the front as rapidly as it did subsequently under different management.

In May, 1851, J. O. Watterman and W. D. Carter, who had been running the Star at Milwaukie for Whitcomb, purchased it and removed the plant to Portland, changing the name, calling it the Oregon Weekly Times. It continuued until 1861, under various names, when it suspended publication. In 1853 Henry L. Pittock became an employe on the paper, and he was just the man needed to instill business principles into its management. He was a practical printer and of sober and industrious habits. By 1861 Dryer had become indebted to him in a considerable sum for services rendered, and proposed that Pittock take the paper in settlement of the account, which proposition was accepted, and since then its destniny as a business enterprise has been guided by his management. In 1859, prior to his taking hold, two daily papers had been started, the News on April 18, 1859, by S. A. English & Co., with the late E. D. Shattuck as editor, which was quickly followed by the Advertiser, under the editorial and proprietory controll of Alonzo Leland. Both of these papers ceased publication in a year or so, but not until it had been demonstrated to the Oregonian management that it must also issue a daily, or go out of business. Pittock was equal to the emergency, and on February 1, 1861, the first issue of the Oregonian appeared as a daily. It was a sheet of four pages with four columns to the page, quite in contrast with some of its now thirty-four pages with seven columns to the page.

As it epoused the cause of the Union, then batteling with the South in rebellion, and made the most vigorous efforts to obtain the news, it at once stepped into popularity and soon distanced its rivals, otherwise politically inclined, in public favor. Simeon Frances was the first editor of the daily, following him came Amory Holbrook, John F. Damon, Sam'l A. Clarke, W. Lair Hill, and its present editor in chief and part owner of the enterprise, Harvey W. Scott. Since this latter gentleman became identified with it, those who are the best qualified to render an opinion state that it is one of the leading twelve of the most ably edited journals in the United States. To Pittock's business management and Scott's gifted pen is due its growth and present envied prominence as a disseminator of the world's affairs, not only at home but far and wide.

The first courts were held in a building erected by public subscriptions for a school and religious purposes in 1840. The first judicial officer was A. H. Prior, 1846, justice of the peace for the eastern district of Tuallity district, afterwards, 1849, Washington county, and in 1854, Multnomah county. The first term of the district court, Cyrus Olney judge, was held in a wooden building situatd on the corner of front and Salmon streets, and owned by Coleman Barrell. This was in April, 1853. In this stucture the holding of judicial tribunal was continued until 1867, when the present county court house was built.. The first person admitted to citizenship was Peter Espelding. The first term of the county court began January 17, 1855, Geo. W. Vaughn county judge.

Among the attorneys of that period then living in the city were David Logan, Oregon's greatest criminal lawyer, and once mayor of the city. Benj. Stark, J. K. Kelly, L. F. Grover, and Geo. H. Williams, subsequently United States senators of the state. Grover was also twice elected governor, and was Oregon's first representative to congress. Williams was also attorney-general in Pesident Grant's cabinet. R. P. Boise became supreme judge, E. D. Shattuck for years a district judge and M. P. Deady a U. S. district judge. W. W. Chapman held high judicial position and represented territorial Iowa before coming here, and was lieutenant-colonel of volunteers in the Rogue river wars with the Indians. Mark A. Chinn, a major in the Yakima

Indian war, Amory Holbrook, one of the brilliant lights of the bar, came here as territorial U. S. district attorney. Edward Hamilton, first territorial secretary of state, was a captain in the Mexican war and general of malitia before coming, and also the first county judge of Multnomah county after Oregon became a state. A. L. Lovejoy, who held many important official positions, and S. B. Marye, also formerly mayor of Portland.

The first white child born in the city was Oregon C. Hastings, the son of Loren B. and Lucinda Hastings, pioneers of 1847. Mrs. Hastings was not only the first white woman to become a mother in Portland, but the first to step foot upon the townsite of Port Townsend, she having gone there with her husband, Pettygrove, and others in 1852, to found a new city.

Pettygrove & Co. were the pioneer merchants. Thomas H. Smith was the first post master; James M. A. Terwilliger the pioneer blacksmith; D. H. Lownsdale operated the first tannery, the first of any importance on the Pacific coast, and Job McNamme ran the first bowling alley. The express business was monopolized for a time by John Waymire, using a pair of oxen and a sled to haul freights, until opposition was begun by a colored man by the name of Clark. The outfit of the latter consisted of a cart and an old white mule. Mr. Waymire also owned the first saw mill, the sole machinery being a whipsaw, operated with one man who stood on the log above and did the up-stroke, and by another who stood below doing the downward stroke and getting the dust. Stephen Coffin owned the first steam saw mill, which was constructed under the supervision of W. P. Abarms. Among those employed in the building of this mill was James W. Trutch, afterwards one of the leading government officials of British Columbia. John Gates, afterwards mayor, also began his career in Portland within its walls. The first flouring mill was the property of Geo. W. Vaughn, one of the early mayors of the city. He was also the first hardware dealer.

Dr. Ralph Wilcox was the first physician, as well as the pioneer school teacher, 1847, teaching the few children then in Portland at his log cabin home. The first lady teacher was Miss Julia Carter (Mrs. J. S. Smith) who taught in 1848 in a log cabin situated on the corner of Second and Stark streets. When public schools came into vogue in 1851, John T. Outhouse was installed as the first teacher. Of this class of schools, Miss M. A. Clark (Mrs. B. P. Cardwell) was the first teacher. The pioneer educational institution was the old Portland Academy and Female Seminary, established by Rev. J. H. Wilbur as a seat of learning under the control of the Methodist church.

Heil Barnes was the pioneer tin-smith, A. B. Hallock the earliest architect; N. C. Sturtevant, the first brick maker; Thomas J. Holmes, the first barber; Wm. Collins, the first gun store; Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Mosier, the first millinery establishment, A. C. Bonnell dealt in real estate, among other business, but Parrish & Holman were the first to deal exclusively in realty, and for some time the only ones. Mr. Parrish is still engaged in the same avocation. C. H. Myers was the first plumber, and his opening out in business would have caused a run on the banks if it had not been found out that he had used up all the materials in the city on his initial job, stock of that character being very limited. Cottle & Co. ran the first soda water works, not only in the city, but north of San Francisco.

S. J. McCormick published the sole almanac ever published by a Portland man. Geo. W. Bell, after severing his connection with Pettygrove & Co., operated a bakery, the pioneer one. C. A. Reed was the first sign painter. Joseph A. and Justus M. Strowbridge were the first to ship fruits to the California market—an industry throughout the state which they encouraged among the farmers more than all the balance of the business men therein put together.

Pillow & Drew were the first jewelerds, and Geo. W. Snell the pioneer retail and wholesale druggist. The first

sash and door factory was owned by J. C. Carson, and Davis & Monastes were the proprietors of the first iron foundry operated in the state. Dekum & Bickel had the first candy store. D. H. Hendee was the first artist, making daguerrotypes, photography not being discovered until a later date. Pioneer Engine Company was the first fire company, Thos. J. Dryer being its first foreman. St. Vincent's hospital was the first hospital not only in the city, but in the state as well. The first patient admitted thereto being an injured Chinaman. Adams & Co. was the first express company to have an office in the city. They established an office here about 1852, and went out of business upon the failure of their bank in San Francisco, February 23, 1855. This company operated on the ocean steamers. The next to enter the field was Wells, Fargo & Co., in 1853, operating overland. The first undertakers were Ewry & Belsford. The latter went to his grave without coffin or ceremonial, as he became demented while enroute to San Francisco on an ocean steamer, jumped overboard and was drowned.

The first cemetery was located near where the Masonic temple now stands.

Ross Island was first called McCrary's Island, and so called because a man by that name used to run a still there, manufacturing what was given the name of "Blue Ruin." Stories are told of a Madam Cooper having a stock of this stuff on a scow off shore which Dr. Elijah White tried to suppress, but backed out when she protested "in the name of Great Britain, Scotland, and Ireland." This island still keeps up its early reputation. The first to dispense "wet goods" on shore, was a man by the name of St. Clair, and frequent were the carousals held there at times. The first "free lunch" set out was for the patrons of the "Hole in the Wall" saloon, February, 1852. Hiram Wilbur was the first city marshal. Up to 1856 such officer was the only "copper." In that year J. H. Lappeus became chief of police. The first "neck-tie" party occurred October 17, 1859. Danforth Balch was at one end of the rope. The first society organized was the Masons, and the next the Sons of Temperance. The first social club was called the "Dashaway." During its life, Col. Joe Meek was invited to deliver a temperance lecture before its membership. He accepted, and the winding up of his peroration was: "If I had my way with the accursed stuff, I would get it all together and sink it to the bottom of the Willammette, and then dive down and take one last long drink."

Among the Smith family, who were known to the inhabitants, were "Red Shirt," "Carving Fork," "Three Fingered," "Muck-a-Muck," "Chick-a-min," "God-All-Mighty," "Blubber Mouth," "No. 1," "Whistling Charley," etc. It was by no menas a sign of contempt that these soubriquets were bestowed, but rather as a mark of good fellowship, and is illustrative of how the early settlers enlivened their intercourse by broad humor.

The first time that the U. S. troops stationed at Vancouver participated in a fourth of July celebration in Portland was in 1863. They were under the command of Brig. Gen'l Alvord. Capt. J. H. Couch built the first wharf and Joe Holliday's "Bob tailed" street car line was the first operated in the Pacific Northwest. The first harvesting machinery arrived in 1852, such being a McCormick reaper. The first circus was billed as "Cooper & Rivers' Great New York Circus." It was here in 1852, and it is a matter of doubt whether any of the "equestriennes" and "renowned trapese performers" ever saw the Empire state. The ring was located near Fourth and Morrison.

Religious meeting were held almost from the beginning, the Methodist being the advance guard; Revs. J. S. Smith and Clinton Kelly coming in from their homes at stated times to hold worship in a log built coopershop, which was the most commodious building for the purpose, and then in a frame structure erected in 1849 by Col. William King for church and school purposes. This building was situated on the west side of First street, one door from Oak. On it

hung a bell, the gift of Rev. J. H. Wilbur, the first church or school bell in the city. It now hangs in the steeple of the Taylor Street Methodist Church and rings out as clear as it did when it first called church-goers to worship. In time societies began to be formed and churches built. To the Portland circuit the Methodist denomination appointed Rev. J. H. Wilbur. At the time of his appointment he had no church, in fact there was none in Portland. Being a man of physical force and power he was not only capable of filling his duties as pastor but performed manual labor as well. The great firs standing upon the lot he had secured for a church site soon fell before his axe, and the walls of the edifice he had determined to build were not long in being enclosed through the plying of his hammer and saw, and all grew white and beautiful under the sweep of his brush. Tireless, good and true, seldom does earth know his kind. Poverty was fed at his table. Weariness rested on his couch. Sickness was cured by his medicine, and consolation given in tender manner when hours of despair weighed down by weight of woe those who came within his reach. This was the old Taylor Street church, the first built in Portland. It was torn down several years since and replaced with a fine brick structure. Rev. Wm. Roberts preached the fist sermon delivered therein. Father Wilbur also built the old Portland Academy and Female Seminary, of which extended mention is made in the November number of this magazine. In this institution the greater portion of the pioneer youth of the city were educated.

Rev. Horace Lyman also came here about the same time, coming almost direct from palatial surroundings in the east. On his arrival in the city he found that the only permanent accommodations accessable for family purposes was a building erected to serve as a stable. Into this he moved and the winter was spent in teaching and preaching. and making ready for a church organization and church building. He was exceedingly active in religious, educational, benevolent, and temperance endeavor, and soon became known all over the state as a leader in these worthy causes. He cleared with his own hands the ground ccupied by the First Congregational church, at Second and Jefferson streets, and was the first pastor of the church thereon erected.

It is an enviable honor to have an educational institution named after one, especially so when the seat of learning constitutes a portion of the great common school system of Portland. One of the best buildings of the city bears the name of the Atkinson school, and so called in appreciation of the labors, for the better education of our youth, put forth by Rev Geo. H. Atkinson, one of the earlier pioneers to Oregon. He came in 1848, and was among the first to agitate the subject of free schools, after the establishment of the territorial government, bringing with him a supply of school books of the latest and best authors. He was a Congregational minister and his first sermons were delivered in a log shingle shop and in an old warehouse, the congregation crowding in among the bales and boxes of goods of the latter to listen to him. The public school interests are not only indebted to his untiring efforts for their good, but the religious endeavor as well.

Navigation lines began to make Portland a terminal early in its history, and occupied a very commanding place in its upbuilding. Its rise from mediocracy to immense proportions cannot be given here, the first things only can be mentioned.

The first transportation line established between Portland and Astoria was a row boat affair, assisted by a leg-of-mutton sail when the wind was in the right direction. The fare was twenty dollars, and the passengers "found" themselves and also helped to pull the boat. This was run by Capt. B. C. Kindred. He made landings here from 1849 to 1850, when the steamers drove him out of business. The first line to the Cascades was a sailing vessel line established by F. A. Chenoweth. He ran the old brig Henry that came here from the

east in 1846. In 1845 Capt. Nathaniel Crosby ran the Tulon between Portland and the Sandwich Islands, carrying as cargo, lumber, hoop-poles, etc. The Tulon was also the first sailing vsssel to discharge a cargo at Portland. In 1850 Capt. J. C. Flanders, for the firm of Couch & Flanders, took a cargo of flour, salmon and other products of the country to China in the bark Emma Preston, bringing back the first cargo of tea, coffee, sugar, etc., coming to the city.

The first river steamer to tie up at the river's bank below was the Columbia, a historical craft from the fact that she was the first river steamer built of native woods in the Pacific Northwest. She was oddly constructed, being a double-ender like a ferry boat. She was launched at Astoria in 1850, and ran between that city, Portland, and Oregon City, for about two years, when she was dismantled, her machinery placed in another boat, and her hull left to go out with the tide and lose itself among the sea shore sands. Among those owning an interest in this steamer was Leonard & Green, then merchandising at Astoria, but subsequently the proprietors of the Portland water works, at that time owned by private individuals. The water supply in those days coming from some springs in the rear of the city. These same gentlemen were also largely interested in the establishment of our first and only gas plant in the city, erected in 1869.

The city was first connected with the outer world in 1851, by steam, through the Gold Hunter, bougnt by Chapman, Coffin, and Lownsdale, individual residents of the city, and a few San Francisco stock holders, to run in opposition to the Pacific Mail Ssteamship Columbia running to St. Hellens. The Gold Hunter ran but a few trips and was sold while in California waters through the treachery of the holders of stock living in the Bay City. The first vessel to bring its guns into the harbor was the U. S. man-of-war Massachusetts, arriving in 1856. Since that date, hundreds of vessels of nearly all descriptions have been built at the ship yards located within the city limits.

The first malitia company organized in the state, was organized at Portland, and was known as the "Union Guards." The following were the officers: Captain, Henry W. Corbett; First Lieutenant, E. G. Randall; Second Lieutenant, Thos. A. Davis; Second Lieutenant, Jr., Simeon G. Reed; First Sergeant, Theo. B. Trevett; Second Sergeant, Henry Failing; Third Sergeant, W. B. Gilbert; Fourth Sergeant, W. V. Spencer; Corporals: S. J. McCormick, D. F. Harrington, H. D. Sanborn, and Marsh B. Millard, all of whom were very tall.

The company was organized in 1861, and, unlike the present, guns were secured direct from the government. How this was affected, was kept a secret, as the proceedings were liable to bring about trouble to the officers having a part in the transaction. Joseph N. Allison, first sergeant, Co. K., Ninth U. S. infantry, was the instructor of the company. One day while he was absent, an officer of the company concluded to take the members out for a drill. All went well as long as the line of march was ahead, but on trying to put them through some of the maneuvers known to military tactics, he ran the company into the fence, and was unable to give the commands necessary to get them away from it.

The names of newer business houses and that of professional men are legion and cannot be given within the space to which this article is confined. Among the firms of long standing are, the great department stores of Olds & King and Meier & Frank, the wholesale drug house of the Blaumauer, Frank Drug Co., successors of all the early dealers in that line, the jewelry firm of Henrichsen & Co., Woodard Clarke & Co., so well-known as retail and jobbing druggists, the retail drug firm of Skidmore & Co., established by S. G. Skidmore, the generous giver of a handsome fountain to the city upon his death; Otto Schuman, the marble cutter; Gill & Co., booksellers; the Perkins, Imperial and St. Charles hotels; Holman, the undertaker; and many other enterprises too numerous to mention. F. H. Saylor.

A TOUR OF THE WORLD.

JOHN J. VALENTINE, PRESIDENT OF WELLS-FARGO & CO., WRITES HIS FRIEND, AARON STEIN, OF SAN FRANCISCO, AN ACCOUNT OF HIS TRAVELS.

(Published by Special Permission of Mr. Valentine.)

MUNICH, *Bavaria,* Jan. 17, 1900.

Dear Uncle Aaron:

The last budget assumed such voluminous proportions that the cities of Magdeburg and Altona and some general remarks upon Hamburg were considerately ommitted; and I am now embarrassed by an excess of topics. As an expressman would say, I am *over* on matter and *short* on time; so will have to give a very rambling and disjointed letter.

Altona is in Schleswig-Holstein, situated on the right bank of the Elb, in close proximity to Hamburg and accessible to ocean traffic; hence is a place of considerable business. Magdeburg is the old fortified town (fortress) on an island in the river Elbe, about two hundred mile south of Hamburg and seventy-six miles from Berlin. The Cathedral and Lieben Frauen Kirche were founded probably eight hundred years ago, but the present importance of the city, which has about 225,000 population, is the beet sugar industry. It is the center of that important trade. Its strategic situation and the strenght of its fortifications have involved it in almost every struggle for power in Germany, perhaps the most notable instance that of its being stormed by Tilley, in 1631, and given up to fire and massacre. Napoleon esteemed its possession so highly that he stood out against the tearful appeals of Queen Louise of Prussia to omit it from the general capitulation in 1806.

HANOVER.

Next in my line of traevl after leaving Hamburg and journeying through a flat country some eighty miles was Hanover, another city of over 200,000 people, and of too many features of really surpassing interest to be dealt with now. I will merely mention here "Herrenhausen," the castle and favorite residence of the Hanoverian electors and kings—the gardens of which are laid out in the style of Versailles and interspersed with many statutes, etc.

GOTTINGEN.

The next point reached was Gottingen, sixty miles south of Hanover, in a hilly broken section, a small city of say 25,000 and chiefly notable for its university. Speaking of universities, reminds me that public schools have had slight consideration in these papers. They exist here as a thoroughly regulated system, and are as well housed and in every way as admirably equipped as in any country in the world. Education is compulsory and universal up to fourteen years of age. Nor should I fail to state that in all German cities there are orphan asylums, homes for old people, and both regular and emergency hospitals, etc.,—these humane institutions being as much a part of a city as a hotel. Parks and recreation grounds, also, are just as general. Every city has a number of little open plaes or plazas, both useful and ornamental, and a large park—one or more—in due proportion to the population. I have yet to observe a single exception.

FRANKFORT.

My next step was at Frankfort on the Main, also a city of about 200,000 population, located on the flats adjoining the river Main, some twenty miles from the city of Mamze (or Mentz) on the Rhine. At Frankfort I visited the Goeth resi-

dence, the "Roemer" or old Rathshouse, occupying the site of an ancient Roman post Goeth was born here August 28, 1749. A main hall in this building, called the Kaiser's hall, contains portraits of fifty-two German emperors. Said I to the delineator, a German woman, "From what date were these portraits painted?" She immediately replied "Tombstones and Imagination." The cathedral was next visited, the cornerstone of which is alleged to have been laid by Charlemagne—a most interesting Gothic structure with a fine tower, begun in 1415, and an inconsequent spire. On a corner only a few yards distant from this building is what is known as "Luther's House," a quaint structure, four stories high, only twelve feet wide and forty-five feet long, each story projecting about one foot over the one below it, the top story being probably on a line with the curbstone of the sidewalk. It is said that Luther delivered an address to the people here when on his way to face the council assembled at Worms to try him for heresy. I crossed the river Main on the Charlemagne bridge to Sachsenhausen—the south, or German side of Frankfort; the north or chief city side having in years agone been deemed a French city. I also went through Jew Street (Judengasse), the synagogue, the house of the original banker Rothschild, the Staedel Institute, named after its founder, and Museum, etc. A word about this institution. The founder, a rich banker of Frankfort, devised for it $1,000,000, leaving but $1.20 to his kinfolk. They contested. The case went to court, and after seventeen years of litigation, the city, the legatee under the will, won. The original bequest had doubled meanwhile, and out of this fund a fine museum has been constructed. The gem of its collection of paintings is Rembrandt's "Parable of the Vineyard Laborers."

One of the finest things in art to be seen in Frankfort is in the Bethman collection (private property) the magnificent piece of marble statuary known the world over as "Ariadne and the Panther,' by Dannecker, of Stuttgart. I know of nothing superior in contour and workmanship to the figure of Ariadne. The Palm Garden (a hot house collection of plants), while limited, is especially good—particularly in camellias—and the Grand opera house is one of the finest extant It is favorably situated, in an open oblong plaza some six hundred by eight hundred feet in area; the opera house itslelf about a hundred and sixty by three hundred feet, and well proportioned and designed in every respect.

NUREMBURG.

From Frankfort, a ride of five hours brought us to Nuremburrg, a city of 200,000 population situated on the river Pegnitz which flows right through it, as is usual for rivers in these European cities to do. I found this the most characteristicallly Gothic city yet visited. Like others of its kind its origin is obscure, and it remains in many ways a relic of the misty past, certainly of mediaeval times. Its "ramparts" (fortification walls) are ovre four miles around and probably the finest to be met with anywhere, though the inner citadel wall surrounding the castle, etc., are not so massive as those surrounding Osaca, Japan. The town reached its highest point of comparative importance in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, flourishing in the full vigor mediaeval or renassance science and art; and at this period, the latter part of the fifteenth and early part of the sixteenth centuries, it became practically one of the credit centers, or financial clearing houses of Europe—Genoa, Florence and Venice having respectively preceded it, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Next after Nuremburg Antwerp became the credit center; but it was broken down by and during the war with Philip of Spain, and thence the credit center moved to London, where it has since remained. Moreover the taking of Constantinople by the Moslems in 1453 set the Portugese and Genoese to thinking, as a result of which the Portugese rounded the cape of Good Hope and Columbus struck out due west from the coast of Spain and discovered America, changing the map of the world.

and inaugurating new routes of commerce.

But returning to Nuremburg, it was here and during this period—the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries—that such men as Martin Behaim, who made the first globe, Adam Krafft, the famous stone shrine artist, Veit Stoss, the wood carver, Hans Sachs, the poet cobbler, who is an important character in Wagner's Meistersinger, Albrecht Durer, the painter, and his master, Wolgemuth; Peter and Herman Vischer, bronze founders, and other artists lived; and to this group of notables might be added Peter Gleonlein, the first watchmaker. The famous Nuremburg Madonna is a wooden figure carved by Veit Stoss.

In 1632 Gustavus Adolphus entered Nuremburg while Wallenstein was camped near Furth, practically speaking a suburb founded by Jews who were expelled from the city, though numbering now 60,000 inhabitants. Gustavus made an ineffectual effort to dislodge Wallenstein's forces, but subsequently both leaders vacated their quarters and withdrew from that locality. Commerce had previously been ruined, and Antwerp had already taken precedence of Nuremburg as the credit center.

There are good statutes in Nuremburg to immortalize Behaim, Durer, Hans Sachs, and others; but probably the most interesting feature of the city after the curiosities of the castle, is the church of St. Lawrence, a work of the fifteenth century, in Gothic style, or remarkable excellence, including a particular stained glass window which, for richness of coloring, I have never seen equaled. The church of St. Sebald is another structure of notable interest and indicates the transition from Romanesque into Gothic style. It is decorated with numerous pieces of curious and interesting sculpture. In this church is the tomb of St. Sebald, by Peter Vischer, which is an especially beautiful example of cathedral work. The Bride's Door is also very handsome; and the parsonage has a curiously wrought or sculptured bow-window. In this church, as well as in that of St. Lawrence, appear the masterful handiwork of the artist Krafft. There are various churches and other prominent public buildings—not forgetting the new museum of Bavarian Arts and Industries—wmich, for the tourist with time and favorable conditions for leisurely inspection are deserving of close attention, but with freezing cold weather, such as we encountered—the coldest in fact since leaving Prague sight-seeing shrank into "strictly business," and was not indulged in as a fond diversion

Among the other notable buildings accessible to the tourist may be mentioned the Nassau House, the so-called "Fountain of Virtue," what is termed "Our Lady's Gate," in the castle or fortress wall; and particularly "La Belle Fontaine," or the beautiful fountain, a structure near St. Sebald's Church in the form of a Gothic spire, which in truth is an exquisite piece of cathedral-like work. This and certain examples in the churches of St. Lawrence and St. Sebald remind one of the dictum that architecture is frozen poetry. n a sort of "Platz" or little open square, is "The Gansemannchen" (The Gooseman—or, literally, the goose-like little man) a bronze figure of the contemptible biped standing in the center of a circular concave—the whole surrounded by beautiful wrought-iron grill work or railing. Another of the fine buildings is the Pellar House, erected by a Venetian three hundred years ago. The exterior of this is striking but the interior is a veritable junk shop and warehouse for second hand furniture, old shrines, apostles' statutes, etc. I saw two effigies of "Our Lord" standing up against the side wall, one of them still wearing a cown of thorns. Next to the Pellar House is that occupid by Gustavus Adolphus, as his headquarters. There are also to be seen the houses of Albrecht Durer and Hans Sachs, in excellent state of preservation. I lunched on sausage and beer, in the very resort, the "Sausage Bell," frequented by these notables four hundred years ago.

The Hangman's Bridge, and what the Germans call the "Fleisch" Bridge, the latter a sort of a Rialto over a canal sug-

gesting Venice, are also interesting The Rathshaus, the original architecture of which is in the style of Italian Rennaissance, with a new addition just completed to correspond, is very striking in appearance.

Nuremburg is replete with pensive interest. As seen from the castle tower it is singularly picturesque. It seems a sort of line of demarcation between the past and the present—the past, with its art, its poetry and romance; the present, with its insistent materialism. The city is growing; its industries being gold beating, electric apparatus, Faber's pencils, toys, ginger-bread, etc. There are not lacking modern edifices; but the past, insofar as outward appearances go, than any city I have visited. While driving about, the bright sunshine lent an especial charm; particularly as I had not seen the sun for two weeks —that is, not since leaving Dresden, December 31st—and this probably intensified the sentimental glow that possessd me when looking over, though so hurriedly, this famous old town.

And now to a curious and repellant peculiarity of Nurembug—its diversified instruments of torture. In the manufacture and use of develish contrivances for mangling recalcitrant humanity it attained a bad eminence in mediaeval times, unknown, I believe, to other Grman cities. Every conceivable device for torturing (Including the famous, or rather infamous "Iron Maiden") is to be found in the five-cornered tower of the old Hohenzollern Castle or Schloss of Nuremburg, looking down from the top of a hill; and whatever may be lacking there, if anything, is to be found in the so-called German National Mueum of Nuemburg, an old monastery (12th to 15th century) of some eighty rooms, reconstructed in 1849 and dedicated to use as a museum by John Hufsess, which contains an extraordinary collection of curious and ghastly relics. At the castle I interrogated the delineator—again a German woman, as at Frankfort—"Why did Nuremburg exceed by so much all other places in respect of these instruments of torture?" "Old Spanish," came the quick sententious reply; and this reply serves to illustrate how Spain is made a pack horse to carry the develtries of other peoples. Moreover, the same elineator naively recited four cases of inhuman treatment of offenders in this country — 1803 to 1846. But let none of my readers shudder over Bavaria's henious sins. McMasters tells a story or two of doings in the American collonies and states that in a different way are hardly less shocking.

Nuremburg became Lutheran about 1525; about which time Malanchthon secured the establishment of a "gymnasium," high school or college here, in which, a hundred years later, Gustavus Adolphus had his headquarters. The city was never, I believe, captured by Tilly or Wallenstein.

MUNICH.

The trip from Nuemburg to the Bavarian capital is over a hilly mountainous country, and was to me in the nature of "Poor Jo's Moving On,"—a force put—for the weather was wretched and disagreeable. The origin of Munich is lost in the mists of antiquity, but the ninth century is generally considered its initial period. The city is situate along a level stretch of country on the Isar or Iser river, which rises in Tyrol and flows into the Danube near Passau, in Bavaria. The city, though lying flat, has an elevation above sea level of 2,500 feet, and now claims 420,000 population. Like all European capitals it has its full quota of public buildings of interest, including a university, but there is no "schools" or castle remaining, save a part of the palace, which has been reconstructed under various forms at three different periods in its history. The present general appearance of the city is not unlike Leipsic, which it very nearly approaches in population. The principal buildnings visited are: The "Glyptothek" or museum of sculpture; the "Pinakothek" or gallery of old paintings, which contains many good pictures, well up to the best in the Dresden gallery; the new gallery of paintings; the emperor's "Schachsche" gallery of paintings the artists' association gallery of paint-

ings; the Propylaeum—a sort of Arc de Triumph erected by Ludwig I; the "Siegesthor"—or gate of victory, another triple-arched gate, surmounted by a lion quadriga; the Cathedral—Gothic, but not particularly striking; St. Boniface Church—Greek style—like Pantheon or Madelaine at Paris. This church has two double rows of massive Bavarian marble columns, thirty-two each, or sixty-four all told. The Royal Private Chapel—interior richly decorated; the Royal Opera House—good, but not equal to Frankfort; the Royal and other theatres—but time forbids extended comment; however, as special to Munich, I will mention the Bavarian Rumeshalle (or Hall of Fame) of Greek style, a three-sided structure (the fourth being left open) on a slight eminence overlooking the city from the northwest, containing busts of distinguished Germans. It is a smaller edition of the Walhalla near Regensberg, commemorating royal personages—in short a Pantheon. On the fourth, or open side of the Rumeshalle, directly in front of it, is a lofty monument misnamed (I think) "Bavaria"—thirty meters high, and resting on a granite base eleven meters high. The collosal bronze figure (a very fat woman, 55 feet in height, by Schwanthaler), I imagine represents Germania; and as she hold out a laurel wreath it is evident she is in the act of bestowing her mark of commendation on the Bavarian nationality. The total height of the monument is 96 feet. I climbed it on a spiral stairway and looked out over the city through Germania's eyes. An amusing feature of the Rumshalle is the presence there of the bust of a local brewer, Pschorr, whose family paid 600,000 marks (about $150,000) for the distinction of placing his bust therein. The money so paid goes to the support of hospitals for the poor.

The monument to Maxamillian I, elector of Bavaria, by Thorwalsden, the figure of the elector in bronze and a bronze group on the Bavarian marble base, are worthy of mention, and of special interest in those times so favorable to the "strenuous life." I also mention the imposing obelisk, 100 feet high, of Bavarian granite, decorated with captured cannon, trophies of the valor of her sons, and commemorating the memory of 30,000 of them who were with Napoleon's allied army in the invaion of Russia. These hapless soldiers all perished during the retreat from Moscow.

In my budget in Scandinavia (No. 14) I mentioned that the King of Sweden and Norway was probably the last reigning sovereigns of the dynasties established by Napoleon; but Bavaria has a somewhat similar status, and is yet governed by the descendents of the Kurfuerst, or reigning elector, Maxamillian Joseph, who was proclaimed king of Bavaria in 1806 at the dictation of Napoleon. This family, as my readers may remember, has been very unfortunate. King Ludwig drowned himself some years ago after killing his keeper; and King Otto who succeeded him is now confined in an insane asylum, while the government is being administered by his uncle, Prince Regent Luitpold, an amiable old gentleman of eighty.

Jno. J. Valentine

THE STAMPEDE TO RED DOG.

EARLY DAYS IN SOUTHERN OREGON.

The recent hegira to the frozen North in search of the precious yellow metal is exceptional experience for this Coast only in one respect, and that is the magnitude of the sudden exodus. The westward course of the "Star of Empire" was long ago deflected northward, and will probably never cease its movements in that direction until it bumps up against the North Pole, as it did formerly against the Pacific Ocean. Frantic scrambling after new placers has been the fashion ever since Sutter dug his memorable mill race. Southern Oregon was long a "storm center" for such excitements, and is not, even now, and probably never will be, wholly proof against them. The best diggings were easily discovered long ago, but people go on rediscovering them, or extensions and additions to them, as the richer claims give out, just to keep their hand in. The Jacksonville diggings were the first to lead off in 1852, soon followed by the Sterlingville and Willow Springs diggings, and live camps they were. Then came in quick succession the rich finds of Althouse, Sailor Digings and Sucker Creek to absorb some of the o'er eager seekers after the "golden fleece." Those were days of quickly acquired and quickly spent fortunes, as well as days of quickly hurrying to and fro. In the madness of their devotion to "the root of all evil," the lucky as well as the luckless wayfarers became indifferent to their own safety and fell easy victims to the treachery of savage foes. And here, in Southern Oregon, and especially in Josephine County, was "the dark and bloody ground" of our early territorial existence. As the stampede I have set myself about describing raged over a section of country thickly studded with historical incidents relating to Indian hostilities, I will devote a portion of my space to their rehearsal.

It was in the late '70s (a belated era for placer excitements), that word was passed around among the sometimes sleepy settlers of Josephine County that certain parties were quietly taking out great gobs of gold on Red Dog, a tributary of Briggs Creek. That simple statement, often told in a clandestine manner, was sufficient to awaken every somnolent Van Winkle into old-time activity. Sedate old farmers, who were certainly old enough to have known better, began to gather up their camp fixtures and camp followers and cayuses to engage in the inspiriting chase.

Not to be wholly out of fashion, a neighbor of mine and myself concluded to join the surging crowd. My neighbor, in addition to being an experienced miner, was a good fellow all around to be out with on such an expedition. He was one of those rare individuals, sometimes met with, who insist on doing all their part of the work and the other fellow's, too. This is something easy to submit to, where a man is mean enough to tolerate it, and some men are constructed on that plan to a grievious degree. My partner also had a penchant for doing more than his share of the talking. This would have been agreeable all round, too, had he only had a better speaking acquaintance with the Queen's English. The trouble was he labored with the serious impediment of prior acquaintance with unmusical Dutch, and the readiness with which he would become entangled in the mixed intricacies of complex English was a credit to his courage rather than to his discretion. It was no use to extend sympathetic assistance to him, for he was no sooner out of one linguistical dif-

ficulty than he was into another. But there was nothing harmful in his loquacity. He did not, as is the habit of too many voluable beings, burden the atmosphere with wretched profanity. His most impious form of ejaculation was embodied in the mild expression of "By Dorge." "By Dorge," however, did service on all occasions, in season and out. It was the keystone and finish to all his oral architecture.

But this is slow progress towards our intended Eldorado. Our route took us down Applegate to Slate Creek, and up that stream to the crossing of the divide known as Hays' hill, thence past the old Hays place over to Deer Creek, and down Deer Creek to its mouth, where it forms a junction with Illionis River, where we camped on a bar noted in Indian war history. But there were other spots passed by us that deserve mentioning first. One place on Slate Creek is sometimes pointed out by old timers as the scene of the shameful murder of two Indian women. J. M. Sutton, one of Southern Oregon's earliest and most painstaking historians, makes the following reference to the circumstance. After describing the hanging of an innocent Indian boy at Jacksonville, whom he vainly endeavored to rescue, he proceeds as follows: "No mob ever committed a more heartless murder than this. It is only equalled by the murder of two Indian women and a child ten months old, by a private of Captain Wilkenson's company on Slate Creek, on the 7th day of November, 1855. The women and child had been taken prisoners and entrusted to this man and another to guard in the rear of the company as they marched to Illinois Valley. He wantonly shot them and left them lying by the side of the road."

Further on up Slate Creek, near its forks, was the scene of a genuine Indian ambush on March 23, 1865, that proved the prelude to an attack and prolonged engagement at the Hay ranch. Mr. Olney, a member of Captain O'Neil's company, then stationed at Eight Dollar Mountain, started on that day to return to camp from a trip he had taken to Vannoy's Ferry. He overtook four other men and a boy close to the scene of the ambush with a view of having their company over the mountain. Hardly had they got through exchanging greetings when they were greeted in return with a sudden rattle of firearms. Fifty or a hundred Indians showed up with an evident intention of exterminating the small body of whites. It was no use to undertake to try conclusions with the foe in open fight. But Olney was compelled to dismount and try it afoot, as his horse had come to grief at the first fire. He found his movements greatly impeded by a big pair of spurs, and in endeavoring to free himself from them as he ran, shed one of his boots He then got tangled up with the remaining spur in such a way that it threw him to the ground. At this the boy, a lad 14 years old named Willie Hay, cried out, "See, he is killed." One of the men named Wright and a genuine hero of the true stamp, said it would not do to leave him that way, and proposed that they go back to his aid. The boy went back with him, and Wright took Olney up behind him on his mule. The mule, thus loaded, naturally fell behind, and, on crossing a gulch, got shot through the flank, which partially upended it, throwing Olney to the ground. Wright, not willing yet to give up his effort to save a newly-found companion, urged Olney to mount again; but the latter refused, and urged Wright to do his best to save himself, for it looked now like Olney's chances were nil. By desperate sprinting and dodging over ridges and gulches he managed to reach a brushy bottom he was aiming for in time to overtake his would-be rescuer once more and see the latter fall from his mule a lifeless corpse. Olney now continued his single-handed game of hide and seek with the Indians all that afternoon and far into the friendly darkness of the succeeding night. Olney, it should be remarked, however, did the hiding, while the redskins did the seeking with all their customary ferocity and alertness.

But while this part of the play was going on, the boy hero of the engage-

ment, together with the rest of the men, had pushed on over the hill to his father's ranch and notified the soldiers on guard at that temporary fortification of the happenings en route, giving out the report that Wright and Olney were both killed. John Davis, Shellback Smith, John Gould, Charley Abrams and J. Sargent, all messmates of Olney, repaired to the summit of the long hill as rapidly as horses could carry them, and immediately plunged into the fight. But as I am drawing on Olney's narration of the events, I will let him do some of the describing in his own words: "They raise the hill and descend at a rapid pace the steep ridge, down which the trail ran towards the forks of the creek. Half way down and they are saluted by a hundred rifle shots from front and both flanks, accompanied by the too well-known Indian yell. Dismounting and tying their horses to the brush, with the bullets and yells growing thicker and louder, the brave little party boldly went into the fight. Taking each a tree, they loaded and fired with good effect, as was plainly indicated next day when the battle-ground was visited. Louder and fiercer grew the uproar; the Indians numbering near two hundred, soon gained the rear of the little party, and poured upon them a hail of rifle and pistol shots. 'We must get out of thus,' shouted Gould. 'They've got us in a tight place; come on.' He ran to his horse, and all followed but Davis, who, seeing a number of Indians running towards them, shouted to his companions: 'Hurry up, boys, and mount. I'll keep those devils away until you are ready to start. Charlie, untie my horse and hold him until I come.' And almost in the same breath, he added: 'Go ahead, boys, I'm shot right through the tum-tum.'" With much difficulty the rest of the party extricated themselves from surrounding difficulties, and, as Olney puts it, "holding their guns in the bridle hand, with revolver in the right, discharging rapid shots at the Indians, they streaked it up the hill and down the trail to the ranch, closely followed by the yelling and disappointed Indians, who were but a few rods in their rear when they reached the gate of the palisades surrounding the ranch."

The fighting, instead of being over with now, was just fairly beginning. Olney's narative continues: "When Willie Hay and his companions made their appearance at the ranch with the news of the Indian's attack upon them and the killing of Wright and Olney, a courier was at once sent with the intelligence to Captain O'Neil's camp, at the foot of Eight Dollar Mountain. As soon as the news was received, O'Neil ordered the horses and pack mules to be immediately brought up and saddled and packed, and at once set out for the ranch, endeavoring to reach it before the Indians did. But in this he failed, as I shall now relate. Calling the roll he found he had but fifty men fit for duty, and with a pack train of fifteen heavily laden mules he must spare three or four for the special duty of attending to the packs. Forming a vanguard of fifteen men, he sent them forward under Lieutenant Armstrong. The mules followed, and the rear was brought up by the remainder of the company under his immediate command. Away they went at a sharp trot until they had crossed Deer Creek and had entered the heavy timber within two miles of the ranch, when they overtook a pack train passing which with some difficulty, they kept on their way, with the loss of two or three mules which had run into the other train and could not be easily extricated, so they were allowed to remain and come away with the train, which was put to its utmost speed, when the packers had been told that the Indians were ahead. On they go through the heavy pine woods, the bell on the "bell mare" tinkling out hasty music to the loaded train mules behind, while the "Huppah Mulah," "Cahambo," and the everlasting string of Mexican epithets calculated to urge forward the train, were being bellowed and hissed in hasty and excited way. They have reached within half a mile of the ranch, and they hear an occasional rifle shot. Soon comes a crash of reports succeeded by the usual rattling reverberations through the timber of each sep-

arate but continuous report and the near yells of the Indians. On they go, the vanguard at a gallop, pack mules ditto; they are too slow. "Forward faster." Another train in the road—Jimmy Lowery and Billy Sutherland's train—Billy on the "bell mare." Jimmy driving up the train; trains at this time on the keen jump. "D——n the train," says the Captain; but it doesn't make matters any better. The train behind is making good time, and its "bell mare" has overtaken the rear guard, so there are two pack trains and a company of volunteers surging together along the road through the woods towards the ranch. They are now within two hundred and fifty yards of the ranch. Volunteers have left their pack mules behind and gone pell mell through and are firing from behind every tree and bunch of brush into the very faces of the men. Each man, with revolver in hand, yelled defiance and sent shot after shot at the Indians, who, in a few minutes, turned their attention to the pack trains."

To follow all the particulars of the general engagement that now ensued would make this article unduly long. It can be abreviated by simply saying that the fight continued till after midnight, when a temporary lull was obtained by the Indians retiring. Olney showed up at the ranch in the morning, considerably the worse of the wear for his enforced adventures. The remaining pack mules were gathered in and relieved of tumbled burdens. The Indians were heard of right away at Captain O'Neil's camp near Eight Dollar Mountain, where they managed to catch onto another pack train, this time the property of Coyote Evans. A couple of battles were fought around this noted mountain that and the following day, in which the Indians were victorious at first, but finally withdrew with their abundant plunder down Illinois River towards the Big Meadows on Rogue River.

Without stopping for any further long digressions we will now try and get in touch with our original theme—the trip to Red Dog. The foregoing extracts are sufficient to show the contrast between such expeditons now and in earlier days when the redman had such a fetching desire not only for pack trains, but also for locks of human hair. But if the dangers have been minimized, so too have been the glittering prospects of suddenly acquired wealth.

The remainder of our route took us down the same stream thus renowned in Indian war annals, past the celebrated copper mines and over the mineral-bearing hills to Briggs Creek, thence up that creek to Red Dog. A good-sized miners' village composed of tents was already on the ground. There is no mistaking the character of this sudden aggregation of adventurers—it is the old story, told and retold so often on the Pacific Coast, the same hurrah, the same banter and badgering, the same noisy carousal and midnight drunkenness that are so uniformly characteristic of these wild rushes. That there were no "dead men for breakfast," or supper, as the case might be, was due mainly to the brevity of the excitement. The elements were abundantly ripe for it; but the Red Dog furor eased up nearly as suddenly as it was started. One account of its inception, as told me by J. L. Wilder, is as follows: A man (he thinks it was Melichi Baughman, though he is not positive on this point), was riding along on a mule when he saw something that resembled the copper bottom of a washboiler, but wondering how it could have got up into that *terra incognita* sort of a region, he concluded to investigate. His investigation soon developed the fact it was nothing more or less than a slab of gold that had become disintegrated from its bed of quartz. Perhaps one of the reasons for the sudden ending of the stampede might be traced to the infrequency of such findings of old washboiler bottoms. Another reason—a reason that must crop out at every new discovery of mines from this on—is found in the unfair allowance of such big claims to the first men on the ground. Good diggings had been found all right enough, but with twenty acres to the man it does not take many claims to absorb a good-sized stream. Before Congress took a hand in regulating this mat-

ter, claims were apportioned more in accordance with common fairness through those usually turbulent assemblages called "miners' meetings." One hundred feet up or down the gulch was the maximum allowance. Congress, it must be confessed, has made a bad mess of it regulating something it did not understand.

Finding everything claimed up and rapidly ripening into that condition when contest and lawsuits would come in fashion, my partner and myself could only re-enact the role of "a looker-on in Venice." We had no occasion, however, to regret our trip. Ther is a fascinating excitement about these movements that makes recompense for many of their hardships. One seems to live more in a few weeks than he would otherwise in as many months. Let no one then seek to decry this form of hegira on general principles; for experience has shown that it will not "down." It furnishes the necessary training for those hardy adventurerers who have made Pacific Coast development what it is.

W. W. FIDLER.

* * *

MINES AND MINERS.

Why do men of every possible degree of age, education, refinement, ability and prior occupation, isolate themselves in these hills and delve in the ground for a few grains of gold.

Their reasons for leaving former associations are as varied as their intentions and temperments. Whether from city, town, or farm, a man, young or old, enters upon an entirely new career when he starts out with pick, pan and shovel, to make for himself an independent competency, with only a common fund of capital, industry and conviction.

However, the field is large, competition unheard of, vigor approved, modesty applauded, ignorance ignored, and success perhaps. You may, from some camping or hunting expedition, have acquired what you think experience. You have, with a congenial party, been initiated in the art of cooking, washing dishes and cleaning fire arms, but to be thrown upon your own resources, among strange men and surroundings, where merit is the only accepted accomplishment, has caused many an ardent aspirant for fortune to quickly forget the troubles he has had, and take them all back to his heart together home, good clothes and the cook, for to follow out a feminine adage, "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach." Must he not have left his heart behind him, or, be filled with conceit at his own culinary achievements, to face the inevitable accompanyment of prospecting—bachelorhood.

Look around in camp at the relics of argonautism, grey-bearded, descrepit pensioners, whose little $8 or $10 a month give them an assurance of luxurious age, while they make a few dollars with the rocker, or run across a pocket in the hills, when they feel like exerting themselves. It is a strange and pitiful sight to find so many old men enduring hardships and discomforts, when they should be surrounded by sympathetic relatives or friends with pleasant environments. Surely they have visions of retiring through acquired persistency some of the fortunes that have slipped through their fingers The new comer looks almost with contempt at these hoary-headed, tough-fisted veterans, taking their advice with a great deal of allowance for crank medicine.

To the prospector is given the doubtful supposition of his having "influential friends," for at some time in his life, other occupations engaged him where perhaps his energies were not rewarded according to his idea of recompense, so he voluntarily enlisted in the army of gold seekers for a possible enrichment

After going over ground in his original and efficient style, territory that has been traversed for forty years or more, he is prepared to extol the value of this or that rock, and give expert opinion as to how a man's mine should be operated, or for settling in some old cabin ostensibly for future operations. If he has backing, and is withal a good worker, he will run a few tunnels on his prospects and have assays made, which, if favorable, is an incentive for further investigation. He may spend years in just this kind of uncertain eagerness, gradually growi ng morose and cranky and brooding more each day over the ill luck that brought him to this condition of affairs, but loth to give up the evidence of his hard work and convictions.

Brothers may be seen working in their "diggins" during the Winter months, raising garden and sawing wood and lumber in Summer, contented with their lot, having a neat little home in the mountains, methodical and economical in their habits, saving their earnings for a trip to the home back East, or, to a foreign land, where they will make the boys who stayed behind sick with envy at sight of their sack of golden nuggets. It is hard to discriminate between the prosperous and the discouraged ones. He who wears the filthiest rags may have a pocket full of big nuggets tied to a buckskin string, all the while saying he is "just about making grub."

The owner of a large hydraulic mine has the care of an extensive business on his mind. With thousands invested, a break in the ditch means not alone the loss for repair, but it lessens the output forthe season, as every day the water is turned off and the gravel is not running through the boxes, and mightily steadily, too, there is no gold going in. His dreams are of gigantic slides, banks caving in the mine, with perhaps a man or two crushed, a sudden flood carrying dam and all out when horrors—a terrific blast—a boulder rent in twain.

The sudden melting of snows causes damage in the steep mountain country enough to discourage any but a miner. He is a worker or would not be here, knows how to take advantage of nature's forces, and, with a rope and tackle, can alone do the work of half a dozen Chinamen.

To some a periodical spree is always the accompanyment of a good clean-up. Then the wily sharper takes advantage of a generous nature, gets Mr. Miner into trouble and out again, for a consideration, usually his mine, or an interest in it, and when soberness follows a depleted pocket-book, the miner realizing that he has been "done," resignedly accepts the situation, sells the rest of his accumulation, and makes a change of location.

Then the schemer is on the lookout for another victim, though of another class. By skillful manipulation he unloads for a big price, a company is formed and under directions of a competent and rustling manager the mine is brought to its highest standard of production, to be a dividend payer or a failure.

Returned Nomers find in Oregon that which they sought in Alaska—pay, and a glorious healthful climate thrown in. No need to spend a thousand dollars experimenting. That amount judiciously invested will buy an interest in a good paying mine or put an undeveloped one in shape to produce.

A. B. COUSIN.

CROSSING THE PLAINS.

After securing my discharge I walked from Salem to Yoncolla, in the Umpqua valley, where, finding my claim jumped, I walked back to Corvallis and secured a position carrying the U. S. mail between Lafayette and Oakland. My route was one hundred and fifty miles long, the round trip was to be made each week, rain or shine. Half the time, during the winter season, I had to swim most of the streams, and my clothes would be wet for a week. It was a hard way to serve the Lord, but the hardships attendent on mail carrying was not exceptional in those days. I held my job from May, 1856, until May, 1858. The latter summer I was running around considerable with a light wagon, delivering medicines for Drs. Hutchings and Poppleton of Lafayette.

In the fall of 1858 I returned to The Dalles and opened a livery stable, going broke in the business. I stayed at The Dalles until the month of August, 1859.

In August, 1859, I went as cook with surveyors to Umatilla valley to survey all the country lying between Willow creek and the foot of the Blue mountains. I cooked for twelve men for two or three months. I believe some of the men are still alive. Mr. D. P. Thompson is I know. On the second night out from The Dalles we camped at the mouth of Rock creek on John Day river. It was very late when we stopped, and after supper, staking out our mules, we spread our blankets and turned in. About 10 o'clock we smelled rattle snakes and all climbed into the wagon, and stayed there until morning. At day break we went to killing the rattlesnakes. Thirty of forty fell victims to our onslaught, but the most of them escaped by retreating into a cliff or rocks into the rear of our camp.

The work began at Butter creek. D. P. Thompson ran one compass, and his brother Allen the other. As the weather was very warm, it was necessary to get an early start in the morning, consequently I had to hustle out in the morning before daylight to get breakfast. Mr. D. P. Thompson was at that time a great walker, he could catch an antelope easy. Some days he would meander so far from the camp that it would require double the time to get back. He was never leg weary, but always fresh as a daisy. There is one little incident of that trip which I shall never forget. Our bread was made of sour dough and Sally-Ann (better known by tenderfeet as soda) , and I kept a supply on hand constantly. After a meal it was necessary to mix the dough in a large tin pan and place it in the sun to rise. The dough being mixed and placed in the sun, as usual, I spread a news paper over the top, laid a stick of wood on top of that, and, mounting a mule, started to a ranch five miles off, to purchase some butter. When I came in sight of camp on my return, my eyes encountered a wonderful sight. A magpie had taken a notion to eat my dough, and mixed himself up in it, and twisted and turned around until he had completely buried himself. I was hostile, and took Mr. Magpie out and chopped him all up. The dough, being full of feathers, was discarded, and with no small undertaking I made ready another batch of yeast-cake bread to feed my twelve hungry boarders that night. I have never liked a magpie since. Mr. Thompson surveyed and sectionized that entire country between the Umatilla and the Columbia. At times we had trouble procuring water. One day while camped on the Umatilla river, we packed the water kegs on the mules and proceeded with the men to do some surveying between the Umatilla and the Columbia.

With two mules we took four water kegs half way to the Columbia, where

the twelve men filled their canteens and commenced work, while I started back to camp with the mules. It was an exceedingly warm day, the temperature being 100 degrees in the shade. I had ten miles to go and had not provided myself with water. I suffered terribly with thirst, and when I got to the Umatilla river, I just laid down and drank water until I could hold no more, then I rolled over and went to sleep and let my mules take care of themselves. That night the supper call sounded after bed time. After Mr. Thompson finished his contract, we came back to The Dalles, where I stopped that fall and winter.

Charley White was sheriff of Wasco county, and appointed me one of his deputies. This county then reached from the Cascade mountains clear to the Rockies, and took all the country over to the Utah line. Since then fourteen counties have been hatched out of it, and there are eggs enough for two or three more. The Dalles was a wide-open little town with plenty of sporting men, among whom was Bill Nixen, Jim Chandsey, Rub Short, Buckskin Bill, Jack Harris, Johnie Moran, Duff Neill, Joe and Jack Crab, and Vic Trevitt; W. Isaacs had a store, Fielding Brown had a big saloon, and Charlie Mansfield was post master.

There were many freight trains hauling from The Dalles to Celilo. Humason and Johnson were the principal freighters.

The soldiers would come down from the garrison every night and have a few fights with the boys, and very often the ambulance would come down in the morning and pick up a dead soldier and haul him back to the garrison. Cutting and shooting was the order of the day.

In April while out riding, my horse fell and broke my leg in two places, and I was laid up nine months.

In February, 1861, I went to Walla Walla and stopped with Mr. W. S. Gilliam, who lived on Dry creek about ten miles from that city. I remained there until April, when I started a pony express to the Oro Fino mines, Capt. Pierec and and Marion Moore having discovered gold there in 1860.

With only one pony and $5 in money and one pair of blankets, but with plenty of grit, I left Walla Walla about the fifth of April, and started for the diggings. My route was past Dry creek to Coppei, Whiskey creek, and on to Touchet, then up the Pattit and the Whetstone hollow on to the Tucannon where a Frenchman lived with his Indian wife. From there over to the Pataha, whre a man lived by the name of Funer. He was married to an Indian woman, known as Queen, the daughter of the old Cayuse chief Winip-Snoot. From there my route was over to Alpowa creek, and down it to its mouth. When I crossed Snake river at Silcott's ferry, near the junction of Clearwater and Snake river. Thence followed up the Clearwater past the Lapwai Indian agency of Nez Perce Indians. I went to what was then known as Whiskey flat, at the foot of the Bitterroot mountains, where I cought up with a pack train bound for the mines, and stopped four days to help them shovel the snow so they could proceed. The snow for some distance was from three to four feet deep. We finally worked our way through and found thirty or forty miners at the camp, called Pierce City, after Capt. Pierce. I stayed there two days and received a lot of letters to carry back to Walla Walla, at fifty cents each. This trip proved very hard on me, as there were few houses or stopping places between Walla Walla and the mines.

Where Dayton, Washington, now stands, at the crossing of the Touchet, two men by the name of Schuebly had a log house, and kept a stopping place. Another man by the name of Ping had a ranch near them. Jesse and Henry Day each had a ranch near by. These were the last houses until reaching the cannon. The next house was John Turner's, at the head of Pataha, so I had to carry some cold lunch with me which consisted of raw bacon, raw onions and crackers. I slept where night overtook me.

Realizing only five dollars out of my first trip, I began to feel blue, but had no intention of giving up. My next trip paid me ten dollars over my expenses, and from that time on business was good. On my third trip down I found a small steamer tied up to the bank of the Clearwater, at the foot of the rapids above the Indian agency. A man by the name of S . S. Slater was on board with a stock of goods. His first intention was to start a trading post where he had tied up, but changed his mind, dropped back to the junction of Snake and Clearwater rivers, and unloaded his goods, and opened up the first store where Lewiston now stands. I think Mr. Slater is now dead. He was a man well known in Portland in the early sixties.

After Lewiston was started, a man by the name of Jacob Schultz started a ferry across Snake river near there and he took in a bushel of money. In 1861-2-3 Lewiston grew like a mushroom. However, it was a city of tents mostly, the first summer. Hill Beachy built a large hotel, and saloons multiplied daily. No one seeing Lewiston now for the first time, can realize what in was in June, 1860. It was not only a lively town, but a tough one, a bad lot of toughs arriving there from California and Nevada.

I stayed with my little express, and as fast as I came in, bought more horses, and by July augmented my train to ten good saddle ponies. They were scattered along the rout at convenient distances, so I could change two or three times a day. In the meantime Tracy & Co., consisting of Ned. Tracy, Ned. James and Ned. Norton had started an express to Oro Fino, employed some of the best riders to be had—one was Billy Albright, another was George Reynolds (better known as Cayuse George)—and many a had race I had with him between Oro Fino and Walla Walla. On two different occasions we raced from Oro Fino to Walla Walla, one hundred and eighty miles, without sleep, and made stops only to change tired horses for fresh ones. On one of my racing trips my canteen was broke and a buckskin bag containing eight hundred dollars in gold dust was lost from it. I was in the lead and would have won allright, but missing the bag of dust gave up the race and suffered George to go on ahead. I dismounted and led my horse by the halter back almost a mile where I found the purese of gold in the road. We had a "hot old time" on our next trip down. First one and then the other in the lead. On Dry creek, ten miles out of Walla Walla, I changed horses at Aldridge's place, and George changed one mile below, at Doc. Bonney's place. When we got on the flat between Walla Walla and Dry creek, we were about one mile apart, each doing his best from there in, as there was a bet up of $500 on us. Henry Milney had $500 up on me, and Fred Patterson had $500 up on George, but I had the best horse on the last ten mile heat, so I won by half a mile. There was a great deal of excitement when I crossed Mill creek into Walla Walla.

Tracy & Co. had an idea they could run me off the route, but they did not succeed. I offered to sell out but they were not on the buy.

Sometime in the montn of July when the news of the Civil war was eagerly sought after, Tracy & Co. had a pack of horses loaded with news papers, and I had a similarly equipped animal with a good lot of papers on board. We each recognized the fact that the one entering the mining camp first would sell his papers, and the last man get scooped. When I reached Tom Bell's ferry on the Clearwater, he told me that Cayuse George and Billy Albright were a half hour ahead of me; but, said Tom, "they will be sure to stop at Texas ranch to gin up." Discretion here meant financial success, as I did a little hard work. I rode very quietly. When near the old Texas ranch I saw a light and heard the boys talking. I skipped along like a skulking cayote in the darkness of night, until I was at least a half a mile on the other side, and rode like the devil himself or a band of Commanches were after me, arriving at Oro Fino

about midnight, and, selling all my papers, I went to bed at four o'clock. Next morning George and Billy came in like tornadoes, yelling like Indians, and shouting the latest news; but the boys gave them the "horse laugh" and told them the news was there four hours ahead of them. I had made a scoop worthy of a New York newspaper reporter.

Oro Fino had by this time become a lively town, with five thousand inhabitants. In the place Captain Ankeney, Geo. E. Cole and D. M. Jessee had a store, J. H. Lappeus had a big saloon.

A little man by the name of Button went in there with his wife. They had one cow, and baked bread and made pies. They sold their pies for $1 each, and milk for 25 cents a pint. They cleaned up $2,000 by fall, and lft the diggings. Once in August I left Oro Fino for Walla Walla after sunset to escape the warm day's ride. I was carrying seventy-five pounds of gold dust and a lot of letters. About three miles from town a thick piece of timber along the road obscured the moonlight and it became very dark. All at once I observed a man coming towards me with a gun in his hand, I pulled my pistol and yelled for him to throw up his hands which he did, when I rode up and found it was a miner returning from a hunting. It was hard to tell who was the most scared, him or me. That same night I camped in the pine timber near the Clearwater. About two o'clock in the morning my horse began to snort, and raising my head I saw two great mountain wolves trying to reach the animals. I fired at them with my pistol and they left, but there was no more sleep for me that night.

ISAAC V. MOSSMAN.

To be continued.

PORTLAND, DALLES AND SALT LAKE RAILWAY.

Nearly all writers upon the subject which forms the caption to this article, give the briefest mention to the part in which some of the business men of Portland were concerned in the enterprise, and to the great benefits accruing to the city through their endeavor to make it a success.

What has been said comprises in the main, what transpired at the National capitol during the time endeavor was being made to secure congressional aid in the construction of the line. Search the pages of the various histories of Oregon, and not one of them speak of the public spirited citizens interested in its building, except the president of the company, W. W. Chapman, who represented the great undertaking before congress, forcing the interests defeating the assistance desired, to alter their plans and give to Oregon the just recognition due her.

Full mention is made, however, to the various officials of the various lines, and often the names of persons are given who became identified with those roads long subsequent to their construction. Done probably for the reason that the writers have an eye out for possible future favors wanted. The facts are, that the men who sought to build the Portland, Dalles and Salt Lake line, by giving their attention, means and encouragement thereto, builded greater for Oregon's welfare than those whose names and titles appear as "the makers of history," and the builders of our great state. Those who are named, no doubt occupy a place worthy of noting, still, that is no reason why those who made it possible for them to be the occupants of their positions, should be relegated to oblivion. Honor should be given to whom honor is due, especially so when a worthy deed has been performed, or self sacrifice made.

about midnight, and, selling all my papers, I went to bed at four o'clock. Next morning George and Billy came in like tornadoes, yelling like Indians, and shouting the latest news; but the boys gave them the "horse laugh" and told them the news was three hour hours ahead of them. I had made a scoop worthy of a New York newspaper reporter.

Oro Fino had by this time become a lively town, with five thousand inhabitants. In the place Captain Ankeney, Geo. E. Cole and D. M. Jeffree had a store, J. H. Lapsens had a big saloon.

A little man by the name of Burton went in there with his wife. They had one cow, and baked bread and made pies. They sold their pies for $1 each, and milk for .25 cents a pint. They cleaned up $2,000 by fall, and left the diggings. Once in August I left Oro Fino for Walla Walla after sunset to escape the warm day's ride. I was carrying seventy-five pounds of gold dust and a lot of letters. About three miles from town a thick piece of timber along the road obscured the moonlight and it became very dark. All at once I observed a man coming towards me with a gun in his hand. I pulled my pistol and yelled for him to throw up his hands which he did, when I rode up and found it was a miner returning from a hunting. It was hard to tell who was the most scared, him or me. That same night I camped in the pine timber near the Clearwater. About two o'clock in the morning my horse began to snort, and raising my head I saw two great mountain wolves trying to reach the animals. I fired at them with my pistol and they left, but there was no more sleep for me that night.

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While Col. Chapman performed his duties ably and well, wrecking his fortune to accomplish the end sought, and is entitled to all the praise bestowed upon him for his great work, he could not have fought monopoly and private aims into agreeing to proceed for the public good, had he not been supported by home endeavor— an endeavor backed by his associates in the Portland, Dallles and Salt Lake railway, together with the public spirited Portland people who contributed ther menas toward the project. As soon as the company was organized, Justus M. Strowbridge, the vice president of the company, made it a tender of offices in his elegant brick block on First street which was accepted, and from that time to the time the company ceased business, it occupied these apartments without charge.

The undertaking being a home enterprise, the work necessary to further its interests must needs come from the source from whence it sprang, until capital could be secured from the money centers of the east or the old world. To get the required funds, contributions had to be solicited from the business men of Portland. Some one had to perform this labor, a task that was no easy job after the matter had dragged along for some time. In this matter, Dr. J. C. Hawthorne and Justus M. Strowbridge, often ably assisted by E. J. Jeffry and C. H. Woodard, usually took the initiative, and often it was, when funds were wanted, that they advanced them from their own means, being liberal enough to do so without taking the trouble to ask that others share the expense with them. C. H. Lewis, Jos. A. Strowbridge, and C. M. Wiberg were among the earnest workers in the enterprise.

Those who were not connected with the Oregon Steam Navigation Company, or influenced by Northern Pacific interests, subscribed handsomely from time to time, realizing that this enterprise was the salvation of Portland's future prosperity. That success or failure would force opposing interests to modify their intentions to a recognition of the fact that Portland should not be "sidetracked." Sufficient surveys were made to demonstrate the feasibility of the building of the contemplated line at a very reasonable cost per mile, and Col. Chapman was sent to Washington, during several sessions of congress in the interests of the road. The Northern Pacific Railroad, now the Northern Pacific Railway, was about to abandon the building of a line down the Columbia river from Wallula to Portland, which action on its part would work a forfeiture of a portion of the land grant to be given as government aid in the construction of the road. This contemplated forfeiture, the Portland, Dalles and Salt Lake enterprise endeavored to secure to enable it to build its line, and the arguments presented by Col. Chapman to show the great value his company's road would be to Oregon in particular, and the Union at large, of a necessity put the resources of the country in their true light before those who held the purse strings of wealth, and upon the representations thus made the management of the Northern, which had hitherto failed to float its bonds at eighty-five cents, with its entire land grant as a bonus, easily sold them at par and saved the land grant. This sale put the treasury of that road in such a condition that it could and did complete its line, a completion which in all probability would have been delayed were it not for the showing made by the Portland, Dalles and Salt Lake road, which was appropriated by the Northern to its advantage.

The Union Pacific interests also became posted as to the situation and to such an extent that it became a factor in the movement, and when the majority in congress legislated adversely to the Portland, Dalles and Sait Lake interests, thereby killing the enterprise, it took up the matter in earnest, building the Oregon Short Line, following closely the surveys of the home endeavor.

The organizers of the Portland, Dalles and Salt Lake road have much to be proud of, even though their projected

line was not built under their name and management. Their activity in the matter placed the bankrupt Northern on a firm financial basis with monied men, who at once advanced the means to relieve it of embarrassment and construct its line to the Pacific, as well as bring about the construction of the Short Line. The debt of gratitude which Portland and the entire Northwest owes these public spirited citizens can never be paid, and it is with pleasure that the writer is permitted to give mention on historic page of the names of the prime movers in the undertaking and it is with regret that he is unable to record the names of all contributing to the great good done, because the record of such is unobtainable.

G. W. CARVER.

SHEMATIC EMMIGRATION TO THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST.

The Pacific Northwest had been known to the world, from the time of its discovery up to 1849, through expeditions thereto by both sea and land, and by emigration of pioneers. But, up to the latter date none of the descendents of Shem had ever come, so far as known, within the borders of the vast territory which it comprised.

The first of the race to put in an appearance were a couple of merchants, Goldsmith & May, in the fall of 1849. They conducted a general merchandise store in Portland for about two years, when they sold out and removed to San Francisco.

In 1850 J. Kohen opened a store in Portland, and the firm of Dusenberry & Mitchell began merchandising in Oregon City. Soon afterwards Haas Bros. began business in Portland. A short time after their advent, some brothers by the name of Weil arrived, but did not permanently locate anywhere, occupying themselves with peddling from town to town. They were the first peddlers in the Pacific Northwest.

The next arrivals were the brothers, J. and S. Blumauer, the former reaching here in May, 1851, and the latter in September of the same year. The first Jewish lady to come was Mrs. Weinshank, the wife of a Portland merchant of that name. She arrived in 1854. The second was Mrs. S. Blumauer, recently deceased. Her eldest children, Louis, the senior partner of the Blumauer-Frank Drug Co., and Mrs. May, were the first children born of Jewish parents in the Pacific Northwest.

The first marriage ceremony performed, both the contracting parties being Jews, was that of Mr. and Mrs. S. Rosenblatt. This was in February, 1859. To this couple was born the first child (a son, now deceased), born to Jewish parents who were married in the Pacific Northwest. L. Bettman was the first of the Jewish race to settle north of the Columbia river. He located at Olympia, Washington, and conducted a store there for many years.

In later years numbers of others came. Many of them are quite wealthy and are identified with some of the leading enterprises on the coast. Some of them have received high honors at the hands of their fellow citizens. Among them being Hon. Sol Hirsch, ex-minister to Turkey, and Joseph Simon, at present a United States senator from Oregon.

The first Jewish congregation in the Pacific Northwest was organized in 1858 in Portland, Rev. S. M. Laski being chosen reader. The first meetings were held in Burke's Hall. In the fall of 1861 a building was erected on Fifth and Oak streets, which was given the name of Beth Israel. Rev. H. Bories was chosen minister of the congregation, remaining thus employed until 1863, when Rev. Dr. Julius Eckman was elected rabbi, the first in the Pacific Northwest.

OREGON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

GEO. H. HIMES, ASSISTANT SECRETARY:

The list of pupils attending the old Portland Accademy, as submitted by Mr. James F. Failing, contained many more names than those appearing in the November number of this magazine. The sheets upon which these names were listed, were in some manner inadvertently misplaced and the omission was not discovered until too late to rectify the mistake. They are as follows:

Davis, Miss Crdelia (Mrs. William Baden); Davis, Miss Sarah, (Mrs. Marshall); Davis, Miss Mary; Dierdorff, James D.; Dobbins, Admire T.; Dobbins, Miss Mary Miranda; Dobbins, Thomas W.; Dobbins, Miss Sally, (Mrs. Geo. T. Myers); Dray, Miss Letitia; Dray, Henry C.; Dray, James; Durham, George H.; Egar, Emily, (Mrs. Robert Porter); Eggleston, Edward Oscar; Failing, Edward; Failing, James F.; Fales, Arthur; Fales, Frank; Frazer, Miss Jerusha, (Mrs. W. N. Giswold); Frazer, Miss Roza F.. (Mrs. M. S. Burrell); Gill, Miss Mary; Gill, Miss Susan, (Mrs. Whitwell); Gray, A. J.; Gray, Benj.; Gray, J. Worth; Gray, Miss Priscilla M., (Mrs. Wm. A. Daly); Gray, Erastus; Gray, Miss Sarah A.; Griswold, Charles; Griswold, Miss Eugenia; Griswold, Miss Christina; Greer, Miss Rebecca, (Mrs. ———); Hall, Seth; Hamilton, Alexander; Hamilton, Thomas; Hartness, Adelia., (Mrs. S. S. Douglas); Hartness, Charles; Hartness, George; Hartness, Thomas M.; Hart, Charlotte; Harlow, Chester; Harlow, Dora, (Mrs. J. H. Kibling); Harlow, John; Harris, Stephen; Hawkins, Charles; Hawkins, Mary; Holman, Alice F.; Holman, Frances A.; Hoyt, Richar, Jr.; Holmes, Alice J., (Mrs. J. M. Strowbridge); Holmes, Mary Ann, (Mrs. H. C. Coulsen); Howe, Robert; Holmes, Thomas J., Jr.

In the November number it reads that Miss Louisa Ingraham became Mrs. C. M. Wiberg. This should have read Miss P. Ingraham, also a student, whose name was omitted.

In my article published in the last issue of the Native Son, I stated that Rev. C. S. Kingsley was principal from the commencement of the school until 1859. In the same issue there appears a communication from Mr. J. F. Failing, stating that Rev. Mr. Buchanan was principal from 1851 to 1853. The explanation of this is found in a letter from Mr. Buchanan, to whom I wrote concerning the matter:

BERKLEY, Nov. 30, 1900.

J. C. Moreland, Esq., Portland, Ore.—..

DEAR SIR: As the school was organized before my arrival in Portland, in all probability Mr. Kingsley was the first principal—though I think he was to hold it only till my arrival. Upon my arrival in the spring of 1852, I assumed the principalship of the school, to which position I had been appointed by the Missionary Board in New York. My health failing in the spring of 1853, Mr. Kingsley was appointed to take the place as principal.

Very truly yours,

P. G. BUCHANAN.

Because of their not being in the records, I omitted to give the names of two graduates of the school in 1873. They were Misses Carrie Caples and Mary DeVore. Miss Caples is the wife of our townsman, Dr. W. H. Saylor, one of Portland's most eminent physicians, and is herself prominent in church work. Miss DeVore married a Mr. Edwards, and lives in the state of Washington.

I also stated by some mistake that Miss Helen Burton was dead. For this I apologize, and hope it will be a long time before this can be truthfully written.

J. C. MORELAND.

NESIKA WA-WA.

Volume VII of the Western Series of Readers, written by Mrs. Eva Emery Dye, has been received by the Native Son, and we are of the opinion that it is one or the class of text-books that should be placed in our schools, public as well as private, for it is beyond question one of the most interesting and valuable works, as a history of the Pacific northwest, that was ever written. It is a kind of literature the study of which should be encouraged, and it is to be hoped that students may be permitted to avail themselves of doing so, by its selection as a school reader. The style is pure and simple, yet animated; there is wealth of historical and biographical data; there is dramatic spirit in many of the sketches, and somehow in a manner really wonderful the author has contrived to give freshness and vivacity to facts and incidents which hitherto we have been accustomed to see written only with dry-as-dust labor. But this charming little book is not a novel. It can be depended on for its facts and dates, and it has many of them; with many a pleasant thing moreover that lies in the early history of Oregon.

Organization of the auxiliary society to be known as the Sons and Daughters of the Indian war veterans of the North Pacific Coast, which was proposed at the late meeting of the camp of Indian War Veterans, has taken shape, and the preliminary work has been commenced.

The society promises to become one of the most interesting organizations in the Pacific Northwest, and will, no doubt, be productive of much social pleasure and profit to members.

The constitution provides that all sons and daughters of men who fought in the Indian wars prior to 1860 may become members of the society. Its jurisdiction will extend over all old Oregon Territory, the present Oregon, Idaho, Washington, and Montana. The society will, among other things, preserve annals of Indian battles in which the pioneers took part and act as an auxiliary to the Veteran's Association.

Judge W. H. Parker has just finished his Ready Reference Index to the Oregon Reports which has been so much needed by attorneys. Contracts for the publication have been let and it will soon be ready for delivery to those wanting such a valuable work. A key to the Oregon Laws, published by the judge last spring, has reached its second addition and the demand for it still keeps up as great as ever. The judge is a pioneer of 1852, a lawyer of many years prominence, and through his long connection with judicial matters incident to Oregon, knows what he is writing about, and those acquainted with his career testify to his ability by their readiness in becoming possessors of his books.

Mr. W. G. Steel has some two thousand photo negatives of pioneers to Portland and the Pacific northwest in general, which should be secured to the Oregon Historical Society, as they were valuable from a historical standpoint. We trust that it will take steps to get possession of them.

Carrie Blake Morgan, the author of a new book of poems, "The Path of Gold," was born in Indianapolis, but "crossed the plains" with her parents while a child, and has lived nearly all her life in Oregon.

Mrs. Morgan has for a number of years been a contributor of both prose and verse to Lippincott's, Youth's Companion, McClure's, Overland, Leslie's Weekly, and others.

"The Path of Gold" is her first book. It is dedicated to her sister, Mrs. Ella Higginson. It is published by Edson & Irish, New Whatcom, Wash. Price, 50 cents.

The Wiley B. Allen Company, so long the leading dealers in music and musical instruments in Portland, have announced that removal of their headquarters will be made to San Francisco in the near future. This change will not be of benefit to Portland, nor to the country adjacent thereto dependent upon it for that class of supplies. The firm has been established so long, and has kept in stock such a complete line of musical instruments and publications, that its removal will be a great sourse of regret. Since their announcement giving notice of removal appeared, their place of business has been crowded with dealers, teachers and the general public, intent upon securing at the cost prices offered, the many articles carried by the firm. Those looking for bargains should avail themselves of the opportunity the present presents, and make their purchases before others get ahead of them. The number is 209-211 First street.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

REV. GEORGE H. ATKINSON, D. D.

Born in Newburyport, Mass., May 10, 1819, and went to Newbury, Vermont, in 1830. Spent the years in alternate farm work and teaching until 1839, when he entered Dartmouth College, graduating therefrom 1843, spending a portion of each year in teaching to defray college expenses. Spent three years in Andover Theological Seminary, graduating in 1846. Was appointed to missionary work in South Africa, but his destination was changed to Oregon, for which he embarked in 1847, and arrived at Oregon City in July, 1848. At the Falls City he was pastor of the Congregational church for fifteen years, securing meanwhile the erection of its house of worship and also the Clackamas female seminary. He was instrumental in the founding of the Pacific University at Forest Grove, and obtained endowments aggregating a large amount for its support.

The doctor brought with him from the East in 1848 some $2,000 worth of school books, articles much needed here at that time. He began at once to agitate the subject of education, and through his earnest work, the public school system was established by the teritorial legislature in 1849. He was school superintendent of Clackamas county, and held the same position in Multnomah county two terms, rendering efficient service in the building up of the excellent public schools now in Portland. In 1863 he removed to Portland. Here he was pastor of the Congregational church for nine years. In 1872 he gave up his pastorate, accepting the superintendency of the Home Missions for Oregon and Washington. This work he laid down with his life.

He was married in 1846 to Miss Nancy Bates, of Springfield, Vermont. The union was blessed with six children, three only of whom lived to maturity. These being Dr. George H. Atkinson, a prominent physician of Brooklyn, New York, who died December 27, 1884, at the age of thirty-five years, in the midst of a useful and brilliant career; Anna S., who became the wife of Frank M. Warren, one of the leading salmon packers and cannery owners in the Pacific Northwest, and Edward M., a lawyer of New York. The doctor departed this life February 25, 1889, regretted and mourned far and wide. With him, his wife was closely identified in his work, and they succeeded in carving a place in the history of Oregon that few have attained. Mrs. Atkinson, whose loving life will always be a pleasant memory to her descendants and numerous friends, followed her husband to life everlasting on December 1, 1895.

During his residence in Oregon Dr. Atkinson contributed much useful matter to the Eastern press descriptive of the Pacific Northwest, more especially of Oregon, of its resources and great advantages, and, during his frequent trips to the East, delivered many lectures upon the same subject. Upon its welfare, industrial and religious, and upon the public school system, he left an impress for good that can never be effaced and will ever be one of the brightest pages of its history.

JAMES B. STEPHENS.

Was born in 1806 in Virginia, and removed to Indiana when but a boy of eight, and came still farther west to Illinois in 1832. In 1830 he maried Miss Elizabeth Walker, of Ohio, and passed on to Misouri, and in 1843 made preparations to come to Oregon. Failing, however, to reach the rendezvous in time, the journey was postponed until the next year. Crossing the plains in 1844, and reached Oregon City as late as December 24th.

The year following he bought a squatter's right to the site of East Portland,

which was held by Dr. McLoughlin as administrator of one Porier, a Frenchman. Living there and working at cooperage for the Hudson's Bay Company, Mr. Stephens availed himself of the donation land law to secure his claim. As early as 1846 ne established a ferry between East and West Portland, using a simple flatboat propelled wth oars, and with this passed the few horsemen and ocasional teams that traveled in those days to and fro. In that year he also laid out the city of East Portland.

In 1848 he tried his luck in California. Projecting a large business plan, he bought a site for a bridge across the American river. This valuable property was washed away the next winter at a loss estimated at not less than $20,000. Mr. Stephens was himself in Oregon at the time and sold the bridge site for $5,000. The next summer, with James Terwilliger, he hewed out on his own place a quantity of square timbers, which he shipped to California, selling them upon his arrival at a good price to a pioneer well known in Oregon, Barton Lee, then in California. Stephens, arriving with his timbers, was to receive his payment immediately. But that happened to be the day of the squaters' riot; and all business was closed. Lee's creditors, taking advantage of this, closed upon him; and he disapeared with what gold dust he had about him. The creditors took a keg of gold dust, and everything else. Stephens thereby lost his pay, which amounted to $16,000.

Returning to his Oregon home, he devoted himself to his ferry, building a new boat, the iron work of which cost him 50 cents a pound. With William Frush as manager, he conducted the business for a number of years, making it quite remunerative. During the war of 1855-56 he transported soldiers, munitions, and furnished feed for horses, etc., receiving for the work government scrip, which was not redeemed until after the outbreak of the war of the rebellion, and then in depreciated currency. Despite these losses, he kept his ferry in successful operation until 1865, and in that year he disposed of the property to Joseph Knott.

In the sixties he was so unfortunate as to embank in the banking business with his son-in-law, Doctor A. M. Loryea; and his whole estate became involved. Failing to meet the mortgage, he lost a large portion of his land. The entire indebtedness not being met by this sacrifice, he was induced to take a deed of trust for the remainder of his property to provide against actual want.

This movement was ill-advised; and it was by a hair's breadth that he retained any of his original estate. A portion of it, however, was preserved, and, owing to the great rise in value, is now worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. Despite the losses which have clouded his life, Mr. Stephens was never suffered to want; and, more than all, though betrayed more than once by seeming friends, he still retained his cheerful and benevolent disposition. He had no words of complaint nor censure; and his heart was warm towards all to the last.

His wife departed this life in 1887. He himself made all preparations which he deemed necesary for folowing her, having made, in his mind, disposition of his property and prepared a monument for the grave of both his wife and himself. It was this calm waiting for his last sleep and for the life of the other world which made his old age serene, and relieved it of the somber colors into which it otherwise might have been cast. He died in March, 1880.

Mrs. Stephens was one of those pioneer mothers whose memory will never be forgotten; so good, so noble, so kind and hospitable. The home of herself and husband ever had the "latch string" on the outside of the door, inviting all to enter and be made welcome at their fireside and table. To them was born seven children, all of whom are now deceased, and but three reached the age of maturity. Their favorite grandchild was Miss Rosa Sexton, now Mrs. Wallace, to whom they left the old homestead.

SARAH FAIRBANKS KING.

The annals of Oregon women, who performed the hard duties incident to pioneer life faithfully, patiently and well, contain no name more justly honored, or more tenderly cherished, than that of Sarah Fairbanks King.

Mrs. King was a native of New York, having been born in Potter, Cayuga county, October 12, 1834. While yet in her infancy, she was taken by her parents to Michigan, then scarecly more than an outpost of Western civlization. Here she grew to womanhood, deveioping traits of gentleness and devotion to duty that were the distinguishing characteristics of all of her after life.

She was married on the 1st of November, 1851, to Mr. George Olds, and with him in the following spring started for Oregon by the usual mode of conveyance in those days,—wagons drawn by oxen. The journey occupied seven months; and her first daughter was given to her arms during the tiresome trip.

Arriving in Oregon in the late autumn, her husband located on a donation land claim near Middleton, Washington county; and there they lived for nine succeeding years, the pioneer home echoing the voices

of children, and attesting daily the blessings that a loving and gentle woman can bring to a habitation in a comparative wilderness and amid the most primitive surroundings. She began life in Oregon where nearly all old-time immigrants did,—at the very foot of the ladder of worldly fortune. But, with a brave heart and cheerful temper, she faced the future courageously, and moved right onward in the path of womanly, wifely, motherly duty to the conquest of that future. On the 12th of April, 1862, she was widowed by the sudden death of her husband, five children being the heritage of the marriage.

On Christmas day, 1863, she was married to Prof. Samuel W. King, and removed first to Marion and afterwards to Yamhill county, where her husband was engaged in teaching school, she being in this, as in all things else, his valued assistant. They subsequently removed to Portland, Oregon, where her husban was for many years the principal of one of the leading schools. Mrs. King died on the 19th of January, 1887. Prof. King and seven children survived her: Mrs. Helen Jolly, J. C. Olds, Wm. P. Olds, Mrs. Clara Summers, Mrs. Mary Southworth, Charles W. King and Ralph King. J. C. and Wm. P. Olds and Chas. W. King are largely interested in the well known firm of Olds & King, of Portland.

The record left by Mrs. King—whether enduring the hardships of a wearisome journey across the continent, encountering the privations incident to pioneer homebuilding, or battling with poverty; whether in the school room in the capacity of teacher, or in a home of refinement enjoying the fruition of her labors and the full mead of reward for her early toils—is one of uniform consecration to duty, of gentleness in her home and of devotion to its inmates. She erected a monument to her own memory worthy of the purest, the noblest and the best.

She died without warning, of heart disease, her husband and sons returning to their home in the evening to find that the gentle presence that they had left there at noontime had forever departed. In a grave in one of the most beautiful locations in Riverview Cemetery, three miles above Portland, was consigned all that was mortal of this loving wife, tender mother and gentle woman; and there, "after life's fitful fever, she sleeps well."

WILLIAM P. OLDS.

An Oregon boy who made his debut on this world's stage near Moore's Mill, Washington county, January 20, 1857. His parents were George and Sarah Fairbanks Olds, pioneers of 1852.

On his arival at an age when he could attend school, the little log cabin school house near his home was entered, wherein the rudiments of his education were learned. On April 12, 1862, he was deprived of a father's care and support by reason of the sudden death of that parent. In December, 1863, his widowed mother became the wife of Prof. S. W. King, and the family removed to Butteville, Marion county, where Mr. Olds continued schooling until 1869. At that date our subject became imbued with the idea of self-support, and, though but 12 years of age, came to Portland, and began the useful and honorable career so well known and creditable to him. His first employment was with the mercantile house of John Wilson, with whom he remained until the firm of Olds & King succeeded him in business in 1878.

Soon after his coming to Portland, the family also removed to the metropolis, Prof. King engaging in teaching in the public schools until 1878, when Mr. Olds and himself purchased the business of Mr. Wilson, which was thereafter known as the firm of Olds & King until 1891, when Prof. King retired to follow a less laborious avocation. At this period the great emporium they had established was incorporated, the name not being changed, and at the present time is one of the leading department stores on the Pacific coast; always up to date in the various lines carried, and growing more widely known and popular every day. Since its organization, Mr. Olds has been its president, and upon his has devolved the task, and by no means an easy one, of going East about four times each year to purchase the stock carried.

On May 19, 1880, Mr. Olds was united in marriage with Miss Lillian A. Cooke. They have no children. The parents of Mrs. Olds were Amos and Mary F. Cooke, old settlers of Yamhill county. The former came across the plains with the "Peoria party" in 1840, and her mother arrived with the emigration of 1852. Mrs. Cooke is a sister of Hon. H. W. Scott, editor of the Oregonian.

Success goes hand in hand with a spotless character, integrity, business ability and urbanity. All of these are linked with the life of Mr. Olds in an enviable degree.

CHARLES W. KING.

In the journey through life we occasionally meet a young man who has made a noticeable mark in business circles. Among those listed in the higher ranks of those engaged in a mercantile line, may be mentioned the subject of this sketch, and it is with pride that this magazine can record the fact that he is a native son of Oregon.

Mr. King first saw the light of day in the historic village of Butteville, Marion county, November 7, 1865. His parents were Prof. Samuel W. and Sarah Fair-

of children, and attesting daily the blessings that a loving and gentle woman can bring to a habitation in a comparative wilderness and amid the most primitive surroundings. She began life in Oregon where nearly all old-time housewifery was,—at the very foot of the ladder of worldly fortune. But, with a brave heart and cheerful temper, she faced the future courageously, and moved right onward in the path of womanly, wifely motherly duty to the conquest of that future. On the 12th of April, 1862, she was widowed by the sudden death of her husband, five children being the heritage of the marriage.

On Christmas day, 1867, she was married to Prof. Samuel W. King, and removed first to Marion and afterwards to Yamhill county, where her husband was engaged in teaching school. She bore in this, as in all things else, his valued assistance. They subsequently removed to Portland, Oregon, where her husband was for many years the principal of one of the leading schools. Mrs. King died on the 18th of January, 1887. Prof. King and seven children survived her: Mrs. Helen Jolly, L. C. Olds, Wm. P. Olds, Mrs. Clara Sampsen, Mrs. Mary Goodsworth, Charles W. King and Dailey King. L. C. and Wm. P. Olds and Chas. W. King are largely interested in the well known firm of Olds & King, of Portland.

The record left by Mrs. King—whether enduring the durability of a gravestone journey across the continent, overcoming the privations incident to pioneer homebuilding, or battling with poverty, wherever in the school room in the capacity of teacher, or in a home of refinement enjoying the fruition of her labors and the full meed of reward for her early toils—is one of uniform consecration to duty, of generous largess in her home and of devoting to its inmates. She erected a monument to her own memory worthy of the parent, the noblest and the best.

She died without wavering of heart or dismay, her husband and sons returning to their home in the evening to find that the gentle presence that they had left there at noontime had forever departed. In a grave in one of the most beautiful localities in Riverview Cemetery, those miles above Portland, was consigned all that was mortal of this loving wife, tender mother and gentle woman; and there, after life's fitful fever, she sleeps well.

WILLIAM F. OLDS

An Oregon boy who made his debut on this world's stage near Jonesville, Washington county, January 23, 1857, his parents were George and Sarah Emphasis Olds, pioneers of 1852.

On his arrival at an age when he could attend school, the little log cabin school house near his home was entered, wherein

banks King (formerly Mrs. George Olds). While his father is not a pioneer to Oregon, he nevertheless came here before it had emerged from a "settlement" period into an existence surrounded by railroad, telegraph, telephone, electric light and other modern conveniences, and is so well known as a prominent educator and merchant that it seems as if he came the plains across in the "Pullman" of the earlier settlers—a wagon drawn by oxen. Mrs. King, his mother, was related to the well known Fairbanks family so prominent in New England and other portions of the East. She came to Oregon with the emigration of 1852.

Mr. Kng came to Portland with his parents in 1869, and in the public schools of that city received his education, his father being one of the teachers therein and for several years the principal of one of the leading schools until he formed a partnership with his step-son, Wm. P. Olds, and succeeded Mr. John Wilson in the dry goods business, under the firm name of Olds & King. In 1878 Mr. King entered the employ of this firm as a clerk, remaining with them until 1892. In this year the personnel of the firm was changed by the retirement therefrom of Prof. King and the incorporation of the enterprise. At this time Mr. King became a stockholder and vice-president of the corporation. The conduct of this great establishment requires close application to details, forethought and suavity of manner, al coupled with the strictest integrity of character—a business capacity embracing a very versatile mind. It is needless to state that the part Mr. King has taken in the destinies of the corporation has shown him to be possesed of these superior qualities.

On October 8, 1890, he was united in marriage with Miss Fanny B. Hunt, a native of Rhode Island. Mrs. King came to Oregon in 1899. The fruits of this union has been one cihld, a daughter now aged three years.

CAPT. WILLIAM IRVING.

Captain William Irving, a man whose name will be well remembered as long as steam and sail vessels move in the waters of the Northwest, was born in Annan, Dumfrieshire, Scotland, in 1816, and died at New Westminister, B. C., August 28, 1872. He began his sea-going career at an early age, sailing all over the world while still a young man. In the early forties he was mate on the brig Tuscany, plying between New York and English ports, and a singular coincidence in connection with this was that the captain of the brig was Richard Hoyt, and the steward Richard Williams, three men who were destined, in after years, to play a most important part in the establishment of steam navigation on the Willamette and Columbia rivers. Capt. Irving first arrived in Oregon in 1849 as master and part owner of the bark Success, with which he entered the coasting trade. Within a year or two after his arrival he laid the foundation for his fortune by purchasing a large tract of land on the east side of the Willamette; and, as the city of Portland spread in this direction, it became immensely valuable. Capt. Irving's first steamboat venture was the little Eagle, which he brought up on the deck of the bark Success, and placed on the Portland and Oregon City route, afterward selling her to Wells and Williams. Later he bought the Express, and, associated with others, owned a number of equally well known pioneer steamers. About 1858 he sold out his seamboat interest in Oregon and went to British Columbia, where he joined his old partner, Alexander S. Murry, and built the first steamer constructed in British Columbia, the Governor Douglas, following her with the Colonel Moody, with which he made the first successful trip to Yale in 1861. In 1862 he sold his interest in the Douglas and Moody and built the Reliance, running her until 1866, when he built the Onward. Almost from the time of his arrival on the Fraser he was engaged in fighting red-hot opposition; but, with his indomitable will and unflinching determination, which is inherited in no small degree by his son, Commodore John Irving, he emerged from each engagement victorious, and at the time of his death stood at the head of his profession, admired even by his business rivals, and revered by a host of friends, who felt in his death an irreparable loss. In speaking of his many virtues, a friend said at the time of his death: "His purse was always at the disposal of any one in need, and his generosity was unrestricted by class, faith or nationality. He knew no distinction in his bounty, and he never allowed a former injury to interfere with a present occasion for timely aid. He was a gentleman in the true sense of the term."

Capt. Irving was married to Miss Elizabeth Dixon in 1851. Five children, one son and four daughters, was the fruits of this union. These were: Commodore John Irving, of Victoria, B. C., Mary (Mrs. T. L. Briggs), Susan (Mrs. G. Cox), Elizabeth (Mrs. Capt. E. W. Spencer), and Nellie (Mrs. W. S. Chandler).

GEORGE WASHINGTON SHAVER.

This well known pioneer was born in Campbell county, Kentucky, March 2, 1832. When quite young he moved to Missouri with his parents. He caught the gold fever and started with an ox team for the Pacific coast, arriving in California in 1849. The folowing year he came to Oregon and settled on a farm in he Waldo

hills of Marion county. Later he went to Southern Oregon and engaged in mining, afterwards coming to Portland, where he married Sarah Dixon, a daughter of James Dixon, a Southern Oregon pioneer, February 2, 1854. After his marriage he returned to his farm, where four children were born. In 1860 he moved to Portland, settling in what is now known as Elzabeth Irving's addition, where his family has since resided. Six more children were born, making a family of 10 children, all surviving except two.

For many years the deceased supplied all the wood used by the steamers plying between Portland and San Francisco, besides also numerous river boats, in early days there being no coal fields as yet discovered on the Pacific coast. The most of this wood came from the timber then covering the site of East Portland.

He was principally known in the steamboat business, being at the time of his death president of the Shaver Transportation Company, one of the leading lines of steamers plying upon the lower Willamette and Columbia rivers. His sons are interested in the company and have active management. The boats this company has built and purchased includes, among others, the Sarah Dixon, G. W. Shaver, No Wonder, Emma Hayward, Manzanilla and J. B. Stephens.

The deceased was a man of strong character, absolutely honest and fearless in all dealings, and during his residence in Portland he has held many positions of trust. He always retained the respect and esteem of those who knew him. He was ever ready and willing to help the needy. In earlier years, when schools, churches and other public institutions were lacking, George W. Shaver was invariably found ready to contribute to the cause.

His wife and eight children survive him. One son, William, died when young; Mrs. Ella Johnson, a daughter, died in 1889. The children living are: John Riley, residing at Molalla; Mary Alice, wife of H. W. Wittenberg; Captain James W., Captain Lincoln, Captain George M., and Captain Delmer; Susan Elizabeth, wife of A. S. Heintz; Pearl M., wife of George W. Hoyt.

EMIL BORIES, M. D.

The gentleman of whom we write is the son of one of the first Jewish ministers that came to Portland, Oregon. From boyhood to early manhood he lived in that city. He was born in Auval, Bohemia, Austria, July 12, 1852, coming to the United States when a very small child. His parents were Rev. Herman and Rosa (Freiman) Bories, and a grandson of Joachin Bories, well known in Austria.

The doctor received his elementary education in Sacramento, Cal., Portland and San Francisco. Prof. T. M. Gatch, who taught the old Portland Academy of Portland, often was pleased to class him among his brightest pupils. In 1891 he received the degree of A. M. from the Society of American Literature and Arts. In his teens he adopted the trade of watchmaker and jeweler, becoming very proficient in that avocation. In 1874 he went to McMinnville and began business, but the medical profession being alluring, he occupied his spare moments in learning a knowledge of drugs and soon took up the study of the curative art. From this place he removed to Dayton, Wash., where he again began business, all the while continuing his studies. While here, in 1880, a smallpox epidemic broke out and he at once offered his services, going among those afflicted with the dread disease, relieving and administering to them. In 1881 he accepted a position as assistant to the surgeon in charge of the hospital conducted by the Northern Pacific railroad, then under construction. Again the smallpox became prevalent along the line, and to his immediate charge was given the patients suffering with it. In stamping it out, and in his treatment of those afflicted with it, he had the best of success. Soon after this he went East and attended Bellevue Hospital Medical College, New York, and the Medical department of the University of Vermont, receiving from the latter institution the degree of M. D. in 1885.

On his return to the coast he located in Dayton, Wash., where he remained until 1894, except some six months spent in Snohomish, when he removed to Seattle. From that time to the present he has made the latter city his home, and is recognized as one of its leading physicians.

The doctor is professor of Materia Medica in the department of pharmacy of the State University of Washington and lectures before the Seattle Hospital Training School, as well as the School of Arts and Designs. His knowledge of chemistry frequently brings him some very difficult subjects for analysis, doing much work for the authorities in this behalf. In 1897 he was appointed quarantine officer for the port of Seattle. He is a member of the Inland Medical Society, State Medical Society of Washington, American Medical Association, National Association of Railway Surgeons, Pharmaceutical Association of Washington, Delta Medical Society of Burlington, Vermont. He s a registered pharmacist of the state of Washington, a medical licentiate of the states of Oregon, Vermont and California, and is at present medical examiner for several fraternal and beneficiary societies. He has also held the positions of resident surgeon of the Washington

and Columbia River Railway, county coroner, city health officer, physician of Columbia county, Wash., and lecturer on hygiene, physiology, chemistry and anatomy before the Dayton High School.

Among the fraternities he is connected with may be mentioned the Masonic, in which includes the higher degrees, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias and others.

As an author he occupies no mean place. Of the articles from his facile pen the following have received marked praise: "Cocaine Hydrochlorate in Sea-Sickness," Southern California Practitioner, June, 1886; "Apomorphia and Antipyrine in Asthma," Ibid, July, 1888; "Electrolysis in the Treatment of Warts," Philadelphia, 1888, and "Permagnate of Potassium in Rattlesnake Poisoning," Medical World, September, 1891.

He has also made some very decided improvements, which might better be termed an invention, n the stethoscope, intended, with the aid of electricity, to distinguish the sounds of the heart and other important organs more clearly. This is not, however, as yet ready for general use.

On October 14, 1890, the doctor was united in marriage with Miss Carrie Gundersheimer, of Baker City, Oregon. They have one chld, a son, Henry Villard Bories.

DOUGLAS W. TAYLOR.

Douglas W. Taylor, one of the most trustworthy officials of the city of Portland, Oregon, has been a resident of the state since childhood, his parents having emigrated to the Pacific Coast in 1854. He was born at Muscatine, Iowa, January 23, 1851. His father, Peter Taylor, was a native of Perth, Scotland. He crossed the sea to America in 1847, and in 1852 he came overland to Oregon. The following year he sent for his family,and they sailed from the Port of New York by way of the Isthmus, arriving in Portland January 8, 1854. Here Douglas W. Taylor was reared to manhood, receiving his education in the common schools and in the Portland Academy, graduating from the latter institution in the class of 1868. In early youth he began surveying, and did considerable work for the railroad companies. By 1874, at the age of 23, he had established a reputation that warranted his appointment to he office of City Surveyor of Portland. He was succeeded by another appointee, through adverse political majority in the city council. In 1883 he was reapponted, holding the office for two years. In June, 1886, he was elected to the state legislature as one of the representatives from Multnomah county. He did not have an oportunity to serve in this capacty, however, as in July of the same year he was appointed United States Surveyor General for Oregon, which position he held until August, 1890. In June, 1891, he was elected Superintendent of Streets of Portland, and performed the duties of that office reflecting great credit upon himself and benefit to the city. From 1870 to 1891 either himself or Mr. W. S. Chapman was city surveyor of Portland, each of whom were of the same graduating class of 1868.

Mr. Taylor belongs to the A. O. U. W. and the Masonic fraternity. In the latter order has advanced well to the fore, being a past master of the Blue Lodge, past High Priest of the Chapter, past Eminent commander of Oregon Commandery, Knights Templar, and a member of the 33 deg. Scotish Rite.

Mr. Taylor was united in mariage in 1879 to Miss Alice Carr, a native of California, and to them have born three sons: Douglas W., Jr., Richard B., and Henry P.

FREDERICK V. HOLMAN.

Was born August 29, 1852, at Pacific City, on Baker's Bay, on the north side of the mouth of the Columbia river in the territory of Oregon. In 1854 that portion of Oregon became part of the territory, and in 1889 the state of Washington. His parents were James D. Holman and Rachel H. Holman (nee Summers) both natives of Kentucky and of old Suthern families. They came to Oregon with the emigration of 1846, and their lives exemplified the highest type of the Oregon pioneer.

Mr. Holman's birthplace as a town has been wiped out of existence. About the time he was born it gave promise of becoming the commercial and shipping center of the country then known as Oregon, and all of his father's considerable fortune was invested there; but the government took the place for a military reservation and the valuable and costly inmprovements were subjected to decay.

In 1853, Mr. Holman's father moved on his donation claim adjoining Pacific City, the site of the present town of Ilwaco. The family moved to Portland in 1857. Mr. Holman attended for a while the public schools and afterwards the old Portland Academy, graduating therefrom in 1868. For four years thereafter he served as mailing clerk of the "Daily Herald," a Portland daily paper, preparing himself at the same time for college. In 1872 he entered the University of California, graduating June 9, 1875. Returning to Portland he began the study of law and he was admitted to the bar Jaunary 8, 1879. Since that time he has practiced his profession at Portland. At school, at the Academy, at the University and in the law, he was always a thorough student. When he began his career he was fully equipped, not only with ample preparation for professional work, but

with singleness of purpose. His ability in conducting to succesful issue several important suits attracted attention and assisted in giving him his present large practice. Mr. Holman occupies as a lawyer a position of the first rank in the state of Oregon.

Politically, Mr. Holman is a Democrat. He is not and never was a seeker for office, but he interests himself in politics as the duty of a citizen. In 1892 he was a delegate at large from Oregon to the Democratic National Convention. In 1896 he attended, as proxy for the Democratic National Committeman from Oregon, the noted Democratic National Convention held at Chicago. In almost every campaign since 1870, he has made political speeches, and in the presidential campaign of 1900 he added no little to his reputation as a public speaker.

WINFIELD S. CHAPMAN.

Among the first to be born in Portland, Oregon, was the gentleman whose name heads this article, the date of his birth being July 3, 1850. His parents were Col. W. W. and Margaret Fee (Ingraham), Chapman, who came across the plains in 1847, and to Portland in 1849. From 1853 to 1861 he was a resident of Southern Oregon, living there with his parents. In the latter year the paternal roof was again established in Portland, and Mr. Chapman has continued to reside there ever since with the exception of about two years spent in Alaska. He remembers the raising of the first tall flag staff erected on one of the plaza blocks in 1853, and says that some of the limbs of the fir trees standing near had to be cut away so as to facilitate the raising.

The greater portion of his education was secured while attending the old Portland Academy, from which he graduated in the class of 1868. His inclinations led him to engineering for an occupaton, an avocation which he has generally followed, still he has devoted considerable time to editorial work on newspapers. The day after his graduation he entered the office of the city surveyor of Portland as assistant, and a year subsequent to attaining his majority became the chief of that department, remaining in the position two years when he was relieved from duty by the appointment of a democrat, that party having secured control of the council.

In 1878 he established the Daily Bee, of which he was editor. Under his guidance it was popular and successful, but after selling, it met with disaster and suspended. In the fall of 1878 he again entered the employ of the city as surveyor, retaining the position until 1881. In this year the democracy came into power in the council and he was again relieved. In 1883 the republicans held the majority, and he was placed in charge as before. It is quite a coincidence that the gentleman succeeding him on both the occasions when adverse politics removed him, that his successor was one of his Academy graduating classmates—Douglas W. Taylor. The circumstances did not, however, alter their life-long friendship for each other, both treating the matter as it was—politics.

In 1884 he resigned the office of surveyor to accept that of superintendent of streets, holding the latter until 1891 when the office became elective. He was tendered the nomination but declined, as his private business claimed his attention to such an extent that he must give up one or the other.

During the "seventies" he devoted several thousand dollars to assist his father in the projected railroad from Salt Lake to Portland, and surveyed a portion of the line at his own expense. In the "eighties" he was the controlling spirit in the operation of the Jefferson street steam ferry, which, after determined litigation, broke the hold the Stark street ferry monopoly had maintained for so many years previously. He was also interested in the construction of the waterworks on the east side of the river, and obtained the franchise for and located and planned the Madison street bridge, but sold the ferry and franchise before work had progressed far on the building of the bridge.

The panic of 1893 found him loaded up with about $200,000 worth of real estate, the decline in which was so great that his entire wealth was swept away, and he was obliged to begin again on the road to fortune. In 1899 he went to Skagway, Alaska, and while there edited the Daily Alaskan, but gave up the position to return to Portland to prepare for departure to Cape Nome, where he went in the spring of 1900, taking along, as part owner, an outfit of machinery for the purpose of extracting gold from the reputed valuable beach sands. In the venture he fared like others going for the same purpose. There was not yellow metal enough in the sand to pay for working it, and n consequence the endeavor met with failure. Mr. Chapman is of that class which does not stop at defeat, but when it comes begins over again and strives to win. He will yet know success, for brainy men always take the lead and are the managers of this world's affairs.

Mr. Chapman si unmarried, and this may be due to the fact that he promised his mother that he would remain single while she lived. He was noted for his devotion to his parents, and no son could have done

more for the authors of his birth at all times and especially during the winter of their years, than he did.

HARRA DAVIS CHAPMAN.

The subject of this sketch was born on the site of the county courthouse of Multnomah county, Oregon, March 17, 1853, his parents' home then standing where the above-named edifice is to be seen. His father was Col. W. W. Chapman, one of the owners of the townsite upon which Portland is builded, and his mother, Margaret Fee (Ingham) Chapman. They were pioneers of 1847.

The first school our subject attended was the old stone college of Eugene, situated on College hill in that city. This was from 1859 to 1861. At this time his parents were residents of that place, but in the latter year they returned to Portland, and he was sent to the old Portland Academy to finish his studies. It is with great satisfaction that he claims this institution as his "alma mater," he having graduated therefrom in the class of 1868, probably its youngest graduate, as he was only fifteen years of age at the time. Like all of the youth of the earler existence of Portland, he was an active fireman and belonged to the militia companies, being at one time orderly sergeant of the Washington Guards, and subsequently first lieutenant of the City Rifles.

In 1874 he began life on his own responsibility, leaving Portland and going to California, where he was employed as assistant engineer in the construction of the Southern Pacific railroad, during the time laying out the townsites of Lemore and Hanford. Latterly, under E. W. Gillette, the present chief assitsant engineer of the Southern Pacific Company, he had charge of the construction of the last fifty miles of ralroad across the Colorado desert, leading into Fort Yuma. In 1877 he was in Portland for a short time, and then went to Eastern Oregon, and, in connection H. McCartney, surveyed a line of railroad over the Blue mountains. Completing this, he returned again to Portland, where he remained until the spring of 1878, when he removed to Walla Walla to accept a position in the city and county surveyor's office. Subsequently he was elected to the office of city surveyor and served three terms therein.

In 1885 the question of railroad connection from Walla Walla with the Northern Pacific, at a point on the Columbia river, in competition with the O. R. & N. Co., became a live issue. The board of trade, of which Mr. Chapman was secretary, took the matter in hand, securing subscriptions barely sufficient to make the surveys and pay the cost of other preliminary work. Several conflicting interests, which had riders to place upon the enterprise, each endeavored to have an engineer friendly to itslf appointed to make the survey of the proposed line. Mr. Chapman knew, however, that success could be assured only by employing an engineer who was independent of such interests, unbiased and could not be swayed by any influences other than the good of the community, and who was willing to take what was left for pay, consequently he did the work himself. Meeting C. B. Wright and T. F. Oakes, then the president and the general manager, respectively, of the Northern Pacific, at Wallula, he succeeded in inducing them to look into the enterprise, and a son of Mr. Wright, C. B. Wright, Jr., soon after took the matter up, and with Geo. W. Hunt built the road. The importance of his work in this connection was not recognized until Mr. Chapman had ceased to be a resident of Walla Walla for some two years, when the board of trade, awakening to the occasion, passed resolutions lauditory of his actions, covering much space in the columns of the daily papers of that city. While a resident of Walla Walla, Mr. Chapman was the constructing engineer of several of the largest flumes constructed in the Walla Walla valley, notably, the Gov. Moore and Dr. Blalock flumes. He, supported by his brother, W. S. Chapman, also organized the Farmers' Railway, Navigation & Steamboat Portage Company, for the building of a boat railway and portage railroad around the Dalles of the Columbia. This was the father of the present Paul F. Mohr enterprise, as Mr. Mohr and Mr. Cannon became identified with him in his enterprise about 1887, and in 1889 purchased his entire interest, losing him from the enterprise with unfeigned regret.

In 1886 Mr. Chapman returned to Portland and engaged in the real estate business, remaining there ever since, with the exception of about five years on a farm located in Chehalis county, Washington. In the fall of 1889 he became a stockholder in the Native Son Publishing Company, publishers of the "Oregon Native Son," over which he and Mr. F. H. Saylor have the management and editorial control.

Mr. Chapman was married in 1878, but is now a widower. He has a family comprising two handsome daughters, Edith S. and Mabel Chapman.

more for the authors of his birth at all times and especially during the winter of their years than he did.

MARRA DAVIS CHAPMAN.

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The first school our subject attended was the old stone college of Lafayette, situated on College hill in that city. This was from 1859 to 1861. At this time his parents were residents of that place, but in the latter year they returned to Portland, and he was sent to the old Portland Academy to finish his studies. It is with great satisfaction that he claims this institution as his "alma mater." He having graduated therefrom in the class of 1869, probably the youngest graduate, as he was only fifteen years of age at the time. Like all of the youth of the earlier existence of Portland, he was an active fireman and belonged to the militia companies, being at one time orderly sergeant of the Washington Guards, and subsequently first lieutenant of the City Rifles.

In 1871 he began life on his own responsibility, leaving Portland and going to Colorado, where he was employed as assistant engineer in the construction of the Southern Pacific railroad, during the time laying out the townsites of Lemore and Hanford. Later, under E. W. Gillette, the present chief assistant engineer of the Southern Pacific Company, he had charge of the construction of the last fifty miles of railroad across the Colorado desert, leading into Fort Yuma. In 1877 he was in Portland for a short time, and then went to Eastern Oregon, and in connection with E. McCartney, surveyed a line of railroad over the Blue mountains. Completing this, he returned again to Portland, where he remained until the spring of 1878, when he removed to Walla Walla to accept a position in the city and county surveyor's office. Subsequently he was elected to the office of city surveyor and served three terms therein.

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IN LIFE SCATTER ROSES.

You may scatter your flowers in greatest profusion,
You may tell of my good deeds if any I've done,
'Twill not matter to me if your words and your tokens
Are kept till my body lies silent and dumb.

Then, friends, if you've roses to me to be given,
Oh, give them to me, please give them just now,
Don't wait till my lips cannot speak of their beauty,
My eyes loose their lustre and cold is my brow.

And then when my form lies silent and dreamless,
Just think of the pleasure that to me you gave—
By giving me those dear, sweet roses—
Instead of scattering them over my grave.

—Amanda Glenn Rinehart.

NATHANIEL J. WYETH,

A Pioneer of 1832.

Mr. Wyeth built Fort Hall, so well known to all pioneers who crossed the plains. This was the first regular trading post and fort erected by an American west of the Rocky mountains. He also built Fort William on Wappato (Sauvie's) Island, shipping therefrom the first cargo of salmon, to be sent from the Columbia river or Pacific Northwest, to the markets of the world.

A TOUR OF THE WORLD.

JOHN J. VALENTINE, PRESIDENT OF WELLS-FARGO & CO., WRITES HIS FRIEND, AARON STEIN, OF SAN FRANCISCO, AN ACCOUNT OF HIS TRAVELS.

(Published by Special Permission of Mr. Valentine.)

VIENNA, *Austria,* Jan. 20, 1900.

Dear Uncle Aaron:

First in order a word or two of explanation: It appears from information at hand that in my Budget No. 19 (Berlin), third paragraph, by a slip of the pencil I emptied the river Elbe into the Baltic! But that ancient and honorable river did not mind it much, and still does business at the old stand, pouring out its ample flood into the North Sea from a mouth fourteen miles wide. It is, however, connected also with the Baltic by the Kiel canal, and by certain intermediate watery links, none of which are missing. In No. 18, also (Warsaw, par. 2), by a similar hurried stroke, I caused the Vistula river to flow into the Baltic both at Elbing and Danzig; whereas the river which discharges its water at the former place is called the Nogat, though it is a recognized branch of the Vistula. Errors of this kind have their origin generally in the partial and diminutive maps one has to consult en route on a speedy journey like mine, and with this reminder the reader, if shocked by discovering such, will know how to account for them.

After seven weeks of unremitting sight-seeing in Germany it may be allowable to offer a few general remarks on this truly wonderful country; for industrially, commercially and financially it is, in my opinion, the power of Continental Europe. There also seems a peculiar propriety in making these observations immediately after visiting Bavaria, for in that kingdom the Hohenzollerns were first known to fame as a dynastic family; and the rise of the Hohenzollern family has been coincident with the rise of Prussia, and the rise of Prussia has been coincident with the rise of modern United Germany.

The castle of Nuremberg belonged to the Hohenzollern Burgraves, or fortress counts, during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and they, as events proved, were a thrifty kind of people. At the beginning of the fifteenth century the Burg-graf Frederick of Hohenzollern (who held his Margravate at Nuremberg in fief or feudal tenure from Emperor Sigismund, who was himself indebted to Frederick for financial favors) was at war with a rival count (Ludwig), out of which complications arose that caused Frederick to sell the Nuremberg castle to the town. The Hohenzollerns then repaired to Brandenburg, where they put money into their purses, becoming more and more wealthy and powerful until the Great Elector of Brandenburg made his advent on the scene, and thence a line of kings ensued.

Prussia took its rise and has grown from the Mark of Brandenburg and the former Dukedom of Prussia, the present province of East Prussia and the capital, Konigsberg. In 1701 (January 18) the Elector, Frederick III of Brandenburg (son of the Great Elector) crowned himself at Konigsberg as King of Prussia under the name of Frederick I. About 1720 Pomerania (Stettin) was added to Prussia. Frederick I was the grandfather of Frederick the Great, under whose reign Prussia was much enlarged by the conquest of Silesia, the Seven Years' war, the division of Poland in 1772, West Prussia (Danzig), and in 1793 Poland (Posen, etc.). The next acquisition was Schleswig-Holstein, in

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1864, Hessen-Nassau and the Kingdom of Hanover in 1866, and the Province (not Kingdom) of Saxony (Halle, Magdeburg, etc.). In other words, the territory of the present Kingdom of Prussia is divided into the following twelve Provinces: East Prussia, with two districts; West Prussia, with two districts; Brandenburg, with two districts; Pomerania, with three districts; Posen, with two districts; Silesia, with three districts; the Province of Saxony (Sachsen), with three districts; Schleswig-Holstein, with one district; Hanover, with six districts; Westphalia, with three districts; Hessen-Nassau, with two districts; and the Rhine Province, with five districts. In addition to these twelve provinces, the city of Berlin and the little Brandenburg district of Hohenzollern, the original seat of the dynasty, constitute one province. Its present population in round figures is 32,000,000; of whom, approximately 20,000,000 are Protestants, 11,000,000 Catholics and 1,000,000 made up of various independent sects and Jews.

The Kingdom of Prussia possesses a constitution conceded by Frederick William IV in 1848—that year of blessed memory to Continental Europe—drafted by a liberal statesman of no mean ability, namely, Count Waldeck, to whom a marble statue now stands in Berlin. The various provinces are ruled as follows: At the head of each is a so-called president, such appointments being usually awarded to disabled ministers of the Crown, to which the right of nomination is reserved. Then follow so-called minor presidents at the head of each district. These are divided into what might be called county councils or landraths. There are 467 of such officials, representing the various cities, towns, villages, market-places, etc.

In regard to the present constitutional government of Germany, a federation of states, usually spoken of as an empire, though not so regarded by the Germans, who insistently urge that William II, King of Prussia, is German Emperor, not Emperor of Germany. Of course, the reigning monarch—King or Kaiser—has a cabinet of ministers, what the English call "the Government"; what we call "the Administration." The Reichstag consists of 397 members, elected by the direct and secret ballot of 11,000,000 recorded voters, though not more than 70 per cent of these suffragists have ever exercised the franchise at any one election. To these 397 members of the Reichstag — the lower house — may be added in a general way 58 votes from the Bundesrath or Council of Federation, the upper house. These combined control the legislation of the United States of Germany. The 58 members of the Bundesrath are composed of representatives of the 26 different German states, apportioned in number according to the importance of the latter. For example: Prussia gets 17 members; Bavaria, 6; Saxony, Wurtemberg and Alsace-Lorraine, 4 each, etc. The Bundesrath determines the bills to be submitted to the Reichstag, controls the execution of laws, prescribes general administration, has the power to declare war, manages finances, customs, etc. Thus it will be seen that the Bundesrath (these 58 members) exercises a very considerable power, which is, however, by no means absolute. Up to 1893 the Reichstag was elected for three years, but since then the term has been made five, and the present or tenth "Congress," as it were, began in 1898 and expires in 1903. Politically the Reichstag is constituted as follows: Socialists and Free Liberals, 97; National Liberals, 47; South German People's party, 8; Alsace-Lorraine, 8; Polish, 14; the Central or Catholic party, 105; Populists, 8; Conservatives (chiefly officials), 54; Imperial party (also chiefly officials), 23; the German Reform party, 10; Guelphs, 9; and 14 with no fixed party affiliations.

From the data presented it will be seen that Alsace-Lorraine (the latest acquisition, save Heligoland) has full representation as one of the 26 German states which constitute the Confederation, or the Empire, as it is usually called. Alsace-Lorraine has its own government, at the head of which stands the Stadsholder or governor, nominated

OREGON NATIVE SON.

by the Emperor. At present that governor is Prince Hohenlohe. That state ranks just as high as Wurtemberg or Saxony, each of which sends four members to the Bundesrath. The population of Alsace-Lorraine is about 1,700,000, and the capital is Strasburg.

I have said nothing whatever of Germany's foreign (tropical) colonizing ventures of the past thirty years, because such schemes have confessedly cost more than they come to, as militarism does, but have gone into particulars relative to Germany's states as the opportunities for observation enjoyed this winter and on a previous visit justify me in venturing the opinion, despite the notable absence of farm houses, and presumably holders of small tracts of agricultural land, that industrially, commercially and financially, Germany, with its 54,000,000 of population, is now the power of Continental Europe. I doubt if Paris, Lyons and Marseilles equal Berlin, Hamburg and Frankfort in financial power; and, scientifically and industrially, German knowledge is peaceably invading all countries. In general intelligence, sobriety and sturdiness of character, the people of Germany have no superiors; and they are up to date particularly in the arts, sciences and industries that constitute the world's motive power in material progress; though there is still room for improvement here, as there is everywhere else in the world.

Vienna.

I will now take up Vienna, the capital of Austria, as a subject of special consideration and comment, prior to extending my travels to the city of Constantinople, and possibly to regions beyond, where I shall have an altogether different civilization to engage my attention.

I left Munich the morning of the 19th for Vienna, and after eleven hours of travel, arrived there at 9:00 P. M., making the journey mainly by daylight The distance is something like 250 miles. I lost one hour at Salzburg, the Austrian frontier and customs station, where, for the first time on this tour, I was held up, as it were, for a petty sum—duty on about 25 cigars. The first town of importance passed after leaving Munich was Rosenheim, in Bavaria, 32 miles southwest; the second Salzburg, and the third Linz, both in Austria—the latter within 98 miles of Vienna.

The country traversed was broken, and before reaching Salzburg presented interesting hill or mountain scenery (timbered as sections of Germany are which have hitherto been described), but became more even near Vienna, which city lies comparatively flat, on the right or south bank of the Danube; though it would perhaps be more accurate to say the west bank, as the river runs north, northwest to southeast—that is to say, the new river, as it is called; the De Lesseps Company having about 1875 diverted the channel of the Danube at this point so as to bring it into the city, its natural course having described a very acute bend northeastwardly outside and opposite Vienna. And here let me interject that the "Beautiful Blue Danube," as I see it, is as turbid as the "Big Muddy" —our own Missouri river. Within the city, originally south of it, was a lagoon or branch of the Danube, that has in the course of time been converted into a neatly walled canal, and the Vienna river is connected with that on the south side —all of which combined now furnish an abundant supply of waterways in and about the capital of Austro-Hungary.

The origin of the city is attributed by some authorities to the Wends sometime before, but in the beginning of the first century it was a Roman military post, named Fabiana, and afterwards, when included in Upper Pannonia, known as Vindo-bono. In those early days one migratory people followed after another so rapidly in overrunning the then trackless forests of the Danube that it is difficult to keep up with the procession and note the successive order and date of each. Along in 1276, Rudolph of Hapsburg (the latter the name of his castle in Switzerland) wrested the country known as Austria from the King of Bohemia and made it over to his son Albert, thus founding the reigning house of Hapsburg, which has continued its

sway ever since. Christianity was introduced as early as the seventh or eighth century by Bishop Rupertus, who established a church here at that time. The ancient Gothic cathedral or Church of St. Stephens, was begun, it is alleged, in the twelfth century, but was not completed until the sixteenth—four hundred years later. It is an interesting specimen of Gothic, with a tower over four hundred feet high. From the topographical projections or charts of the city to be seen in the city hall, it is evident that as late as about the middle of the sixteenth century Vienna was a place of no particular importance in point of size. It was invested by the Turks in 1520. At that time Turkey was the foremost military power of Europe, with the exception, possibly, of Spain. It might be well for the advocates of the "strenuous life"—militarism—to pause and consider this fact—Turkey and Spain once the leading military powers of Europe!

With the assistance of the German allies to the westward the Turks were, however, beaten back by the Austrians on this occasion from their capital city; but only to return and reinvest it a hundred and fifty years later—1683—when John Sobieski, of Poland, came to its relief, which neighborly act was perfidiously rewarded a hundred years later by Austria's participation in the criminal acts of aggression by which Poland was divided up among the warring nationalities.

The marked growth of Vienna began one hundred and fifty years ago, under Maria Theresa, with whom, and her powerful allies (herself no ordinary antagonist), Frederick of Prussia maintained for the best part of ten years his heroic struggle for supremacy that won him his title of "Great." The contest was provoked by him and maintained for two years, when, after having wrested Silesia from her, to avoid growing complications, it was terminated by a treaty of peace; but her subsequent determined effort to recover this lost province was the occasion of the Seven Years' war, in which Frederick again came off victorious. Portraits and statues of Maria Theresa are as much in evidence in Vienna as those of Frederick are in Berlin and Potsdam. But the greatest strides of progress in Vienna, like those of all other cities of Northern and Western Europe, have been made within the last fifty years. What is called the old palace was chiefly built by Maria Theresa. To this has been added under the present Emperor, Francis Joseph, a handsome structure of magnitude. All the other important buildings connected with the imperial administration have been erected within the last thirty-five or forty years, on a plat of ground which in old times was occupied by the citadel. The moats around this were filled up and the adjacent buildings razed to the ground, and in their stead have been erected the House of Parliament, the Palace of Justice, the City Hall, the University, the Academy of Fine Arts, the Museum of Natural History, the National Art Gallery ,the Imperial Opera House, the Imperial Theatre, the Church of the Redeemer, Police Department headquarters, the Stock Exchange and various other buildings too numerous to mention—all of comparatively modern style of architecture with suitable variations.

The House of Parliament is purely Greek, and from my standpoint of architecture is one of the handsomest structures to be seen anywhere. On the other hand, the Church of the Redeemer is pure Gothic, and if one had never seen the cathedrals at Cologne and Milan would be deemed a superb edifice of its kind. But the especial beauty of the Cologne and Milan cathedrals are the sky-piercing spires, while those of the Church of the Redeemer at Vienna are stumpy. The City Hall is probably among the first in point of magnitude, and it would be hard to say what its architecture is. Estimated by the height of its stories, including an old German roof, and the finish of the walls outwardly and those facing the central court, it appears to be a combination of Gothic and Renaissance, with here and there a trace of Venetian. This description suggests an architectural hodge-podge, yet

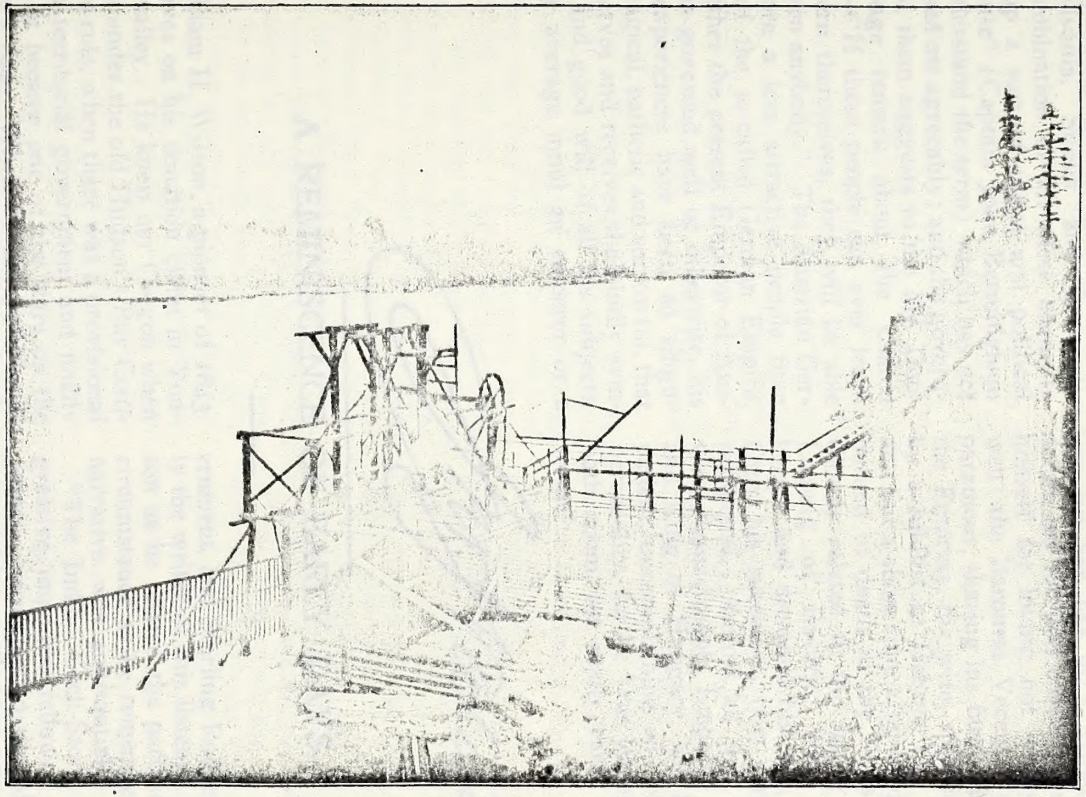
the effect is not such, it being a really handsome structure. The inside of the building, which is in some respects a museum as well as providing accommodations for the various departments of the city government, is very handsome and interesting. The Royal Opera and the Royal Theater are Romanesque in style — massive, spacious and imposing inside. The Royal Theater, takng it altogether, exterior and interior, is a most elegant structure of its kind. The Palace of Justice, like the Museum of Natural History and the Gallery of Arts, I shall call modern, for want of a better descriptive term; and in this list I might put the University—a single building—and in this respect an exception to those of Germany as described in a previous budget, which consist of a number of buildings. The University here must be from 650 to 700 feet square, the interior open court being not less than 300 feet square, and this one building is subdivided into no less than 43 separate departments for the various branches of knowledge taught therein—not to mention the library—which, as one feature of it, is so arranged as to furnish nine stories for the storage of books, of which it contains, among countless originals and manuscripts, no less than 500,000 volumes; at least so the janitor informed me. He also told me that from five to seven thousand students attend the University annually. These are not all the buildings I visited, and I will not undertake to mention all. Referring to one of the others—the Church of the Capuchins—is a little, unimposing structure, with a basement or vault about one story high, that is now used for royal mortuary purposes (similar to the church in St. Petersburg, wherein the bodies of Russia's emperors and their families repose), at one time an honor attaching to the Church of St. Stephens in this city. Here are rooms full of sarcophagi made of silver, bronze and mixed metals, in which rest the remains of Austria's emperors, empresses and their children; among them those of the late empress, and her unhappy son, Prince Rudolph, side by side, and of whom it may be said: "After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

The treasury is a collection of royal valuable belongings similar to that of the Hermitage of St. Petersburg, "the Treasury" at Moscow, the Museum of Arts and Industries at Berlin and the Green Vault at Dresden. A unique feature of Vienna is the palace of a potentate who reigns elsewhere — Prince Lichtenstein—whose domain is a little dukedom of about 20,000 people between Wurtemberg, Germany, and Upper Austria.

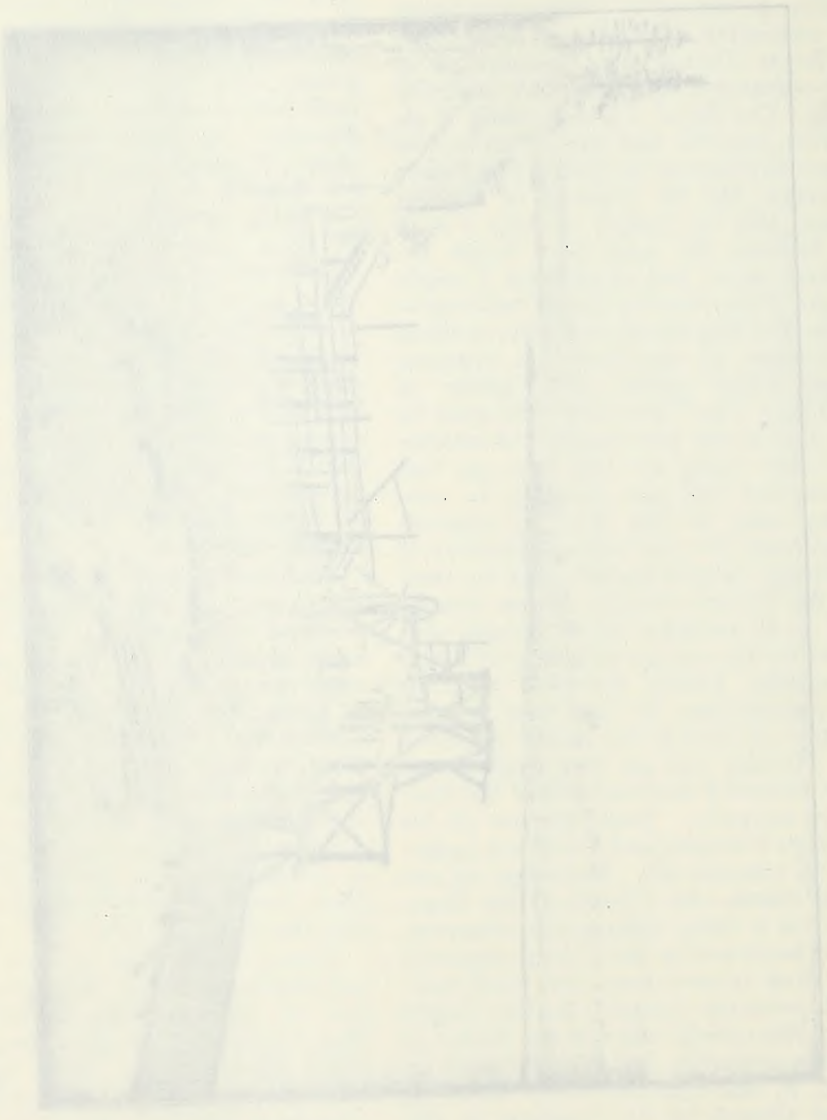
Vienna, as other European cities, has its large park, "The Prater," which is located in the western part of the city. In it are cafes, etc., and there in the summer the Viennese go for a breath of fresh air and to listen to sweet strains of music from various bands. The city also has a liberal sprinkling of monumental statues, etc., some of which are of the colossal order and striking. Its collections of paintings do not equal those of Berlin, Dresden or Munich in either number or quality.

And here let me mention another of Napoleon's predatory outrages. In the National Art Gallery of pictures, on the main landing of the grand stairway, is now placed Canova's famous group of "Theseus Slaying the Centaur," or the Triumph of Cilivization over Barbarism. This splendid creation of genius was chiseled out of one great mass of Italian marble, and after much labor got into position in Vienna; yet Napoleon had it sawed in two to be carted to Paris. How was that for Christian civilization and the strenuous life?

Vienna is reputed to have 1,400,000 population, and this heterogenous mass has not impressed me as favorably as that of cities farther westward, nor even north of Germany. In a capital city extremes meet more frequently than elsewhere, and there being nine nationalities in the Austro-Hungary Empire, each speaking its own language, to-wit, Germans, Hungarians, Poles, Bohemians, Italians, Croatians, Slavonians, Transsylvanians and Jews, there are, of course, representatives of each to be met with here. These nine people, more or less

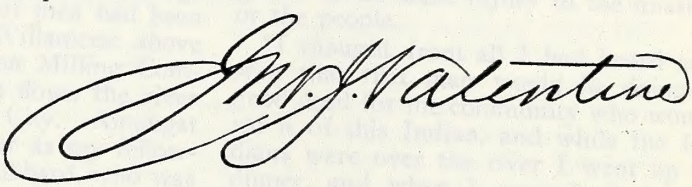


FISH WHEEL, COLUMBIA RIVER.



mixed up, are located in fifteen provinces, as follows: Upper Austria (which is west of Vienna), Lower Austria (in which the city is located), Bohemia, Moravia, Styria, Krunthen, Krain, Gallicia, Tyrol, Hungaria, Crotia, Slavonia, Transsylvania, Silesia and Lutterali. The combination of all these elements make up a sort of racial and political "lobscouse" (Captain John Bermingham will understand the term) which has not impressed me agreeably; and the government of them suggests to me Mr. Dooley's sage remark about the United States—"If these people can ever learn to govern themselves, they will be able to govern anybody." The Austrian Germans are a less attractive people than those of the so-called German Empire.

Whether the present Emperor of Austria has governed well or otherwise, his life's experiences have been so singularly tragical, pathetic and sorrowful, that he deserves and receives the kindly sympathy and good will of all his subjects. To the average mind an emperor or a king is a person to be envied, but think of the irony of fate in connection with his misfortunes! His brother, the ill-starred Maximilian, shot to death at Queretero, Mexico; poor Carlotta, his sister-in-law, wife of Maximilian, wearing out her life in a madhouse; Rudolph, his son and crown prince, killing himself for loving not wisely, but too well; the Baroness Vecera, the Prince's paramour, sharing his fate at Meyerling; the Empress, his wife, stabbed to death by a nihilist at Geneva not long ago; and but a short time afterward her sister burned to death in the Paris Fair fire. Closely related to the family are King Ludwig of Bavaria, who killed his keeper and drowned himself; and King Otto, his successor, now confined in a madhouse. Amidst all this cumulative woe, Franz-Joseph, Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, has lived on, a patient, uncomplaining and really grand personality, for he "has learned that life hath room for many cares and many woes."



A REMINISCENCE OF EARLY DAYS.

William H. Wilson, a pioneer of 1843, still lives on his donation claim in Yoncalla valley. He knew our Oregon when it was under the old Hudson's Bay Company's rule, when there was a provisional and a territorial government and finally when it became one of the stars on the nation's flag. When he can be induced to talk of the people and scenes of early days his conversation is very interesting. He is the survivor of the three men who were shot at Oregon City in 1844 by a little band of bad Indians led by a malicious native named Cock-Stock. The other two men were George le Breton, the secretary of the provisional government, and Sterling Rodgers. Recently the writer of this listened to Mr. Wilson as he related the particulars of that circumstance as he remembered it. His narrative was substantially as follows:

"The Indian Cock-Stock was an aggressive, impudent fellow, a kind of desperado, belonging to the Molalla tribe, not a chief of that or any other tribe, but the leader of a few young, reckless, hot-headed Indians. He was always trying to stir up and increase ill-will between the Indians and white people, and was especially vindictive towards the Methodist missionaries, who had reprimanded him for his evil ways.

"Some time in February, 1844, I happened to be at Dr. Elijah White's house (he was a kind of Indian agent) when complaint was brought to him of some misconduct of Cock-Stock, who was reported to be at an Indian camp near by. The Doctor asked me to ride with him down to the camp and help him arrest the Indian. As we rode along he told me something of the trouble this Indian had been giving him and something of the uneasiness he felt in regard to disagreements between Indians and settlers that he was instrumental in creating. He gave me a description of his conduct, telling me how frightened the white women and children in the vicinity were of him. The Doctor seemed to think that there would be no end to his misconduct until Cock-Stock was arrested or killed. When we arrived at the camp we could find nothing of him.

"I had been working for Dr. McLoughlin for some time; had first been at work in the woods cutting sawlogs and later with a gang of men had been putting logs into the Willamette above Canemah for the Oregon Milling Company, and floating them down the river to the mill at Oregon City. Amongst the men that I remember as my fellow-laborers were: Tom Hubbard, who was our foreman; Dave West, Sterling Rodgers, Jerry McDonald and George Beale, who was afterwards hung at Salem for the murder of old man Delaney. I had tried to do my work well and to give faithful service to the good old Doctor, who was regarded with the greatest esteem by his employees. Perhaps he noticed that I was anxious to please; perhaps he thought me trustworthy; at any rate, he selected me to take charge of the dry house, a position of care and responsibility. In this dry house lumber was being seasoned for the erection of a flouring mill. It was my duty to watch the furnaces—very simple affairs they were—keep them going and also to guard against fire. This work kept me constantly in the vicinity of the mill, but frequently left me a few moments of leisure. Unfortunately for me, one of those came just right to get me shot with an Indian arrow.

"It was on the 4th of March, 1844, two or three weeks after my talk with Dr. White, that Cock-Stock and several other Indians—I think seven or eight—saucy young fellows, fully armed, came riding into Oregon City. They rode to the house of the Methodist missionary Rev. A. F. Waller, and halloed several times, but no one came out of the house. Then they rode up and down the town, talking loud, and laughing and acting in an impudent and insulting manner, but not really molesting any one, though many of the people, especially the women and children, were terribly frightened, as they were very panicky about him, any how. Finally the Indians tied up their ponies at the foot of the bluff and taking a boat paddled across the river to where there was a village of Calipooias. It was thought from some threats that Cock-Stock had made that he was going to try to get a party together to do some injury to the mission or the people.

"I thought from all I had heard and seen that that man would be doing a good deed for the community who would rid it of this Indian, and while the Indians were over the river I went up to dinner, and when I came back to the mill I brought my gun with me. I believe that I was a little anxious to take a shot at the Indian, provided he would commit some overt act to justify me in doing so. When the Indians were seen coming back across the river, several men collected about the mill and boat landing, which was under the mill.

"The mill was set up on timbers, and persons could pass under it very easily. There was a bridge or log-way built of slabs sloping up from the ground, over which logs were hauled into the mill. It was built in a kind of curve. I was standing about the middle of this bridge. Sterling Rodgers was standing near me, and Col. J. W. Nesmith was near the end of the bridge on the ground. Nesmith and I were both armed, but Rodgers was not. The Indians landed under the mill and came in sight from under

the bridge going towards their horses. When they had gone a few steps some one yelled something at Cock-Stock. I did not catch the words, but the Indian whirled instantly and fired into the crowd with a pistol. I and Colonel Nesmith both shot at him at the same time, and when the blurr of smoke cleared so I could see, I saw him on his hands and knees, but scramblnig up again. Then I caught sight of Le Breton and heard the report and saw the smoke of another pistol shot. The next thing I saw was Le Breton and the Indian struggling together about the end of the bridge. Then for an instant I saw the mulatto, George Winslow, rushing to them with a gun in his hands. The Indian was down, and the mulatto did not strike with the gun, but he just drove the muzzle of it through the Indian's head as though it were a crowbar or a bayonet. When Cock-Stock fell the other Indians broke into a run for their horses, turning as they ran and shooting back bullets and arrows into the crowd. Le Breton was shot twice and badly stabbed in attempting to arrest Cock-Stock.

"All this had taken place in a few seconds. Rodgers and I still stood on the bridge looking on, and, being up there, made a good target. At any rate, Rodgers suddenly cried out, 'Look out, Bill, they are shooting arrows! I am hit.' Before he was done speaking an arrow hit me also, whereupon we both ran into the mill. Rodgers was wounded in the arm, and the arrow hitting me buried itself in the fleshy part of my hip. Before I thought I caught hold of it and tried to jerk it out, but only partially succeeded, as it came out broken, leaving the head imbedded in the flesh, where I have carried it these fifty-six years. Several shots were fired after the Indians, but they reached their horses, mounted and scrambled up the bluff. One pony was shot, however, and they had to leave it, but the Indians made their escape and were never caught that I know of.

"When Cock-Stock's body was examined there was found the mark of a bullet across the back of his head and neck, which no doubt was what knocked him down. I believe that was my bullet, for I was a good shot in those days, and from where I stood could have hit him in that way as he turned to run after firing his pistol.

"Colonel Nesmith thought that shot was his, and I never disputed the honor, if honor it was, with him. However, ours were the only shots fired at that time. It was one of us, and it was a good job, whichever did it.

"Le Breton and Rodgers were taken to the hospital at Vancouver, where both died. Rodgers was not any worse hurt than I was at first, but blood poisoning set in, resulting in his death I was urged to go to the hospital, but I was more afraid of the doctors than of my wound. I used some simple remedies. My wound was very painful for awhile, and was tender and sore for several years, but finally ceased to trouble me."

SALLIE APPLEGATE LONG.

* * *

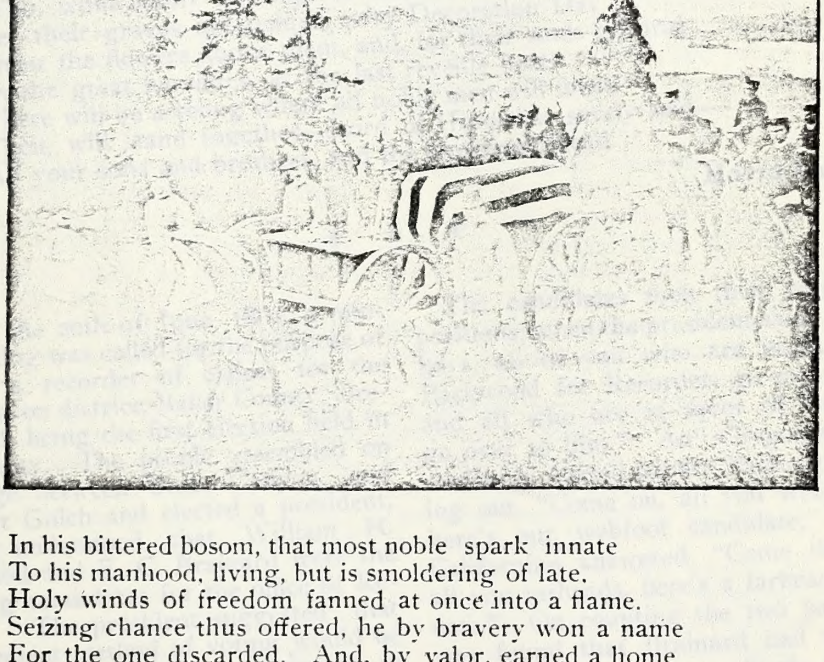
The first piano brought to the Pacific Northwest is attracting considerable attention at the Ferry museum, in Tacoma, where it has recently been placed. The instrument was brought to Oregon City in 1847, or 1849, coming by way of the Horn, and was the property of General M. M. McCarver, founder of the cities of Burlington, Ia., and Tacoma, Wash., who purchased the piano for the use of his daughter and step-daughter From Oregon City it was removed to Tacoma, in 1869. The instrument is an upright, and was manufactured in Hamburg, Germany. Although in need of repairs, it is in fair condition, and of good tone. The wood work is of mahogany.

• • •

UNCLAIMED DEAD.

Why this martial pageant, marching with a solemn tread?
Why this muffled drumming? Why these prayers for soul be said
O'er a homeless straggler, vagrant, vagabond and tramp,
Weary from long wand'ring, sought a change in soldier's camp?
Why give him interment, a monument o'er head,
Weep as would a mother, for an unclaimed dead?

Pause and hear his story. When a child, his parents lost,
With no mother's guidance, long on life's rough sea he tossed
Like ship with no rudder, blew about till parent's name
Faded out from mem'ry, being long unused through shame.
When the drums and bugles, loudly sounding notes of war,
Swiftly to arms calling, loyal people near and far,
Fired his soul for country, he enlisted in the van,
Left a gipsy's roving, and became again a man.
Marched to fields of fighting with a proud and warlike tread,
Died a gallant soldier, now he's unclaimed dead.



In his bittered bosom, that most noble spark innate
To his manhood, living, but is smoldering of late.
Holy winds of freedom fanned at once into a flame.
Seizing chance thus offered, he by bravery won a name
For the one discarded. And, by valor, earned a home
In this land of plenty where fate had bade him roam;
Followed fast and foremost, lead of regimental flag
In the heat of battle. Never did his footsteps lag,
When, from post of safety, he was called, assault to make,
Trench, in place of danger; forward rushed a line to break;
Never flinched when bullets whistled thickly near his head;
Died at post a hero, now he's unclaimed dead.

Father's, mothers, sisters, gathered 'round your loss to mourn,
Hearts in anguish bleeding, for the loved ones from you torn,
Spare for him some garlands, on his new-made grave to spread ;
Treat them all as brothers, who here lie in lowly bed.
Side by side, as comrades, lay them all at peace to rest
In ground consecrated. At the long roll for the blest
All will be found answ'ring, who for God and country died.
And, for lack of kindred he'll not then be denied
At the throne a hearing, nor a crown upon his head.
There no mark'll distinguish one as unclaimed dead.

Have the grand old colors draped 'round his coffin bier.
You, somebody's sweetheart, bravely stop and shed a tear,
With no shame or blushing, o'er this unknown soldier's grave—
O'er the hero fallen, God and Freedom's cause to save.
From the skies o'er hanging, up in His cerulean dome,
He now sees the soldier, who had never had a home,
Gives a patient hearing, while the prayers are being said,
Answers them: "I claim him, from the unclaimed dead."

Build, then, to our soldiers, grand and stately monument,
Who, while nobly fighting, to eternity were sent.
See their graves are tended ev'ry Decoration Day ;
Strew the flowers above them, and, for their souls go pray.
In the great hereafter, at the last reveille beat,
There will be a rising where all noble men will meet.
Then, will stand together—Lord of Hosts has surely said—
All your sons and brothers, and the unclaimed dead.

Harra Davis.

♣ ♣ ♣

About the 20th of June, 1862, a miners' meeting was called for the purpose of electing a recorder of claims for the Blue Canyon district, Baker County, Oregon, such being the first election held in that county. The people assembled on the ridge between Blue Canyon and Freezout Gulch and elected a president, it being understood that William H. Packwood and E. C. Brainard were the opposing candidates for the office of Recorder. The president suggested that a convenient method of voting would be for the crowd to divide according to each one's preference. Pointing to a log a little way to the right, he said: "There's a log for you to stand on, Packwood"; and indicating another one to the left, he said, "and there's a log for you to stand on, Brainard."

The candidates took their respective positions, when the president said: "Now, boys, all of you who are in favor of Packwood for Recorder, go over there, and all who are in favor of Brainard go over to him." An Oregonian immediately started toward Packwood, calling out, "Come on, all you webfooters, here's our webfoot candidate," and a Californian answered, "Come this way all you tarheads, here's a tarhead candidate." On counting the two parties, it was found that Brainard had the majority, and he was accordingly declared to be elected Recorder. Mr. Brainard's first official act was recording a claim June 23, 1862, and from that time until May, 1863, he recorded 1291 claims in the Blue Canyon district.

THE PACIFIC TELEGRAPH.

BEGINNING OF THE FIRST LINES IN OREGON.

In the year 1855 Charles F. Johnson, of California, came to Oregon, and broached the project of a line of telegraph in the Willamette valley from Portland to Eugene, with the purpose ultimately of extending the same to a connection with the telegraphic system of California, if even then it could be called a "system" in that state. The country here was new and sparsely settled, the towns mere villages, dull and sleepy, with no business enterprises that would seem to warrant the establishment of facilities of communication oftener than once a week between them and Portland, the latter then assuming the position of the commercial emporium of the Willamette valley, that is is to say, of Oregon. The United States mails came by steamer from San Francisco to Portland three times a month, and were carried monthly from New York to San Francisco. Occasionally a bark or other sailing vessel arrived in the Columbia from Boston or New York, with consignments of freight to the wholesale housese in Portland and Oregon City, the latter town not yet having surrendered trade to its ambitious rival down the stream. Money had a few years before been very abundant in the valley, consequent upon the return of settlers from the gold regions of California with plenty of "the dust." Wages for all kinds of work was high, and prices of all commodities rose in proportion. There are printers still living in Oregon who will recollect when gold was a burden to them. In a few months some had accumulated a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars in coin, with no safer place of deposit than an old trunk or box about the office. Banks were unknown, and "capitalists" a very common order of beings. This was the "golden" age of Oregon, in more senses than one. But the inevitable result of such a state of affairs came on apace. A country or a community that depends upon other communities for its supply of manufactured articles will in time be reduced to poverty and absolute want. The Willamette valley then produced scarcely anything for export but wheat, which was made into flour and shipped to California, the only available market. Presently California produced its own wheat, and the market for that cereal product was considerably abridged. Times began to be dull, although money was still plentiful when compared with the state of affairs that now confronts us, when men hurry and scurry over town more eagerly for a nickel than they would do then in pursuit of a dollar. Wheat had declined in price from five dollars a bushel to one dollar, and everything else had fallen in proportion. Truly those were "good old times," and people were happy—but give us rather these days of enterprise and thrift, of improvement and progress, of steam and electric railways, of telegraphs and telephones, of tricycles, bicycles, and unicycles, of splendid school houses, city halls, and hotels, of steam fire-engines, of gas and electric lights, of typewriting and typesetting machines, of splendid newspapers that lay before the public every morning the news gathered from the uttermost parts of the earth the day before, even to the very hour of going to press—give us all these in preference to the times when there were no railroads or telegraphs, no strikes or boycotts, no banks or capitalists, and no mortgages weighing heavily upon houses and farms. (There was then hardly a real-estate mortgage in the whole Willamette valley.)

At the time of the advent of Mr. Johnson there were six newspapers issued in the valley, three in Portland, one in Oregon City, and two in Salem. The political papers were intensely partisan, and bitterly personal, in their editorials and communications, to a degree scarcely credible now. It was the era of newspaper warfare known abroad as the "Oregon style" of journalism. The editors, that is, those who were responsible

THE PACIFIC TELEGRAPH.

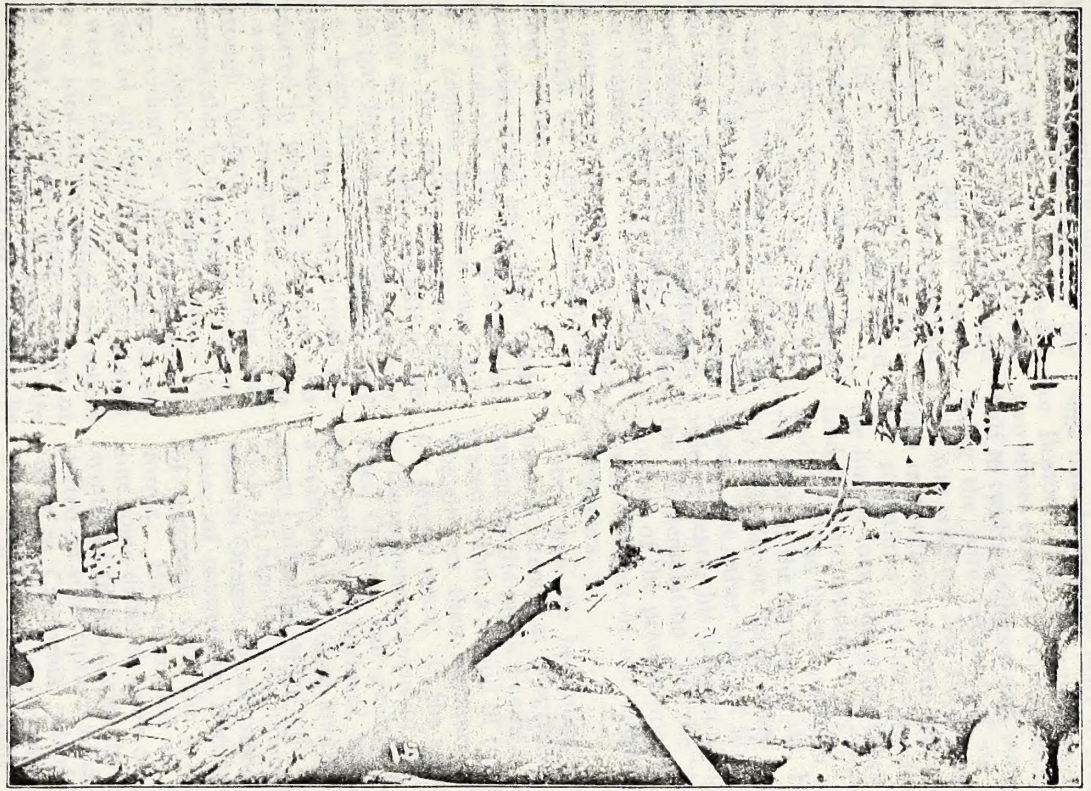
BEGINNING OF THE FIRST LINES IN OREGON.

for the editorial utterances, went armed to the teeth, as if in constant apprehension of mortal combat. Personal collisions often took place, and arms were sometimes drawn, but no life was ever lost in consequence. The editors, like Lambro the pilot, were the mildest-mannered of men, and frequently hob-nobbed together in friendly style. They were not so much afraid of each other as of their lampooned victims. As a matter of course, the dissemination of local news was a secondary consideration, especially with the "organs." Items that would now requirie great scare heads and columns of description were then turned off in half a dozen lines. The writer calls to mind one instance where a man fired a revolver at his wife with intent to kill, and she falling as if his aim had been effective, he shot himself dead, the tragedy not receiving more than a dozen lines under the head of "Suicide" in the next issue of the local paper. Aside from political discussions, news from abroad occupied the greater portion of the papers. The subscribers looked to these journals alone for news from the outside world, and the trivial events around home were of secondary interest to them. The *Statesman,* published at Salem, was then the most widely circulated and the most influential paper in the territory, expressed the prevalent conception of the journalist's business in the following disdainful paragraph, taken from its editorial column: "If there is anything in journalism we despise utterly it is the petty village puffery, the habitual announcement that Mr. So-and-so has hung a gate, etc., * * *"

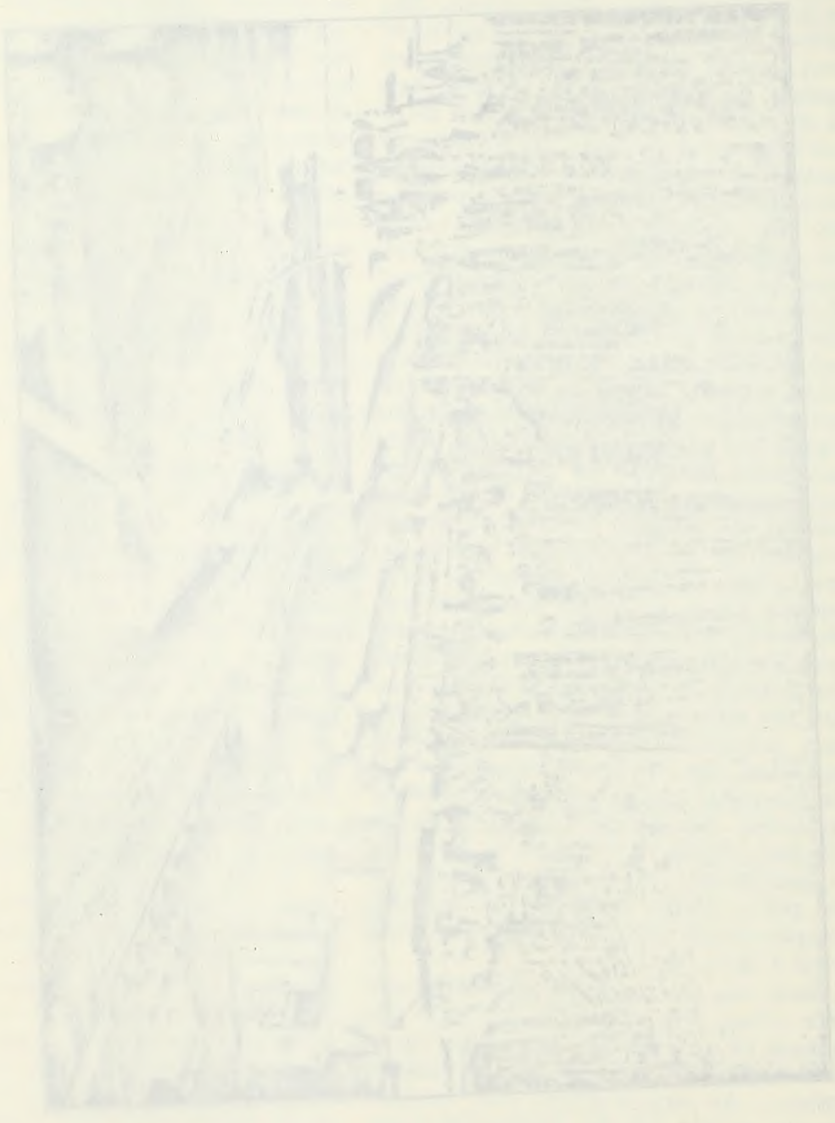
Such was the condition of the country here when Mr. Johnson initiated his scheme of a telegraph line from Portland southward through the Willamette valley. An organization was formed known as the Pacific Telegraph Company, of which A. J. Hembree of Yamhill became president, and Mr. Johnson was engaged to solicit subscriptions and construct the line. He soon secured an amount, mainly in Portland, Oregon City, and Yamhill county, sufficient to warrant him in undertaking the enterprise.

While one of the canvassers was travelling through Washington county, he called upon a family which had formerly lived in Pike county, Missouri, and in glowing terms set forth to the rancher the great advantages that would accrue to the farming community to have the telegraph company in their midst, and pressed hard for a subscription to the stock. The settler, however, put the solicitor off to a future day, to get his wife's opinion. After the agent had gone, the better half—who had all the while maintained an unusual silence, but had kept up a tremenduous thinking—turned to the old man, and shaking the ominous index finger, exclaimed: "Now, Nelson, if you take any of that ar stock of the telegraph company, I want them to be good, young American heifers, for these long-horned Spanish cattle I don't go a cent on!"

When success seemed to be assured the work of setting the poles and stretching the wire on the west side of the river toward Oregon City was begun. At the latter place he arrived on Friday afternoon, November 16, 1855. In a short time the wire was stretched across the river, and communication made with Portland, the first dispatch over the line appearing in the Oregonian the next morning. Warren Davis, county clerk of Multnomah, was the operator at Portland, having been under instruction while the work was going on. At Oregon City the office was placed in charge of D. W. Craig, then a young school teacher in Clackamas county, who had some experience in telegraphy, having been one of the first operators west of the Wabash. Besides the constructor of the line, these two persons were the first telegraph operators in Oregon. In January following the line was extended to Dayton, Yamhill county, where the third office was established, with Mr. Lippincott, a merchant of that place, as operator. The intention had been to continue the line to Eugene, passing through Salem, Albany, and Corvallis, but as the company was not incorporated, and the contractor reckless in the expenditure of the money he had collected,



PACIFIC NORTHWEST LOGGING CAMP.



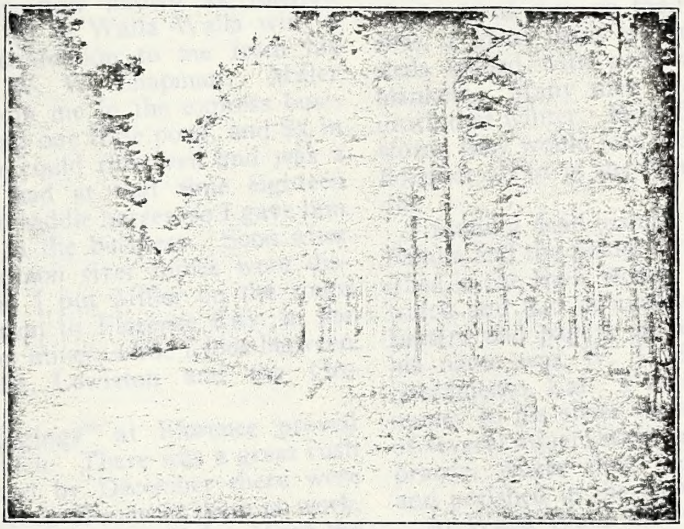
the subscribers refused to make any further payment on their subscriptions, and the originator of the scheme returned to California. The company made another effort, with H. R. Graham as superintendent, to extend the line. Captain Hembree, having been killed in the Indian war, then raging, was succeeded as president by Dr. McIteeny, of Corvallis. The line was extended to Lafayette, and thence toward Salem, but the work soon stoped short, as the difficulties that had attended the enterprise from the commencement of its construction increased rather than diminished. At last, A. J. Moses, of Eugene, one of the stockholders undertook to finish the line, but finding it a losing business he relinquished it altogether. The poles in a few years decayed and fell to the ground, the wire being strung along the roads, oftimes to the great detriment of equestrians, whose horse's feet would get entangled in its folds. In time, the wire entirely disappeared, through the appropriation of it by adjoining settlers.

The enterprise could have been made reasonably profitable had it been in the hands of a capable business man, but dissipation at the start proved its ruin. The operator at each office got half of the receipts in pay for his services, and was obliged to keep the line in repair half way to the next office, and furnish the acids required in working the line. As the line was built the greater part of the way through timber, the trouble was quite considerable in the season of storms to keep it clear from fallen trees. An amusing incident in this connection is recollected of an ignorant settler in the woods west of Oregon City, who seemed to have no idea of the object for which the line was stretched along in front of his cabin. Whenever he needed wire for any pnrpose about his premises, he would go unhesitatingly, probably without any intention of wrong-doing, pull down the losely stretched line and cut off as much as he wanted. This occurred several times, causing the operator much perplexity as well as trouble, but at last he discovered the depredator, after several hundred feet of wire had been taken, and threatened the fellow with prosecution unless he desisted. The rates for transmitting messages would, at the present time, be considered extravagant, the charge between Portland and Oregon City being as great as for a similar message now from either place to New York or Boston. The receipts at each of the two offices ranged from two dollars and a half to twelve dollars a day, many people using the wire because of its novelty. The war with the Nez Perce Indians was then in progress, and the territorial offices sometimes availed themselves of the line in forwarding messages to Portland for transmission to the troops in the field. Of the three operators named as the first in the territory, Mr. Davis and Mr. Lippincott have been dead many years; the other one yet lingers in this vale of tears, his keenest delight being the contemplation of the telegraphic wonders of the present tme, as displayed in the columns of our magnificent daily newspapers.

Such was the beginning and end of the first attempt at telegraphic communication on the north Pacific coast, all embraced within a period of twelve months. The project then remained in abeyance for several years. In the spring of 1861, at the commencement of the Civil war, when Oregon had greatly increased in population and business, and was already a state in the Union, another adverturer from California appeared, in the person of J. E. Strong, who induced many persons in Oregon to take stock in an enterprise of connecting Portland by a line of telegraph with the system of California. He succeeded in building the line some distance south of Salem, in the winter of 1863-64, with the money he collected on subscriptions of stock, and then went to California, where he sold out the business to the owners of the telegraph lines in that state, most of the stockholders here losing all the money they had paid, which was about four-fifths of the amount subscribed. The new owners quickly completed the line, to a connection with the telegraphic system in California, and of course with the eastern states, and had the same in

successful operation when Grant crossed the Rapidan and encountered Lee in the Wilderness, thus giving the people of Oregon daily reports of the great events of that stirring year. Since then the wires have been extended in every direction on the north Pacific coast, connecting its cities and towns by the electric current with all the important points in the known world.

D. W. CRAIG.



A WILLAMETTE VALLEY, OREGON COUNTRY ROAD.

The late ex-Governor George L Woods once landed in Cleveland, O., without a cent in his pocket. He was returning home from New York and a pickpocket relieved him of his purse on the train. Nothing daunted, he registered at the best hotel in Cleveland, and, after "togging up," went to the hotel office and asked the chief clerk who was considered the most amiable and benevolent banker in the city. Being told, he went to the bank and requested an interview. A man who would do that now would be suspected as a bomb-thrower.

"What can I do for you?" asked the bank president, when the governor had been seated.

"Permit me to give you my name first," said Governor Woods. "My name is George L. Woods, and I am the governor of Oregon, and I want $200 to pay my way home."

"Any security, sir?"

"I do not know a soul in the city," replied the governor. "A pickpocket robbed me of $168, all the money I had, and here I am in a strange city without even enough money to get my shoes shined Now, if you will give me $200 it will take me home, and I will remit the moment I reach Portland. I must have the money."

"This is indeed a singular case," replied the banker, gazing steadily into the governor's face. "However, you do not look like a man who would tell a falsehood for $200, and I will trust you for that amount. Here it is."

Governor Woods thanked his benefactor and remitted the amount the moment he reached home, and received in answer a very complimentary letter from the bank president. The governor told this story on himself several months before his death.

successful operation when Grant crossed the Rapidan and encountered Lee in the Wilderness, thus giving the people of Oregon daily reports of the great events of that stirring year. Since then the wires have been extended in every direc-

CROSSING THE PLAINS.

I continued in the business previously mentioned until October, 1861, when C. Hiner Miller, now known as Joaquin Miller, met me at Walla Walla with a letter of introduction to me from his uncle, Col. W. W. Chapman. Miller wanted to join me in the express business. He had one little pony, and $5 in cash, but he could ride well and was a hustler. I had at that time eighteen head of good saddle horses, so I gave him an interest in the business. Soon after that the Salmon river mines were discovered, and I put Miller on the route from Lewiston to Florence City, in the Salmon river mines, while I rode between Walla Walla, Lewiston and the Oro Fino.

The "diggings" at Florence proved to be very rich. There was a great rush to them, and by December there were many hundreds of men in there at work, and gold dust was plentiful. About the 10th of December I got Miller to change off with me one trip, and I went to Florence, while he went to Walla Walla. I had fifty of the Sacramento Unions with me, and expected to get a good price for them. When I arrived at Slate creek at the foot of the Salmon river mountains, I found quite a camp of miners and packers. The notorious Mat Bledso had just shot and killed a packer named Harmon, better known as Pike. Bledso was taken to Walla Walla, where he had a preliminary examination before a justice and was discharged. He afterwards killed two other men, was in the penitentiary for several years, was pardoned out and was finally killed in Arizona over a game of cards.

Arriving at Florence I sold my newspapers for $2.50 each as fast as I could hand them out. I kept my horse under a shed two nights and one day, and fed him thirty pounds of oats, and when ready to leave, my bill was only $30—$1 a pound for oats.

I was away from Walla Walla that trip sixteen days and cleared up $400. Between Lewiston and Walla Walla I met hundreds of men on their way to Florence, a great many of them with hand sleds loaded with grub and picks and blankets. Many men were frozen to death that winter. Bewildered in a snow storm, they would lose the trail, and then flounder about in the blinding snow and die.

I found a dead man in March between Pataha and the Snake river that had perished in the snow storm. He had a gold watch and $40 in money on his person. Letters and papers on him showed that his name was W. J. Boardman, from Sacramento, Cal. I sent his watch and money to his sister there. The remains of several miners were found near Camas prairie, where they had lost the trail and perished in the snow.

At Walla Walla that winter there was very severe and much suffering, and many cattle were frozen to death. On Dry creek the cattle were piled up in the willows, where they had crowded to get water, by the hundreds.

In Walla Walla, wood was so scarce that the French settlers hauled their rails in from their ranches and sold them for $30 a load and cut new rails in the spring to replace the old ones.

Times were so hard that many men lived on the pickings from the swill barrels of the hotels. Flour sold for $50 per 100 pounds; apples sold for $1 apiece; board and lodging was from $15 to $20 a week. The business houses were well represented by Dusenbury Bros., Cy and Dick Jacobs, Baldwin & Whitman, Boyer & Baker, Kyger & Reese, Kohlauff & Guischard, Kady & Howard, Schwabacker Bros. Co., Neil and Jas. McAulliff. Saloons were numerous. The largest was kept by Ball, and one by Mostinchy, where gambling tables were kept going day and night.

Sporting men were numerous, and many thousands of dollars changed hands that winter. Early in the winter of '61-2, J. B. Robins opened a theater, his daughter Sue being the star attraction. One night the theater was packed full of citizens and soldiers when a fight started, and revolvers cracked lively for awhile. Two soldiers were killed and two or three citizens were wounded. One of the citizens wounded was Dick Phillips, of Amity, Or.

Miller and I were together until the spring of 1862, when he decided to quit business to go to Port Orford, Or., and be married. He was to marry a lady known as Minnie Myrtle, but whose correct name was Minnie Dyer. So I paid him $600 over and above his profits, and presented him with a fine horse, saddled and bridled. He went to Portland and from there to Port Orford, where he was married.

I wish to say here, in justice to myself, that in all Joaquin Miller's writings he has never mentioned my name in connection with the express business, but has always taken the credit to himself of doing it all. In his writings he calls Florence, Idaho, Milleysbury, but no one of the old cradle-rockers of that day will recognize the place by that name, and all of the old-timers at Walla Walla and Lewiston know who was the pioneer expressman in that country.

The company was generally known as Mossman's Express, although for a short time it was actually Mossman & Miller's Express. When Miller left, I took in as partners, J. C. Franklin, Thos. Paulson, Put Smith and one John McBride. We did a good business. For some time Franklin stayed in Portland, bought gold dust and spent money freely on himself and wife. McBride rode as messenger between Florence and Lewiston. One night he gambled off $2000 of the company's money and then skipped to Montana. One disaster after another overtook me, and in June, 1863, two years after my first trip into Oro Fino, I was forced to close out to Wells, Fargo & Co. Afterwards I made a few trips to Granite Creek, Elk City and Auburn, on Powder river; but in the spring of 1863 I quit the express business only about $1000 ahead for my two years' work. In June, 1863, Geo. E. Cole ran for delegate to congress, and as it required a long time to secure the returns from outside counties, he employed me to go to Fort Colville, in Stevens county, and bring in the official returns. He paid me $5 a day and expenses, and furnished me with a good horse. I carried the mail bag also to Fort Colville, as the regular mail was only carried once a month. As houses along my route were few and far between, I "toted" a pair of blankets with me. It was 250 miles to Colville, and my time to make the trip was limited to six days. I left Walla Walla at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, went to McWhik's ferry on Snake river and stayed over night, leaving there early the next morning with a cold lunch in my pocket, and riding out to Cow creek valley, where I stopped to bait my horse and eat a bite. As my horse was very warm, I pulled the saddle off, and he lay down to roll on the grass, as horses always do. While rolling over he was bitten by a big rattlesnake, and as I had no medicine with me I saddled up as quickly as possible and started ahead to find help. I knew a man by the name of Hosteter had left Snake river a half day ahead of me with a wagon. I kept on going until late at night without seeing a soul. By that time my poor horse was swollen up so badly that he could travel no farther, and I had to leave him by the roadside to die. I took off my saddle and blankets and left them by the roadside, too. With my mail bag over my shoulder I started on to overtake the wagon ahead of me. I was suffering badly from thirst, and, though traveling in sight of Medical lake, could not drink its bitter waters. About 11 o'clock at night, when completely exhausted, I overtook the man camped at some springs. He gave me some water, but only a little at a time; then he prepared something to eat, which he dealt out to me very sparingly at first. The next morning he let me have one of his horses and I went back where I had left mine.

Finding the latter dead, I secured my saddle and blankets and returned to my friend, and went forward with him to the ferry on the Spokane river, where I hired a horse and proceeded to Colville, secured the election returns and started back. When I had returned as far as Walker's prairie I saw a large corral full of horses and eight or ten men standing around among them. Among the band I recognized two horses that had been stolen from me at Walla Walla two months previous. I rode up to the corral and spoke to the men pleasantly, and told them that I saw "two of my horses among their stock which had 'strayed' away from Walla Walla." They replied, with an oath, that they "owned all of the horses," but after a long palaver they concluded to give me a pony worth about $25. As my horses had cost me $100 each, I did not want to accept any such a proposition, but an argument supported by only one gun against a dozen could not be expected to avail very much, and fearing that they would change their minds and not give me anything, I accepted the offer with a profusion of thanks.

I left the horse I had hired at the ferry and by traveling day and night arrived back on time with the election returns, and the Hon. Geo. E. Cole was elected delegate to congress from Washington territory. After resting a few days at my home, one mile from Walla Walla, John F. Abbott, the poneer stage proprietor of Walla Walla, employed me to drive one of his stages to Boise City, Idaho, until we should meet one of his other stages coming down. Abbott had agreed to take sixteen gamblers and "toughs" to Boise City, and had to send two stages, eight men and their baggage for each stage. They paid him $50 each, and they were to board themselves, he taking their provisions along. We left Walla Walla after dinner and drove to the Umatilla crossing, near where the town of Pendleton is now located. We camped there, and it would have made a wooden Indian smile to see those gamblers try to cook their first meal. Instead of forming into a mess and cooking at two fires, each man had a fire of his own, and the cuss words they used were fearful. Myself and the other driver had provided ourselves with a lunch, and were eating it quietly when one big tough ordered us to help cook. We told him we were hired as stage drivers, not as cooks. He then tried to run a bluff, but it would not work. Next morning we drove to Meacham's Station, where I was well acquainted, getting there at noon, and as the fellows had some money, we stayed there all night. The next day we proceeded as far as La Grande, and here the toughs hired a woman to cook supper and breakfast. After eating the latter we hitched up and drove on to the Powder river, where we stopped for lunch and to feed our horses. It happened that there was a flock of ducks on the river, and our passengers were shooting at them, but without effect. I carried an old Colt's pistol along that had not been fired in six months, but I walked out among them and said: "Look here, boys, I will show you how to kill a duck." I aimed with a sort of elegance, and fired, cutting a duck's head. I was more surprised than they were when I saw the execution I had made. In fact, I was not sure I aimed at the duck I killed, but I never let on but what such shooting was common. It was one shot in a thousand, and after that those fellows were very nice to me. We went on as far as Brownlie's ferry on Snake river, where we met the other stages, exchanged passengers, and then returned to Walla Walla.

In the Blue mountains between La Grande and the Grand Ronde river we had a narrow escape in descending a long hill. The Jacob's staff on the Concord coach I was driving broke, and the heavy coach ran against the horses. All that could be done was to give the horses the whip and keep them on the run until we reached the bottom of the hill, a half mile ahead. When we struck the level of the ground we were "running away." After another half mile, however, the team was brought under control. We camped one night under some pine trees

not far from where Baker City is now located, and there was plenty of fine-looking quartz scattered around, so we discussed the question of locating a ledge there, but having no tools, our resolutions ended in nothing done. That fall the celebrated Virtue mine was located at this same spot, and millions of dollars have been taken out of it since. We arrived at Walla Walla two days later. That fall I moved to Albany and lived there six months, and went to Salem in 1864, and the September following I bought out a hotel, which I ran until June, 1867. From there I moved to Olympia, Wash.

During my career as a mail-carrier in Oregon the country was thinly settled and the stores were few and far between, and as the mail-carrier was supposed to be accommodating, the commissions he had to look after were numerous. Old ladies would come from both sides of my route to have errands done. One would want a paper of pins, another a flatiron, another a broom. One wanted a pair of shoes, another a pair of hose ("stockings" they called them). Sometimes an old lady would stop me to ask the day of the month or what day of the week it was. Of course, I had to be polite and answer all of these questions, but it was rather trying at times when I was hurrying to make up lost time.

One hot day while driving along in the timber upon the Long Tom country I was overtaken by a horseless carriage. It was a man and his wife in a wagon drawn by a yoke of cattle. He and his wife were on the seat of the wagon and the woman held a baby in her lap, and the wagon box was half full of straw on which were six little white-headed children, from two to seven years of age, all of them bareheaded. One of the hind wheels of the wagon had dropped into a chuckhole, and one of the kids rolled out in the dust, but the man did not miss him, and drove on totally unconcerned as to what had happened. I yelled to him that he had lost one of his children. He stopped his oxen and got out and picked it up. Then the old lady opened upon him. She said: "Bill Jones, you dod gasted old fool, you wil jist lose half of these yongins before we get home." I drove on and left them settling it in their own way.

The Long Tom country in those days was a "wild and wooly west." One family would own 640 acres of land and from 50 to 200 head of cattle, with no butter in the house, and hardly ever a bite of fresh beef; bacon, bacon all the time. All the victuals would swim in grease. Plenty of fiddlers and hound dogs, but no fresh meat. At every house a dance? Well, I should say so. A dance ould start at 4 in the afternoon and last until 10 the next day. Plenty of grub and lots of whisky. Every fellow would try to see how hard he could dance and how high he could swing his partner. Buckskin suits and blue jeans were the costumes for the men. A dandy who came to one of the dances dressed in broadcloth was in great demand. One young matron told a young girl sitting by to "hold my baby while I take a turn with that 'hoss' with the store clothes on."

The people were all free-hearted, and nothing was too good for a stranger. He was always welcome to the best in the house, free of charge.

There are no 640-acre farms now; all are divided up.

We laugh at many incidents of the old-timers, but way down in the corner of our hearts there is a soft spot for those old-timers, whose open-handed hospitality may have been equaled, but never excelled anywhere in the world, not even by the knights of the table round.

ISAAC V. MOSSMAN.

STOCK WHITLEY.

Stock Whitley, war chief of the Warm Springs, commonly spoken of as "Old Stock" Whitley, was the most noble-looking Indian I ever saw. He was a large and portly man, of commanding presence, and always proffered the hand of friendship on meeting you. He seemed to be an admirer of the white race; when some of his men in 1860 or 1861 murdered some white men near Tygh Valley, Stock surrendered them, and they were hanged at The Dalles. Stock went out with a squad of Warm Springs Indian scouts and did good service with the soldiers. He lost his life in the same action in which Lieutenant Watson was killed. I have been told that Stock requested to be buried with Watson, but do not know whether this was done or not. It seems to me that an account in detail of the action in which Lieutenant Watson and Stock Whitley lost their lives, written by some one who was present, would make a very readable article, as well as a valuable acquisition to history, and it is in the hope to stir up some of the survivors to action that I write this article.

Way-sike-nee-kum was war chief of the John Day and Rock Creek Indians. Kolwash was an old Indian living at Tumwater, near Celilo. Paulina was head chief of the Snakes. Nathan Olney, at one time sheriff of Wasco county, was a brother-in-law of Old Stock Whitley, and was reputed to be the best Indian fighter in Eastern Oregon.

The Columbias and John Days lived in constant dread of the Snakes, and for a long time kept scouts out to guard against a surprise. The Snakes had corraled a large number of them on "Onwa-wie illahee" (Des Chutes island, in the Columbia, now known as Miller's island), and almost annihilated them. From the best data obtainable, I should say that this battle was fought somewhere about 1820 to 1830. There were many copper vessels, flint-lock guns and such relics there in 1864, and it was in that year that I saw one of the Columbia scouts coming in from the direction of Cross Hollows (Shaniko) on a badly wearied cayuse, and with voice and manner indicating great terror told us the Snakes were coming. Chityke is the Indian name for Warm Springs. So much in explanation of the Chinook verses that follow.

KLOSE NESIKA ILLAHEE.

Klose nesika illahee mitlite copa Onwawie,
Konaway nika tillacum mitlite yawa o'coke sun,
Lalie nika nanich siwash hyack clatawa copa Kolwash.
Mitlite tumwater skookum chuck, iskum sammon copa chuck,
Wawa Snake chaco memaloose konaway tollicum nika house.
Hyack mamook teouit copa siwash Oahut,
Skookum wawa klatwaman hyas til nika cuitan.
Nika clootchman hyas klose, wake tika Snake copa nika house,
Hyas quass nika tenas-man, Spose halo mitlite cuitan.
Nika cumtux ole Stock Whitley, siwash tyee Chityke city,
Hi-you polally iskum ancutty Nathan Olney la Dalles City.
Siwash tyee Way-sike-nee-kum skookum tumtum mitlite chikem
Klonas kleminiwhit ocoke man, klonas cultus wawa kankan.
Nika snowhoose wake nanich Snake, klonas memoloose, klonas wake;
Paulina sullux mamook poo Memaloose Whitley, Watson, too.
Hi-you soldier Oahut hyack mamook teouit,
Hi-you soldier mamook poo hi-you pil pil chaco too,
Oleaman nika o'coke sun halo masasce sullux gun,
Lalie mitlite Onwawie, klose nesika illahee.

CARSON C. MASIKER.

THE FUR TRADE IN THE PUGET SOUND COUNTRY AND THE "CHE-CHALES" COAST BETWEEN "SHOALWATER BAY" AND THE "QUENY-ULTH" RIVER.

I have been a resident of Puget Sound for upwards of fifty years, and for twenty years of that time was in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Nisqually, near Steillacoom, in the state of Washington. Almost all of this time my services were transferred to the Puget Sound Agricultural Company, an English corporation, which was altogether distinct from the Hudson's Bay Company, as is the Tacoma Land Company from the Northern Pacific Railroad Company . In one or more of my articles lately published in the Sunday Oregonian, I have endeavored to show how this company stood with the Hudson's Bay Company, so I shall not now devote much time to it, but simply say that some of the members of the one company were stockholders in the other, and vice versa, and shareholders in the Hudson's Bay Company, who had no interest in the Puget Sound Company were generally impressed with the idea that the latter company were getting more favors than they were entitled to, thus making it very unpleasant to the Hudson's Bay Company's officers, whose services were transferred to the Puget Sound Agricultural Company.

Leaving this part of the subject, which, if persisted in, would involve a great deal of writing, I will now try to say something about the fur trade, and especially about sea otters, which latter are becoming very scarce and valuable. The last ten years of my connection with the company I was agent in charge of the Puget Sound Agricultural Company's affairs at Fort Nisqually, and pending the settlement of the company's claim for compensation for certain rights they considered they were entitled to, under the treaty of 1846, between Great Britain and the United States of America, I devoted a good portion of my time to the fur trade, making trips to the coast between Shoalwater Bay and the Que-ny-ulth river and down the Sound and up the principal rivers, which latter I made in a large and commodious boat, with a strong, muscular crew of five or six hands. The fur trade was very different after 1860 to what it was prior to that date. There was little or no competition then, and the company never gave an Indian money in exchange for his furs, but always goods. After 1860 or soon after, this was all changed. Competition became great, and we had to break through with out old customs, and adopt the tactics of rival American traders, and give money or anything except spirituous liquor to get possession of the furs. During all my intercourse with Indians, which was, I suppose, as extensive as was that of any other man or men in the Puget Sound country, I never once gave or sold an Indian spirituous or alcoholic liquors of any kind. I have seen so much blood shed and injury done from the effects of drinking to excess spirituous liquors, both by Indians and white men, that I have always been very careful not to give any to Indians, and if I could help it, not to allow any one else to do so. I used to make periodical trips to the different towns and cities on Puget Sound and trade most of the furs obtained by merchants or retail dealers. I found it a difficult matter to get the retail dealers to learn to tell the different qualities of some of the furs, especially bear and beaver skins. It was much easier to distinguish the summer from the winter skin, because the summer skin was dry, dull-looking and very thinly furred. Then, another safeguard in those days, we always bought beaver by weight, and that made it a protection for

the merchant buyer, i. e., if he understood the difference between a summer and a winter skin. Land otter depended entirely upon its quality. If large, thick-furred and glossy, it would, naturally, be called a No. 1 skin, and so on, according to size and quality. We seldom traded martens, and those we did get were of little value. Mink were not plentiful, and we rarely got a No. 1 skin; in fact, the mink we got here were of inferior quality. I was, for a few years, very successful in obtaining sea otter skins, but had to work rather hard to get them. I went to the hunting grounds and sometimes got them direct from the hunters on the coast between Shoalwater Bay and Point Greenville, which is three or four miles south of the Que-ny-ulth river. I will, before I close this paper, try to tell the story of one or more of my trading trips to the coast for furs, and sea otter skins in particular.

The fishers skins obtained in this section of the country when in season are very good, but very few are killed; also but few fur seals are obtained, and those obtained here are small and of not much value. I had more trouble in teaching dealers the difference in the quality and value of bear skins. Many of them would trade anything in the shape of a bear skin. Twenty years ago, when I was in the trade, a No. 1 black bear skin was worth from $5 to $10, middling skins from $2 to $5, and summer skins were really worthless, but I would often give 25 cents each for them to use as outside coverings to bales of furs, and sold them sometimes to the tanner, but such skins made very inferior leather.

At times I would refuse to give anything for staged or summer bear skins, and more than once I have had these same rejected skins offered to me again by a retail dealer amongst a lot of other kind of furs, and to secure the lot offered I would have to allow him something for them, but they were a dead loss to me, and I have often destroyed them to prevent them from perhaps getting into some one's hands and being again offered for sale to me.

We would get musquash, raccoon and lynx, but they were then of very little value. Often a dealer would be taken in by Indians, who would palm off on them wood rats for muskrats, the former being of no value.

Until 1862 or 1863 we obtained no sea otters at Fort Nisqually, and only, perhaps, five or six yearly were traded at Fort Vancouver. White hunters had not yet found their way to the Gray's Harbor coast, and the few sea otters the Indians obtained prior to 1860 generally found their way to Victoria through the Cape Flattery Indians. There are but few places upon this coast where sea otters can be found. Crescent City, on the California coast, is one of the places. The coast between Point Greenville and Gray's Harbor is another, and up northward I know but little about, except that the primest and most valuable skins came from the Alaskan coast. The skins were dressed differently. Up north the otters were "cased," or not slit open (furriers, I am told, preferring to get them that way). On the Che-chales coast the animals were always slit down the belly, the skin stretched and made as large-looking as possible. Of course, to the non-expert buyer the latter form of dressing is the most preferable, because the condition and value of the skin is more easily ascertained. It takes an expert to be sure as to the quality of a skin prepared the other way, the appearance of the skin (parchment) and the feel of the fur upon the "tail." An expert buyer very seldom makes a mistake as to the quality of furs he is examining, I am told, and the prices quoted in newspapers confirms the report that sea otter skins are becoming scarce and are very valuable. Skins which I paid about $40 each for 35 or 40 years ago now readily bring $300 or $400 each, and I have been told by a credible friend that as high as $600 has been paid for an exceptionally good skin. I once bought a skin at the point (Gray's Harbor) for which I paid $50 in coin, a very high price in those days. It was a very choice skin and said to be the handsomest ever seen on that part of the coast. It was jet black, with very deep, thick fur, and was as

glossy and shone like the finest black silk velvet; it was seven feet in length, including the tail, and was about thirty inches in width. Oh! it was a beauty, and I have no hesitation in saying that today such a skin would readily sell for $1,000 and perhaps more. There is something curious about the habits of sea otters. They are to be found in only a few places, and the only place upon this part of the coast where they are to be found is the little length of coast between the north side of Gray's Harbor ("John's Point" it was then called) and Point Greenville, a distance of about fifteen or eighteen miles, and an animal (sea otter) is very rarely seen outside of these points. I have traded only one skin from a Shoalwater Bay Indian which he claimed to have shot in the serf between the river's mouth and the bay (Shoalwater) lighthouse. I have traded several skins from the Que-ny-ulth, or, as it is generally termed, Quinault, Indians, but they might have been killed south of the point (Greenville), as the river is only a very few miles (perhaps three or four) from Point Greenville. I have never heard of any otters being found south of Fort Simpson, but I don't know much about that part of the coast, and consequently shall say but little about it. I am quite sure, though, that no sea otters have been killed in the waters of Puget Sound. I will now attempt to tell about my efforts to obtain sea otters and the success I met with. As I have before stated that during the last ten years of my connection with the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Nisqually, I devoted a good part of it to fur trading, and particularly to retrieving the sea otter trade, which, I think, had been neglected both at Forts Vancouver and Nisqually, and as a beginning on my part I obtained from the board of management at Victoria permission to make a trip to the coast, and was ordered to fully report upon my return about the country, the condition of the fur trade, etc. I made my first trip in April, 1863. On the 30th I started for Gray's Harbor, accompanied by one man, an Englishman named William Legg. He was one of the lot of about eighty laborers sent out by the company, and leaving London on the 10th day of October, 1849. I was also a passenger in the same ship (Norman Morrison).

We drove a strong spring wagon by the way of Olympia to the mouth of Black river, a small, sluggish stream, but very much larger than the Sequallitchew creek, which runs through this place. A Mr. Hill was living there then, and was hewing a farm, with some success, out of the thick timber. The soil seemed to be very good, but the surrounding forest, in which were trees growing between two and three hundred feet in height, and thirty and forty (about) feet in circumference, was enough to take all the pluck from an ordinary man at the idea of clearing and making a farm out of it, but 'tis often done, and I never shall forget my first trip up the Snoqualmie river, I think it was, in a whaleboat, in the year 1864. I can clearly recollect stopping at a little place called Snohomish City, where, to my surprise, I recognized in the proprietor an old Steillacoom acquaintance, a carpenter then, named Ferguson. He afterwards became a prominent man, and was several times elected as a member of the legislature from the county of Snohomish. Some years after a friend of mine went up the same river, and he said that many of the little farms with less than an acre (sometimes larger) planted in onions, beans and potatoes in 1864 were now large, fine, productive farms. I recollect that when I first saw these little clearings, with often a good-looking woman and five or six bare-footed children living in a small, log hut, the family of the brave, determined owner of the place, I would laugh to myself and think the man in charge must certainly be crazy to attempt to hew out a farm in such a place, but he wasn't a bit crazy, but, on the other hand, was a clear-headed, strong, sensible fellow, who saw ahead of him, if Providence gave him continued health and strength, a fine and wonderfully fertile farm two or three hundred acres in extent, and large and productive enough to support his

own family and leave something for charity, if he felt so inclined. I am credibly informed that there are now many fine farms, such as I have just described, the owners of some of them being the same men I saw laboring so slavishly (apparently) when I made my first trip up the river. I had a crew of five or six men, and I have a very vivid recollection of the torture we sometimes suffered from the bites of mosquitoes. Oh! there seemed to be millions of them, and the only way to get any sleep was to sompletely envelop the head in the bed clothes, which was not very pleasant, especially if the night was warm. My own men were sometimes hard to awaken in the morning, but I discovered a plan which never failed to arouse them with alacrity. I was always the first man up in the morning, when I would go to each man, turn down the bed clothes from his face and admit the mosquitoes, when they would immediately jump up, with an ejaculative prayer upon their lips.

We left our team and wagon at Hill's place, and after a good night's rest, proceeded on foot to a place on the river (Che-chales) where we found an Indian encamped, and we soon hired him to take us down a few miles to a place called Elma, then only a farm, the soil of which is very good and capable of growing any kind of grain and grasses. None but the owner was residing there then, and I have forgotten his name. Elma is now a place of some importance; the railroad runs through it, and it possesses several manufactories, so I am informed. We remained here all night, and the next morning started away, bright and early, on foot for the next little town, called Montesano, which was perhaps twelve or fifteen miles down the river from Elma, and was then on the opposite or south side of the river. The road was not well finished, and in places rather rough traveling for vehicles. We passed over some fine land, but saw but few well-improved farms, nothing to compare to the Upper Che-chales bottom country, which I passed through two or three times in 1854 and '55, and was much surprised to see at that early date many improved farms. I recollect on this trip passing through a fine piece of land, part of it prairie, on which was the farm of a man named Brady. The soil of this place struck me as being remarkably fertile looking, and I am told that it is now a finely improved farm. We found no one at home when we passed, and we proceeded on until towards evening we came to a prairie, the soil of which seemed to be alluvial in character and of very good quality. Passing on, we came to a larger prairie of the same kind of soil, upon which were many mprovements, such as fencing, and fields which had been cultivated, and soon we came to a large homestead, a farm house, large, and built of logs, several log outbuildings and a large and commodious barn. The owner of this place was a Mr. ——— (have forgotten his name, but think it is Pearson), an Englishman, with a large family, who had resided there since 1853, having, I was told, taken a donation claim of 640 acres in extent. It struck me as being a beautiful place, the soil of its prairie fields so very different from that, the prairie land, I had lived upon all my life nearly since attaining manhood, and which I had tried in every manner conceivable to farm, but without success, and I thought to myself that if the seventy or eighty thousand acres of prairie land to be found in Pierce county was only like this, what a fruitful country (county) this would be; but the Nisqually prairie land is directly opposite in character. One acre of this lower Che-chales prairie land is worth ten of the other for farming purposes. We remained with these people all night, and were kindly treated. The next morning we started early and walked two miles, if I err not, and came to a river, the Wynooche. Near the mouth of and partly on the prairie is the present city of Montesano, a place of about ——— inhabitants, banks, stores, saloons, jail and everything requisite to make a modern city. At the time of my visit there was no sign of a city on the present site, but right across the Che-chales river was then what was called the town of Montesano. A man named Scammon was

its proprietor, and it was on his pre-emption claim. Scammon kept what was called a hotel, which was his dwelling house, and we had to remain there two days to await the arrival of the man who carried the weekly mail to the point and along the beautiful sandy beach the mail was carried in a stage, driven and owned by Peterson (the man the point is named after) about fifteen miles to Shoalwater Bay. Besides Scammon's house, there were four or five more houses in the town, but they were all empty at that time. The day after we arrived, a man named Bob, an English sailor, a runaway man-of-warsman from Esquimalt, B. C., arrived with a very decent boat, and he agreed to convey us to the point, at the mouth of the harbor, for a moderate fee, and about 5 P. M., the tide being favorable, we started on our voyage, the termination of which was about thirty miles —ten along the extremely pretty river, which, from Montesano to the entrance of the harbor is wide and free from rapid and swift-running water; the remaining distance, twenty miles, is through the harbor, which is very wide in places, with several sand bars, some of them dry at low water, and five or six miles from the shore. When the wind blows hard, the navigation of this harbor is dangerous for boat and canoe traveling, and several fatal accidents—death by drowning—have occurred in it. The surf, or the breakers, upon the river bar makes a great noise, and the booming sound made can plainly be heard at Montesano. We had a pleasant passage until we got to Cosmopolis, at one time a town much larger than Scammon's Montesano, there being some eight or ten houses there and a large tannery, buildings and vats, all complete; but the most curious thing about this town was the houses, including the tannery, which were without inhabitants. The place was completely deserted, and not a single inhabitant was to be found anywhere. The tide having turned against us, we determined to camp here, and await the turn of the favorable tide; so we went to the largest and best-looking house, two stories in height, found the door unlocked, which we opened, and, entering, made a fire in one of the rooms and made ourselves comfortable for the few hours we had to remain there. I learned from Bob that the tannery belonged to Mr. C. Byles, who was living upon a farm near Montesano, but I couldn't learn why the place had been deserted. I think Cosmopolis is opposite the flourishing city of Aberdeen, and perhaps is part of Aberdeen. The railroad from Tacoma and Olympia crosses the river (Che-chales) at this place, if I am not mistaken. When we left Cosmopolis it was a dead calm, and the moon was shining brightly. We made good progress, Bob using the oars, and the tide running out with great velocity. Very often we would be startled by large fish jumping clear out of the water and making a great noise when again returning to their native element. I thought they were sharks, but Bob told us they were sturgeon, which, he said, were very plentiful in the river mouth and harbor. The river for about ten miles below Scammon's place (Montesano) is almost beautiful. 'Tis wide, and there are no rapids or current swifter than the tide, and there are long reaches, through which, with a fair wind, a boat can do pretty sailing. The land each side of the river seems to be low, and is free from large timber; in fact, from the river it seems to be low land and liable at times to be inundated.

We reached the point about 8 A. M., and it is but a short distance to Fort Che-chales, where I met my friend, Giles Ford, who was sub-Indian agent for the Que-ny-ulth Indians, and also had charge of the government buildings. I was much surprised to find such an establishment there. Large barracks for one company of men, officers quarters, guard-house, storeroom and other outbuildings. Everything was well built, and it was Fort Steillacoom in miniature. It was built not far from high-water mark, and sometimes the roaring of the surf upon the bar of the river was almost deafening. I visited this place again on May 7, 1892, and couldn't find a vestige of these buildings. Fir trees had formed almost a forest, and the wind from the ocean had

blown up great heaps of sand where the nicely-finished buildings once stood. Mr. Ford gave me a kind reception, and I remained with him during my stay there. The Peterson family resided closely, Mr. Peterson having taken a pre-emption or homestead claim, which embraced all the point. A Mr. Sam W——n and family also lived within a short distance of the fort, and kept a little bit of a store, trading with the Indians for furs principally. It was publicly rumored that he traded whisky to the natives, or stuff which was called whisky. It was said to be of home manufacture, was very strong, and sometimes made the Indians who drank it veritable fiends, and many a wild orgie in the camp near the point wound up with a bloody fight. Sam himself was a great lover of strong drink, and had been a drunkard for many a year, but he was one of the few men found who could, apparently, drink an unlimited supply of the alcoholic mixture without it seriously affecting him. Perhaps he was careful not to drink the same stuff the Indians indulged in, and got drunk on a purer article, for he seemed to be alcohol proof, and the large amount he drank didn't appear to do him any injury, for he had been using the stuff for many years with impunity. I was told that when Sam went to Olympia he invariably got on a big spree there, and almost every one in the city knew it, for he was very noisy in his cups. When he got out of jail sobered up, amongst other goods he laid in a supply of stuff of an alcoholic charcater, and when he got home to the point he made it known by firing a salute from an old cannon he owned, and soon the Indians would be seen making for Sam's establishment, and most likely for a few days afterwards pandemonium would reign in the vicinity of Citizen Sam's tradeshop. I made it known to the Indians and the few white men on the beach who attempted to shoot sea otter, sometimes with success, that I wanted to purchase furs, and especially sea otter, and when they learned that I was a bona fide agent of the Hudson's Bay Company they promised to get all the skins they could and save them for me. I met several of the Indian hunters, amongst them Copalis Jim, who lived at the mouth of a river of that name emptying into the Pacific ocean, about ten miles up the coast (north) from Gray's Harbor. Jim was made notorious by Herbert Bashford, the poet of Puget Sound, writing a pretty poem about him and a pretty, black-eyed Indian beauty, named Nawanda. Jim was represented as being in a cage, built upon a rock, out in the ocean about a mile from the shore. He would sit there, day after day, watching for a chance for a shot at a sea otter, and his thoughts would be full of this Nawanda, who, it seems, had gone back on him and bolted with some other fellow; and I don't blame her a bit if she did, for Jim was a sour-looking, ill-natured old chap, who hadn't built any cage when I saw him, and an old, ugly, blear-eyed squaw with him was said to be Mrs. Copalis Jim. Perhaps she was the Nawanda of the poem, who looked like a woman might look who had been living with Jim for twenty or thirty years. I traded five fine sea otters from white hunters and about one hundred smaller skins (principally beaver and land otter) from the Indians, and after making a stay on the coast for about ten days I got everything ready for my trip home, which would have to be done in a canoe for fifty or sixty miles up the river Che-chales.

I found the point to be a nice place to spend a few of the summer months. There is a magnificent beach there, which extends for a distance of at least fifteen miles each side of the river, on one side ending at Shoalwater Bay, and the other extending a few miles bevond the Copalis river. I should think about five or six miles this side of Point Greenville the coast changes, and the shore line is rough and rocky, with hardly a landing place for a boat between Point Greenville and Cape Flattery. The beach referred to is composed of fine, white sand, which, in some places, at low water is two miles wide, or thereabouts. It is so hard that a galloping horse or a carriage wheel will scarcely leave a mark behind to show it has passed over it. Then the fish to be

obtained there are numerous and plentiful. Sturgeon in abundance; crabs, great, big, fat fellows, can be picked up upon the beach, and the fat razor clams can be obtained, by digging, in inexhaustible quantities. Salmon, also, from the Que-ny-ulth river, the most delicious fish I ever tasted. It is a small fish, about seven or eight pounds in weight, is very fat, and, in my opinion, is a better eating fish than the far-famed Columbia river salmon. I am told that this little salmon is not found anywhere else upon the coast only in this one river, and that is included within the boundaries of the Que-ny-ulth Indian reserve. A company once made great efforts to buy the consent of the Indians to construct a cannery at the mouth of the river and liberty to can this dainty salmon, but the Indians wouldn't listen to them, and for no amount of money would they grant such a privilege. Deer and elk meat can be obtained from the Indians, and game in abundance. Bear meat, too, for those that like it, but the bear killed near the beach is generally abnormaly fat, the effects of an unlimited diet of fish, which is to be found in abundance dead along the shore. I have seen sturgeon dead upon the beach from eight to ten feet in length; at least they looked to be that long, and I have seen a line of small fish, smelt and herring, left by the tide so thick that a wagon could be filled with them within a distance of fifty or sixty feet, so it's no wonder that the bear get fat, but the meat after it is cooked tastes more like fish than flesh, and I should have to be on the verge of starvation before I could eat it. I engaged Indian John, who resided on the north point of the harbor mouth, and five of his people to take me and my man, with the furs traded, up the river. We found the river very rapid in places, and its navigation in safety requires the aid of skilled canoeists, which we found in John and his men. We occupied two days and a half in making the blockhouse, so called because a large blockhouse was built there on the farm of Mr. Smith in 1855, during the Indian war. We parted with John here and sent him on his way home, well satisfied with what I paid him, and the other hands. We were not far from Hill's place, where we procured our wagon and team, and, after loading up our furs, we drove smartly home, well satisfied with the result of the trip, having traded more than enough furs to pay our expenses twenty times over. I had promised to return to the point on or about the beginning of the coming August, and the white hunters and the Indians had promised to save their furs for me. I immedately shipped the sea otter skins to Victoria, with a request that I should be informed as to the trade value of each skin so that I could be guided in my future trades in those pelts.

I obtained permission of the board of management to make another trip during the coming summer, and I determined to take a good assortment of goods with me, suitable for such Indian trade as the Che-chales harbor country required. I expected to be gone on this trip about six weeks, and my only assistant at Nisqually now being an old superannuated, but still useful, sea captain, Captain Wilie Mitchell, a young clerk was sent up from Victoria, a Mr. Weynton, to assist Captain Mitchell during my absence.

Early in August, 1863, I received a letter from Mr. Ford informing me that the white hunters between them had upwards of twenty-five sea otters, and the Indians had ten or twelve, and they were all very anxious to see me down there, and what interested me chiefly in the letter was a half-breed, a "Makah," or Cape Flattery half-Indian, was expected to appear daily by the way of the sea coast in a very large canoe to purchase all the sea otter he could for whisky and money. The liquor stock gave him great advantage over me; then he could talk to them, as he understood their language. The Indian agent then in charge was known to trade extensively in the most valuable of the furs, such as sea otter and fur seal, many of which latter skins were obtained off the cape; indeed, it was rumored that this half-breed was employed by Agent "W." In the fifties

and early sixties, the position of superintendent of Indian affairs was eagerly sought after, and that of agent under the superintendent also, and it was said that a great deal of money was made yearly besides the regular official pay per annum. Every year in those days a large amount of money was appropriated by congress with which to purchase goods, farming implements and all kinds of tools, which were distributed amongst the Indians, and this always large lot of goods was purchased by the superintendent or his agents, and the successful dealers supplying the goods were very generous, and didn't forget to remunerate people for the trouble they were supposed to be put to on their account. It is different now. The law has been changed, and the places in the Indian department are now not nearly so eagerly sought after. In reply, I requested Mr. Ford to make it known that I was on the point of starting away with a fair assortment of goods, and, accordingly, on the 17th of August, 1863, I left the fort, accompanied by two men, William Legg (my former assistant) and Jack Kingdom, a runaway English man-o'-warsman. They were trusty men, but possessed one great fault — an inordinate love of liquor—the indulgence in which ultimately caused their death, which occurred some years ago. The three of us with the goods filled a couple of wagons, and a couple of large canoes (previously arranged for) met us, and in which we stowed our goods, and proceeded down the river and reached Montesano in good time and in good order. Traveling down the Che-chales was a very different thing to traveling up. Going down required a good boat or canoe and a competent steersman, one well acquainted with the river and all its hidden rocks and falls, but the trip up is sometimes dangerous, and requires two good men, besides the four paddlers—one in the bow and the other in the stern. I recollect that in 1861 or 1862 Lieut. A. V. Kautz, afterwards one of the leading generals in the United States army, was placed in command of the company of troops stationed at Fort Che-chales, and after bringing the Indians to terms without bloodshed, left for Steillacoom, arranging with the weekly mail boat or canoe carrier to convey up the river a large box containing, amongst other things, his valuable journal or diary of events occurring since his arrival in this country. The canoe containing this box was in charge of Sydney Ford, the mail contractor, who was considered one of the most expert hands navigating the river. In making the ascent of one of the many rapids to be met with upon this river the canoe struck a snag and capsized, everything in it being apparently lost. The lieutenant offered a reward for the recovery of his box, and, strange to say, some weeks after the same canoeman, Sydney Ford, espied the box (one of these Chinese trunks, Chinese-made, studded with brass-headed nails) lying high and dry upon a bar of the river. He sent it to its owner at Fort Steillacoom, who, much to his surprise and pleasure, found his diary in a fair state of preservation. Some of its pages were partially defaced, but not enough to render them unintelligible, and they only required rewriting, which, to him, was an easy task.

Bob, the mail-carrier, undertook to convey our goods to the point, and we accompanied him with a portion of them, and he was to carry the remainder on his next trip. At the point I arranged for Sam W. to carry our goods (he owned a team and wagon) to the barracks, and Mr. Ford, the agent in charge of the buildings, permitted me to open a shop in the large barrack room, and my two men had the use of one of the houses used by the subordinate officers. As before, I lodged with Mr. and Mrs. Ford, and I was very kindly treated, indeed. It soon became noised abroad that I had arrived, and a grand salute from Sam's cannon told the Indians that something of interest to them was to be found at the point. Sam had traded a lot of the common kind of furs, and I was quietly informed that he had two fine sea otters stowed away somewhere in his dirty store, which smelled strongly of liquor, the home-made article, which was made of alcohol, turpentine, coal oil, cayenne

pepper and finished off with a lump of tobacco. What a decoction to imbibe! and I know men who have drank scores of gallons of this precious mixture and are alive today, apparently none the worse for having used or misused it. I know one to be nearly ninety years, and four or five upwards of seventy years of age, but, on the other hand, what a lot of men I have seen suffer from its bad effects, and what a number of once strong, hearty men I have seen die before reaching the age of fifty years!

HENRY HUGGINS.

(To be continued.)

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THE UPPER CASCADES BLOCKHOUSE.

AN INTERESTING REMINISCENCE CONCERNING IT.

Having always admired historical facts in preference to fiction, I therefore feel sensitive against the publication of error or misrepresentations of occurrences of historical value, by ascribing the same to be facts.

I noticed a statement in the Oregonian not long since to the effect that Col. L. L. Hawkins had procured for the Portland city museum the last log, with loopholes notched there for shooting through, that was left of the blockhouse which stood so prominently for years on a hill at the Upper Cascades. The article also stated that the blockhouse had withstood seiges and many sanguinary Indian attacks. I don't doubt the statement about the loop-holed log, and truly rejoice because of its being preserved as an historical relic, for I performed military service in the blockhouse of which it constituted a part, the recollections of it being still dear to my memory. But as to any attacks made or seiges undergone, I can assert without fear of successful contradiction that there was never a hostile shot fired against, or from, said blockhouse, nor was it ever beseiged during its existence.

There were two blockhouses erected at the Cascades, the first one being built in November, 1855, under the superintendency of Capt. Henry D. Wallen, company H, Fourth United States infantry. This was known as the middle blockhouse by the pioneers and by the military officials at Fort Rains. This stood about midway between the Upper and Lower Cascades landings and on level ground. In this was beseiged a number of the people living at the Cascades and eight soldiers, myself being one of them, in command of Sergeant Kelly during the attack upon the Cascades, commencing March 26, 1856, by the Yakima, Cascade and other renegade Indians. This was the blockhouse made famous through the massacre of white settlers at that place as stated, as well as being the location where General Phil. Sheridan, then a lieutenant, began his afterward brilliant military career, coming at that time with reinforcements to the relief of the settlement. The upper blockhouse was not erected until the conflict was over, peace restored and Sheridan stationed elsewhere.

The upper blockhouse was built in April, 1856, its construction taking place soon after the defeat of the Indians and quiet restored. Its erection was ordered by Col. Geo. Wright, commanding the Ninth United States infantry, for the purpose of giving the settlement additional protection in the event of another outbreak. I believe that Major Lougenbeel, commanding company A of the same regiment, had charge of its con-

struction, utilizing the members of his company to perform the work. As long as troops remained stationed at Fort Cascades, which the garrison at the Lower Cascades was called, the blockhouse at the Upper Cascades and the middle blockhouse (Fort Rains) were each always furnished with a small detachment for guard duty.

Soon after the engagement of March, 1856, I was promoted a corporal, a mark of appreciation of my services in assisting to repel the savage and murderous attack made upon us on that memorable and historic occasion. I was chosen in the latter part of 1858 to take charge of a detail of nine men to occupy and guard the famous old blockhouse, made dear to me by the past thrilling experience, and the very happy associations of comradeship that I had formed there made me feel a strong attachment towards the place. But after the completion of six months' duty there I became weary of my command and isolated station, and respectfully requested of my commanding officer, Lieut. Francis Mallory, Fourth United Sattes infantry, to relieve me from the command of the blockhouse and order me to join my company at the lower garrison. The lieutenant relieved me as requested from the command of the middle blockhouse, but did not grant me my request to join my company, but, instead, ordered me to report to Sergeant John Ciz (a native of Hungary), who was in charge of the upper blockhouse. He had ten privates under his command. I then became next to him in command. We had an easy and pleasant duty to perform there, and the scenery thereabout is exceedingly picturesque and beautiful, and as all the people in that vicinity believed that the Indian troubles were forever ended, nobody felt any anxiety about the safety of their lives or property from that source.

But one evening in the spring of 1859 the little community got terribly frightened by being informed by a friendly Cascade Indian that the settlement and the upper blockhouse would be attacked by hostile Indians that night. A few minutes after 9 o'clock P. M., when all the soldiers had retired except the guard, we heard the latter challenging a hurriedly approaching person. The answer to the challenge was "For God's sake, open the door quickly. The Indians are upon us, and going to attack the whole settlement tonight!" The man that brought us he startling information was Thomas McNatt, who kept a saloon near Bradford's store. There quickly followed him in great haste and excitement all the inhabitants living near him. Men, women and children, all were welcomely admitted to the blockhouse as soon as we soldiers dressed ourselves. Some of the women were quite frightened; one of them in particular kept repeatedly crying, "I am going to faint," but other women present coaxed her not to do so, as she was safe under the protection of the soldiers, and, to our satisfaction, she took their advice, whereupon all became quiet and amenable to obey the instructions of the soldiers. I had charge of directing the defense of the lower part of the blockhouse if occasion occurred for me to do so. The first order I gave the women was to put all the children into the vacated beds, so that we would have more room for action, and for them to remain near them. I also particularly instructed them to keep perfectly cool and quiet if an attack was made, in order that the soldiers and their husbands be given full opportunity to beat off the Indians in case we were attacked by them.

The night dragged wearily along until the dawn of the next day, every moment of which we anticipated an onslaught, but none was made, as the alarm proved to be a false one. The suspense, however, of waiting for the anticipated attack was agonizing to some few timid people among us. One of the men folks seeking shelter in the blockhouse asked me several times to advise the sergeant, who was attending to the defense of the upper floor, to fire the six-pound gun, the sound of which would give the alarm to the scattered settlers outside the village, that they might flee for safety. I repeatedly told him that to do so without being actualy attacked, the sergeant and

myself would be severely censured and perhaps punished for allowing ourselves to be so easily coaxed and frightened. But he kept replying to me that it would be better if the soldiers did fire the alarm gun, at the request of the citizens, who feared that a hostile move would surely be made before daylight, than to leave the scattered inhabitants exposed to the danger of losing their lives. After it became sufficiently daylight for the people to see that everything around was as usual, they all went to their homes, feeling truly grateful to us soldiers for the protection and kindness we extended to them, and before evening came on we received from them abundant evidence of their grateful feelings towards us by them sending to us lots of delicacies—pies, cakes, hot biscuits, etc.—which kindness we gratefully accepted and appreciated. That terminated the most excitable and noted incident that ever occurred during the military occupancy of the upper blockhouse.

The news of the alarm was known the next day at thhe lower garrison, and Lieutenant Mallory came up to inquire about it. The sergeant and myself told him the whole occurrence, and how we had managed and prepared for the defense. Lieutenant Mallory complimented the sergeant, myself and our little command for our good management, and especially for our discretion in refusing to fire the warning gun without being certain that an attack would be made.

Shortly after the beginning of the civil war nearly all the troops were withdrawn from this coast and forwarded to the seat of war in the South, and Fort Cascades and the two blockhouses were abandoned and left uncared for, and, with the advent of time, they all fell into decay and total ruin. The upper blockhouse, because of its being substantially built with hewn logs, remained standing until a few years ago. The foundation having rotted away, the building gradually collapsed, and I am informed was totally carried away by the high water in the Columbia river in June, 1894.

Trusting that my reminiscence will more clearly explain the history of the two blockhouses,

ROBERT WILLIAMS,
Sergeant of Ordnance, U. S. Army, Retired.

* * *

The first Baptist Church organized west of the Rocky Mountains was in Oregon, Washington County, at West Union, on May 25, 1844. In the Fall of that same year the first Baptist minister to reach the coast came in the person of Rev. Vincent Snelling. The first meeting-house built by the Baptists was that at Oregon City, in 1848. The first missionaries of the Home Mission Society to reach the coast were Rev. Hezekiah Johnson and Rev. Ezra Fisher, who reached Oregon in 1846. The first association is the Willamette, organized June 23, 1848. The first efforts in the direction of education work was at Oregon City, where the Oregon City College was founded about 1851. The first native-born Oregonian to enter the Baptist ministry was Rev. C. A. Woody, the present editor of the Pacific Baptist.

Dr. Ira L. Babcock commissioned probate judge by the settlers, who made an attempt in this year to form a provisional government. He was the first official chosen by the settlers. The Methodist missions had previously appointed justices of the peace and contables, but they did not act, and they had no jurisdiction over any one not connected with the mssions. (Sir) James Douglas had been a justice at Vancouver, but his authority extended over no one outside of the Hudson's Bay Company employees. The doctor was instructed to render his decisions according to the laws of the state of New York, but it is claimed by some of those who took part in the proceedings that there was no code of laws of any state.

LEGENDARY LORE OF THE INDIANS.

MINERAL SPRINGS, AND OTHER STORIES.

As the legend runs, there seems to have been a Cain and Abel in the Pacific Northwest among the inhabitants who lived therein when the years of man's existence counted but few. The Indian marks the date by saying that it was when the noble firs, which have for ages past kissed the skies above with higher bough, were no larger than their arrows. Then all men were at peace, nowhere was the hatchet used as an implement by man to harm or destroy his fellow mortal. The swift running rivers or mirrored lakes teeming with delicious fish, and the green earth of hill and dale full stocked with herb, root and game, all belonged to the dwellers then here in common.

During this state of things two brothers, twins 'tis said, were born to the Adam and Eve of that day. When they grew up luck seemed to have been ever present with one of them, the other knew continual disappointment while on the chase. This circumstance served to bring about not only discontent but hatred in the breast of the one less favored by the fates, and he sought for opportunity to quarrel with his more fortunate brother. Failing in his endeavors, he made a treacherous attack upon the latter while he was stooping down to secure a drink from a spring of water. Hardly had the death dealing blow been struck before the murdered man fell into the spring and sank beneath its surface. Immediately a strange commotion was observable; great bubbles and gaseous spirts shot up from the bottom, and, amid a cloud of vapor, there arose therefrom an old white haired Indian, who proclaimed himself the creator of the first of the human race. "Accursed of mankind," cried the old man, "Thou hast sharpened the tomahawk to henceforth be used by man to cleave the proud citadel where reason should sit enthroned. In its sharpening thou hast unseated sense and embittered man one against the other, and strife shall fill the earth as a wage of thy sin. Go! Wander ye the earth, and where you drink from spring, its waters shall become poluted and be bitter, and in their bitterness, mankind shall have a sign that to kill is to incur my disfavor."

From place to place the fratricide wandered o'er the earth, and whereever he stopped to quench his thirst, in the waters was left remembrance of his crime and decree of the creator. This is the origin of the many mineral springs that are found in this section of the world, if the legendary lore of the Indian is to be believed. It has been said that the Indians do not allow twins to live, and because they believe that one will be lucky and the other unfortunate, thus bringing about evil, as occurred according to the folk lore of their misty past, and consequently they are destroyed immediately after birth.

"YOUR SINS WILL FIND YOU OUT."

This old adage calls to mind the tradition in relation to a ledge of rocks situated on the Columbia not far from what is called Mosier's landing. A rocky bluff which the Indians call Coyote's wall.

They say that this famous god was once traveling along the river and being without food or means to procure it, became very hungry, and on arriving at this point he committed a degrading crime in hopes of appeasing the cravings of the inner man. He had no more than done so before he became overwhelmed with shame and remorse for his actions, and fearing that others would be ad-

vised of his conduct, he began the building of a high wall to prevent what he alone knew to become spread abroad. Alas! He labored in vain. The wall would be built up seemingly all right in one place, when the secret he would keep would break it down in another. As fast as he mended the breaks there would be a tumbling somewhere else. At last he be came so weared and unbelieving of success in the undertaking, that he abandoned the endeavor and again started on his journey. After a time he reached an encampment and the first sound that greeted his ears was concerning his evil deeds. Without stopping, he went forward, finally reaching another village near Celilo. Here he had the same experience as before; thus, everywhere the news of his wrong doing had preceeded him. None can build a wall strong enough around their sins but what they will be found out.

FIRST SALMON ABOVE THE WILLAMETTE FALLS.

Of course there was a time when no sounds comingled with the roar of the falls of the Willamette, save that of winged creature and that of the elements. But this could not last always. In the increase of communities, it is found that more room is needed, causing a pushing away from the parent lodge to find the required accommodations. Through a desire to secure additional room, as well as to the inherent instinct in man to become a dominant factor in the government of his fellow mortals, the head of a family of Indians removed from the crowded precincts of his people, and, with his family and following settled at these falls. As the father of the family, he was obeyed; and as the leader of those accompanying him, he was looked up to for advice and direction. In due course of time the little community developed into a tribe of considerable numbers with the father recognized as the chief.

According to Indian law, the grounds located upon were the property of the tribe, upon which none but its membership having a right to fish or hunt within the limits of the lands claimed by them. One day an intruder came upon the scene and began to spear the salmon endeavoring to get over the falls, a feat that had never been accomplished. His presence was discovered by the chief, who approached in no pleasing frame of mind to learn the cause of the stranger's intrusion. He, however, reckoned without his host, for the fisherman was a Che-aht-ko. (A giant.)

Not liking the address of the chief, Che-aht-ko killed him, and, thinking that the fallen brave would make as toothsome a morsel as the salmon and less trouble to secure, ate him. Relishing the diet and still being hungry, Che-aht-ko set about to hunt up and dispose of the remainder of the tribe in like manner, overlooking but one, the wife of the chief who had hid behind some rocks some distance away. When night came, Che-aht-ko laid down to sleep, and the stricken widow stole forth, with nothing but the crescent moon to guide her, to mountain fastness. Here a son was born to her, and after he was old enough to move about and understand, she instructed and encouraged him in the practice of feats of strength. By the time he had grown to manhood his powers of endurance and strong arm were such that he was capable of entering a contest with the mightiest, even with Che-aht-ko. At this time his mother told him all, and they left again for the falls to avenge the death of those bereft of life by the giant.

On their arrival at the falls, Che-aht-ko was no where to be seen. One day the son found his father's stone axe and with it attempted to split a large log, intending to make fuel out of it. While engaged in this work, he was suddenly confronted by the missing giant. The young man greeted him pleasantly, thinking by so doing that Che-aht-ko would not look for any hostile move on his part, thus being better able to secure an opportunity to take advantage of, and overcome him. Che-aht-ko saw what the young man was trying to do and offered to assist him.

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He was asked to place his hands within the opening and pull upon the sides while the young man drove the wedge down deeper. Suspecting no danger, Che-aht-ko did so, but he had hardly grasped hold before the young man had quickly struck the wedge and the sides of the log came together with a snap upon the giant's fingers. This placed at the mercy of the young man who lost no time in killing the monster.

Informing his mother as to what he had done, she told him to "make medicine" to the Great Spirit with a view of having him return to earth again, the membership of the tribe killed by Che-aht-ko. The "medicine" being acceptable, asked for re-habiliment took place. Business before pleasure being the motto of the young man, he went out to construct some fish baskets instead of stopping to get acquainted with his father and kindred.

In this employ his father found him, and, believing him to be a stranger, ordered him to leave, striking him to emphasize the command. The son was so mortified by the treatment received that he shed tears. As these fell upon the rocks they sank far into them, and the holes thus made can still be seen. Having no more desire to live as a human being, he importuned the Great Spirit to change him into a salmon, which was done. As he plunged beneath the foam of the falling waters, he became imbued with the salmon instinct to get over the falls, a feat as yet never before accomplished, and, after a few trials, succeeded in doing so. On and on he went, hurrying to get away from the roar and unpleasant recollections left behind. Arriving at the Tualatin, he turned aside, thinking there to take a rest, but the noise below caused him to go forward. Away he swam to the Yamhill, but the situation was little better there. Being exhausted, further effort could not be made, and he slowly drifted downward with the curent. His upward journey, was made along the western bank of the river, preventing the discovery of its tributary putting in on its eastern shore. The whirling waters carried him to the latter side and before very long eddying forces threw him into the mouth of the Molalla. Quickly darting up this stream, he swam until it divided into two branches, the confluence of the Pudding and Molalla rivers. But the roar of the falls was not lost in the music of laughing waters rippling over pebbled way, and after resting, he returned to the Willamette again and went forward and upward, seeking a place of quiet and rest. On, and on he went until he arrived at the mouth of the Santiam. Should he go further up the Willamette or choose the waters of the Santiam? He rather preferred the latter, but deferred his decision until after he had slept awhile. So, with nose pointed up the Santiam, he was soon in dreamland. While thus occupied, the god Coyote came along and believing that it would be a good idea to erect a marker or guide post to show the salmon coming up the river in after time which way to turn, he changed the sleeper into a salmon-shaped rock. To this day this salmon-shaped rock lies at the meeting place of the two streams named. To this day the salmon, on reaching it, swim forward in the waters of the Santiam, seldom, if ever, further in the waters of the Willamette. To this day no salmon ascend the Tualatin or Yamhill rivers.

F. H. Saylor.

Salmon do not naturally frequent any of the tributaries of the Willamette river emptying into it from the west. Probably because instinct takes them away from the ocean. To go up the streams putting in from the west would take them toward it.

OREGON'S CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

THOSE COMPOSING ITS MEMBERSHIP, AND THE COUNTIES THEY REPRESENTED

The first and only constitutional convention held in Oregon was in 1857, and its history is interwoven with the history of the pioneers.

At the November election following the constitution was adopted by a vote of 7195 against 3215. The list of delegates to that memorable convention follows:

Benton—John Kelsay, H. C. Lewis, H. B. Nichols, William Matzger.

Clatsop—Cyrus Olney.

Columbia—John W. Watts.

Clackamas—James K. Kelly, A. L. Lovejoy, William A. Starkweather, H. Campbell, Nathaniel Robbins.

Coos—P. B. Marple.

Curry—William H. Packwood.

Douglas—M. P. Deady, Solomon Fitzhugh, Stephen F. Chadwick, Thomas Whitted.

Josephine—S. P. Hendershott, W. H. Watkins.

Jackson—L. J. C. Duncan, J. H. Reed, Daniel Newcomb, P. P. Prim.

Linn—Delazon Smith, Luther Elkins, John T. Crooks, J. H. Brattain, James Shield, Reuben S. Coyle.

Lane—Enoch Hoult, W. W. Bristow, Jesse Cox, Paul Brattain, A. J. Campbell, Isaac R. Moores.

Marion — Geo. H. Williams, L. F. Grover, J. C. Peebles, Joseph Cox, Nicholas Shrum, Davis Shannon, Richard Miller.

Multnomah—S. J. McCormick, Wm. H. Farrar, David Logan.

Multnomah and Washington — Thos J. Dryer.

Washington—E. D. Shattuck, John S. White, Levi Anderson.

Polk—Reuben P. Boise, F. Waymire, Benjamin F. Burch.

Polk and Tillamook—A. D. Babcock.

Umpqua—Levi Scott, Jesse Applegate.

Wasco—C. R. Meigs.

Yamhill—M. Olds, R. V. Short, R. C. Kinney, John R. McBride.

These men, some of whom have long since passed away, gathered in a building since burned down, and framed the constitution of the state. Since then it has been pointed out to strangers as an interesting relic, because it was Marion county's first courthouse, and because within its walls the representatives of the sturdy pioneers who laid the foundation of the commonwealth met and established the rules of government.

♠

In pioneer days advertisements appeared in the few papers published in a style somewhat different to those commonly seen at the present time. One of these early notices to the public read as follows:

MAIN STREET HOUSE.

Oregon City.

Owing to our pressing necessities, and the cheap rates of our fare, we are compelled to say:

To *all,* high or low,
Please down with your dust,
For he's no friend of ours,
That *would* ask us to trust.

Moss & The Widow.

♠

The first hospital established in the Pacific Northwest was located at Vancouver, Washington, by Dr. John McLoughlin. All persons applying for treatment received it, oft times they were unable to pay anything for the care and attention given them, but the good doctor never turned anyone away because of this, and when they left, he gave them an honest and hearty "God bless you."

NESIKA WA-WA.

In another column of this issue will be found a biographical sketch of the late Henry L. Yesler, one of the millionaire landowners of Seattle, Wash. He exemplified one of the living illustrations of the truths that the Co-Operative Investment Company are advocating. It will be noted that in every commercial line that Mr. Yesler became engaged, failure resulted financially, not because he was incompetent in any way to manage his affairs, but from various adverse circumstances, not the least of which was the fire fiend, which has been the case of the financial ruin of so many good men; but after he finally became possessed of real estate his losses in commercial lines were as nothing compared to the enhancement of value of his realty holdings, until he finally realized the truth and ceased his active endeavors in commercial lines and stood amazed at the rapid rate at which his wealth increased.

Opportunities are as plentiful in the Northwest today as they were in Mr. Yeslers time.

REMOVAL.—The office of the NATIVE SON has been removed to 82 Fourth street, between Stark and Oak streets, where all communications intended therefor should be addressed. The office of the Grand Secretary of the Native Sons of Oregon is also at the same number.

WANTED.—May, August and September numbers of this magazine for the year 1899, and May and November numbers of 1900.

Contributions solicited upon all historical subjects appertaining to the Pacific Northwest, crossing the plains, Indian wars, first settlements, adventures, legends, reminiscences and other data that will be of interest.

Owing to sickness and absence from the city of our editorial force, the issue of the present number has not only been delayed, but we have been compelled to make one number of the months of January and February. Our March number will be larger than usual and contain interesting matter of such historic worth to make up for deficiencies, and we trust that subscribers will forego criticism or complaint.

The Southern Pacific Railroad Company has placed on our table a folder recently issued by that company. We find it to be one of the best of all the advertising pamphlets ever issued on this coast. The resources, industries, commerce, products, climate, etc., of Oregon are each given space. While the subjects treated upon are not spoken of at length, what is said is worded right to the point. A portion of the folder is taken up by a fine map showing in the most comprehensive manner the contour of the country, its rivers, lakes, hills and dales. Reference is made to agricultural productions, transportation facilities, manufacturing, education, climate, dairying, lumbering, mining, fisheries and educational advantages. The Willamette valley, Eastern Oregon, Rogue river valley, the Umpqua and coast districts are described from point of industry, advantage, etc. If one desires a brief and comprehensive resume of information concerning Oregon, either for their own edification or for sending to friends or prospective emigration, they could not secure a better medium with which to bring about their wants. This folder can be secured by applying to any of the company's agents free of cost.

PACIFIC NORTHWEST CHRONOLOGY.

1828—Massacre of the Smith party by the Rogue River Indians.

Hudson's Bay Company's ship William and Ann wrecked on the bar. Some twenty lives lost, said to have been murdered by the Clatsop Indians, who plundered the vessel. Dr. McLoughlin caused their village to be bombarded, during which many of them were killed, among the number two chiefs, and since then their chiefs have been merely phantom rulers.

1829—James M. Bates, American, settled at Scappoose, Oregon.

Etienne Lucier settled where Portland (east) now stands. He afterwards moved to French prairie. Was one of the fifty-two who voted to form the provisional government. Died March 6, 1853.

The Vancouver, a two-masted schooner built at Vancouver, Washington, by the Hudson's Bay Company, was the first vessel constructed on the Columbia River entirely of native timbers. The first vessel built by American was the Star of Oregon, built at Swan Island, Willamette River, in 1841.

Dr. McLoughlin located Willamette Falls, (Oregon City), and erected a sawmill there.

Captain Dominis, of the brig Owhee, arrived from the Atlantic seaboard. On the voyage out, he secured some peach trees at the Island of San Juan Fernandez (Crusoe's Island), which he brought to Vancouver and presented to Dr. McLoughlin, who had them planted. These were the first peach trees to come to the Pacific Northwest. During his stay on the coast, the Captain went to California, and while there brought up a shipment of sheep, the pioneer shipment. The Captain was a good sailor, but a poor stock raiser. When the sheep were landed they were all found to be wethers. On his return to Boston he took with him a shipment of salmon in barrels. This was the first shipment of this kind going to the Eastern States.

Hogs arrived at Vancouver during this year from China and the Sandwich Islands. Cattle came from Fort Ross, Red River settlement.

1833—Nathaniel J. Wyeth's overland expedition arrived. Wyeth was the first to export salmon, sending to market half a ship's load in barrels in 1835. He established Fort William on Wapato (Sauvie's) Island, in 1834. Left in 1835.

1832—Hudson's Bay Company established an English fur trading post on the Umpqua River. It was besieged in 1839 by Indians.

1833—First school taught in the Pacific Northwest at Vancouver by John Ball, one of the Wyeth party of 1832. The scholars were all Indians.

Louis LaBonte settled in Yamhill County, Oregon. He was the first settler in that section.

Fort Nisqually established.

1834—Revs. Jason and Daniel Lee, Methodist missionaries arrive. They establish a mission on the Willamette River. In 1840 same was moved to Chemeteke plain, now Salem.

Rev. Jason Lee preaches first sermon delivered in the Pacific Northwest on Sunday, July 27, at Vancouver, and the first in the Willamette Valley on September 28.

First case of heart disease reported, Louis Shangretta dying with it on French Prairie.

Webley Hauxhurst erectes ag rists mill at Champoeg. He was the first white person to become converted in the Pacific Northwest. (January, 1837.)

Hall J. Kelly and Ewing Young arrive in October. Kelly's plan for a Pacific Northwest metropolis embraced all the land between the confluence of the Columbia and Willamette Rivers on the east bank of the Willamette and south of the Columbia.

1835—Rev. Samuel Parker a Presbyterian missionary, arrives at Vancouver, coming across the plains. January 2, the next year, he left via the Sandwich

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islands and did not return. Dr. Whitman came with him as far as Green River and returned East for reinforcements.

Cox Plain, Washington, named for a Kanaka. He was formerly one of the Hawaiian king's bodyguard, but after coming here hearded hogs.

There was at Vancouver at this time 100 horses, 200 sheep, 40 goats and 300 hogs, belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company. This company raised on its Vancouver farm this year 5000 bushels of wheat, 1300 bushels of potatoes, 1000 bushels of barley, 1000 bushels of oats, 2000 bushels of peas and garden vegetables in proportion. The garden comprised five acres, and besides the vegetables grown therein apples, peaches, graps and strawberries had a good start and in some cases were plentiful. A gristmill, with machinery propelled by oxen, was kept in constant use, and a sawmill about six miles up the river furnished lumber. The first to bring sheep from California was a better sailor than stockraiser. When those he brought to Vancouver were turned loose, it was found that they were all wethers, and a new consignment had to be secured for stock purposes.

1836—Dr. W. J. Bailey, the first doctor to locate in the Willamette Valley, arrived. He died at Champoeg, February 5, 1876.

Ewing Young and Lawrence Carmichael set up a still and manufactured whiskey.

Rev. Herbert Beaver and wife arrived by sailing vessel at Vancouver. He was the first Episcopal divine to come to the Pacific Northwest. They left again in 1838.

Steamer Beaver arrived, the first steam vessel to come to the coast. Came under sail. First ran under steam in the Columbia April 17. Was wrecked in 1888 in Burrard's Inlet.

Lieutenant William A. Slacum, a United States naval officer, visited the Willamette Valley. He came as a secret service agent.

Dr. Whitman and wife. Rev. H. H. Spalding and wife and W. H. Gray arrived and established a mission at Waiilat-pu. Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spalding were the first white women to cross the plains and come to the Pacific Coast.

John Work explored the Umpqua.

1837—(Sir) John Douglas and Miss Nellie Connolley were married at Vancouer by Herbert Beaver. This was the first marriage ceremony performed in Washington. Miss Connolley had Indian blood in her veins.

July 16th occurred the first marriage among the white race on the Pacific Coast. Rev. Jason Lee was married to Miss Anna M. Pitman and Mr. Cyrus Shepherd to Miss Susan Downing. It was a double wedding. Rev. Daniel Lee performed the ceremony.

Alice C., daughter of Mr. and Mrs Whitman, born at Waiilatpu, the first white child born on the Pacific Coast She was drowned in the Walla Walla River, June 22, 1838.

The first sheep were introduced in this year.

Miss Elvira Johnson, first lady teacher in the Pacific Northwest taught at the Methodist mission. All scolars were Indian children.

Cornelius Rogers teaught Indian children at Lapwai Mission. He was also the first teacher at Waiilatpu.

1838—The first step taken to secure a government for Oregon by Americans was made March 16, 1838. Thirty-six of the settlers in the Willamette Valley sent a memorial to Congress setting forth the resources and conditions of the country, petitioning occupation by the United States This was presented in the Senate on January 28, 1839, and after its reading was laid on the table and neglected. In June, 1840, another memorial bearing seventy signatures was presented, a part of it being worded: "Your petitioners wherefore pray the Congress of the United States of America to establish, as soon as may be, a territorial government in Oregon Territory."

First saw mill erected by Americans, built on the Chehalem, Yamhill County, by Ewing Young. The remains of the first mastodin found in the Pacific North-

west were discovered and sent by Dr. McLoughlin to a London museum.

Oregon Temperance Society organized. It was the pioneer society.

Mission founded at The Dalles in March, by Revs. Jason Lee and H. K. W. Perkins. Mrs. Perkins was the first white woman to reside there.

Rev. Jason Lee visited the Umpqua in this year, but concluded that it would be unwise to establish a mission there on account of the unfriendliness of the Indians.

Mrs. Jason Lee (Anna Maria Pitman) died June 26. Her infant son was born on the previous 6th, and died on the 16th. They were buried at Salem.

The first paper called The Oregonian was published this year at Lynn, Mass.

1839 — (Archbishop) Blanchet and (Bishop) Demers, the pioneer Catholic missionaries, arrive.

Rev. Demers rings the first church bell in the Pacific Northwest at the Cowlitz mission, Washington, October 14.

Rev. Blanchet blesses the first church bell blessed in the Willamette valley on French prairie, December 23; also celebrates the first mass to be celebrated in the valley at the same place in January, 1840. The first mass celebrated in Washington was celebrated at Fort Nisqually.

Pioneer printing press of the Pacific coast brought from the Sandwich Islands. Set up at Lapwai mission. Booklets, etc., printed in the Spokane and Nez Perce languages. It was brought here by E. O. Hall. He was the first printer to work at his trade on the coast. This press and type is now in the custody of the Oregon Historical Society.

Rev. J. S. Griffin arrives. He published the first paper issued in the Pacific Northwest.

Peoria party arrives. This was the first company of immigrants to come.

1840—Harvey Clarke missionary party arrives.

Ship Lausanne arrives with second reinforcement to the Methodist missions. Governor George Abernethy came this vessel.

The first white boy born in the Willamette valley, a son of Dr. Elijah White, was drowned at the Cascades.

The American settlers again petitioned congress to establish a territorial government in Oregon, referring to the activity of the Hudson's Bay Company, the keeping by the English government of a surveying squadron on the Oregon coast during the previous two years and the likelihood that England would insist on holding the territory north of the Columbia.

1841 — Admiralty inlet surveyed by Lieutenant Ringold.

First American vessel, the Thos. H. Perkins, to enter the Columbia with cargo arrives. She was chartered by Lieutenant Wilkes, of the wrecked schooner Shark, who changed her name to "Oregon." This is believed to have been the first sailing vessel to have borne this name.

Stephen L. Meek was the first purchaser of a lot in Oregon City. Lots had been previously given to the Methodists by Dr. McLoughlin, the owner of the townsite.

St. Mary's mission founded on Bitter Root river, Montana, September 24, 1841, by Father De Smet.

Joseph Gale and others built the Star of Oregon, the first vessel built by Americans in the Pacific Northwest. The first was built by the Hudson's Bay Company at Vancouver. It was a two-masted schooner called the Vancouver. Mr. Gale was one of the first executive committee of the provisional government. He died in Wallowa county, December 23, 1881, aged 92 years.

Clatsop plains mission established.

Lieutenant Wilkes celebrates the Fourth of July at American Lake, Washington.

Salem, Oregon, founded. First called "The Mill," called "Chemekete" by the Indians. The latter name means "here we rest" or "place of peace." "Salem" has also a similar meaning.

MY HUMBLE WREATH.

TO ALICE G. SHERIDAN

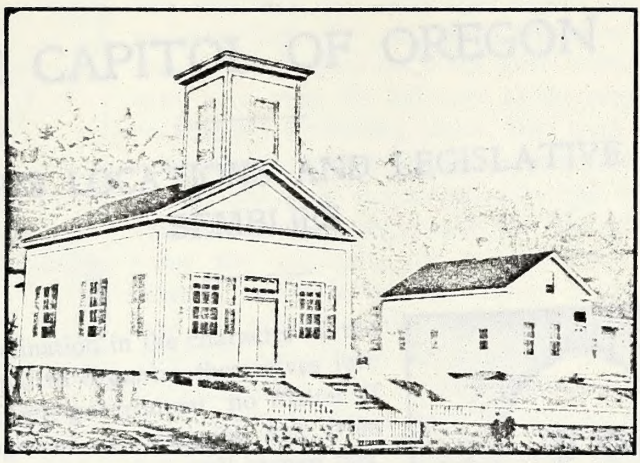
There are many who shall praise thee
  For thy beauty's matchless power;
Many hearts will pay thee homage,
  Unto thee, thou peerless flower,
Pleased by their fond adulation,
  Wilt thou heed this lay of mine?
My humble wreath—true friendship's gift—
  Wilt around thy brow entwine.

I have looked in that sweet volume—
  Beauteous, sacred, undefiled—
I have read thy heart, bright maiden,
  And have loved thy spirit mild,
For thy angel spirit beareth
  More of beauty, more of light,
Than the shrine that spirit weareth,
  Though that shrine be heavenly bright.

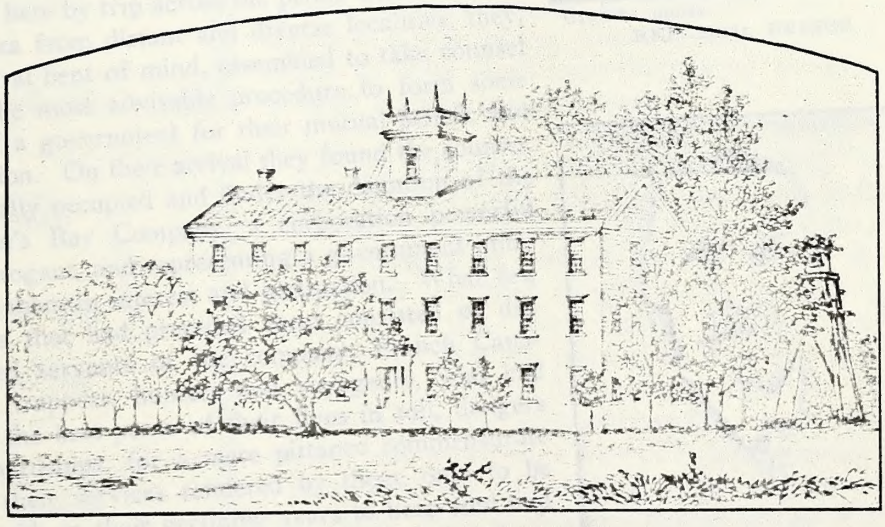
Like to some sweet budding blossom,
  Opening 'neath a quiet sky,
Thou bloom'st upon this earth's fair bosom,
  Child of light and purity.
Like some bird of rarest plumage,
  Warbling the divinest lay,
Like a sylph in story olden,
  Thou art sweet and glad alway.

Thou art true and earnest-hearted
  As the seraphs in the skies,
And a glory empyrean
  Beameth from thy dark blue eyes.
Through earth's light and somber shadow,
  Journey thou, oh, spirit pure,
Shedding light amid the darkness
  Which shall evermore endure.

—Ella Henneberry.



M. E. CHURCH, OREGON CITY.
Used as a State House by the Provisional Government in 1847.



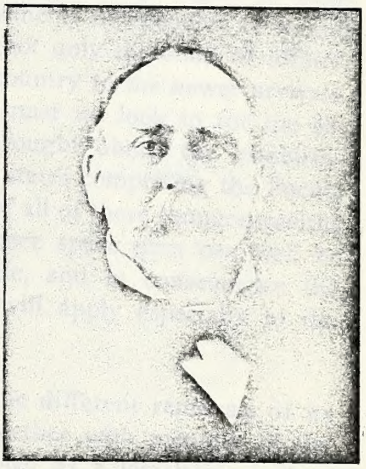
OREGON INSTITUTE, SALEM.
Used as a State House by the Provisional Government in 1851.

THE CAPITOL OF OREGON

ITS VARIOUS LOCATIONS AND LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLIES

THE inherent inclination in the character of the American people to organize themselves into some form of self-government, no matter if they have come together as strangers, and from various sections of the Union, is a well-known fact. If in pursuit of the precious metals they meet by accident in the mountainous solitude where no law prevails, they adopt a code of laws and select officers to enforce obedience to them, restraining any dissolute or mischievous element that might be or come into the community. So it was with the settlers to the original Oregon. Composed of various classes and various qualities of character, having reached here by trip across the plains with ox teams or by sea from distant and diverse localities, they, by natural bent of mind, assembled to take counsel as to the most advisable procedure to form some kind of a government for their mutual benefit and protection. On their arrival they found the country practically occupied and under the dictation of the Hudson's Bay Company, a corporation powerful and arrogant, and representing a government inimical to them in interest and occupation. What few settlers that had preceded them consisted of discharged servants of the company, French Canadians, trappers, hunters and voyageurs, who had spent the best years of their lives in toil, dangers and hardships, for a mere pittance commensurate with their services rendered by them, only to be cast aside in their declining years to keep soul and body alive as best they could.

The greater portion of these had settled upon farms situated in what is now known as French Prairie, Oregon. While they were supposedly free



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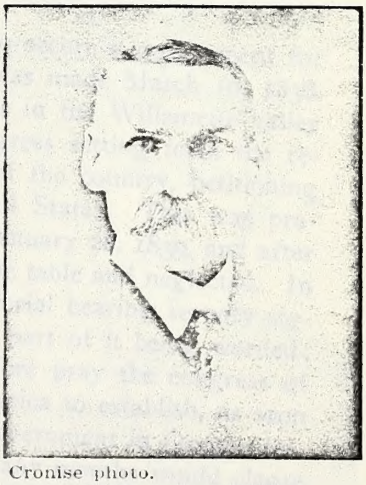
REP. E. D. BRIGGS.



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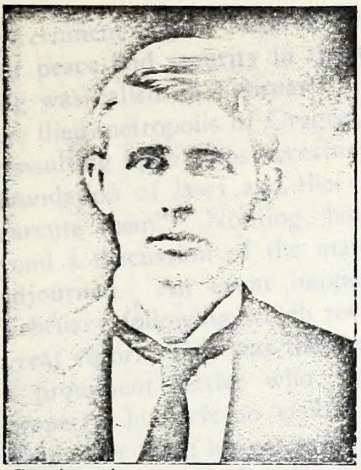
REP. J. L. KRUSE.
An Oregonian.



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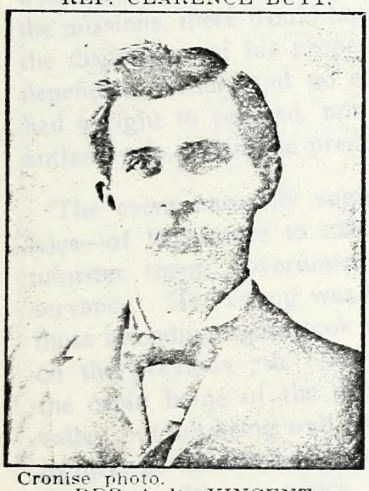
REP. CLARENCE BUTT.



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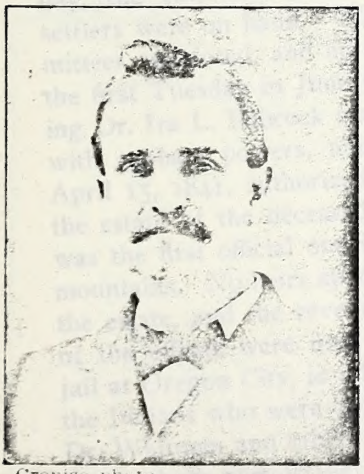
REP. A. W. VINCENT.



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REP. B. L. EDDY.
An Oregonian.

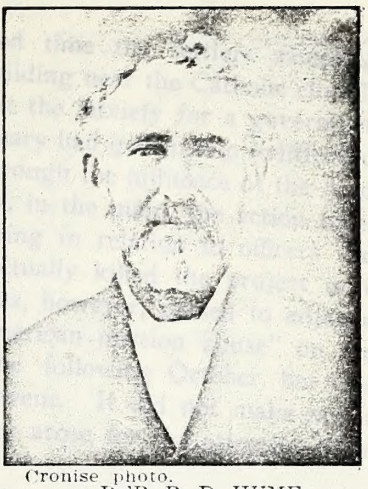
to come and go at will, they were not their own masters, being under the influence of the Hudson's Bay Company, to whom they looked for supplies and a market. But, as subsequent years disclosed, they were qualified to make good American citizens, and, when the influence of the company was no longer a controlling factor, they were willing to assimilate themselves with new conditions as soon as circumstances demanded. As the number of American settlers augmented, the less grasping became the monopoly of the company, and the pristine condition of the country began to blossom into thriving settlements independent of it, and finally it surrendered not only direction of affairs, but occupancy of the country to the newer arrivals. To these first settlers must we look to for the beginnings that have brought about the establishment of the four great states comprising the Pacific Northwest. To write of all of these commonwealths would occupy much more space than can well be taken up by one article, and in consequence the subject matter herein will apply especially to the state of Oregon.

In order to portray the different removals of its seat of government, together with mention of the various buildings occupied as a legislative hall, a resume of pioneer history must be given, embracing within its scope much concerning early endeavor to effect a stable commencement.

The first step taken to secure a government for Oregon by Americans was made March 16, 1838. Thirty-six of the settlers in the Willamette valley sent a memorial to congress setting forth the resources and conditions of the country, petitioning occupation by the United States. This was presented in the senate on January 28, 1839, and after its reading was laid on the table and neglected. In June, 1840, another memorial bearing seventy signatures was presented, a part of it being worded: "Your petitioners wherefore pray the congress of the United States of America to establish, as soon as may be, a territorial government in Oregon territory." Knowing that many months would elapse before the matter could be settled, the pioneers addressed themselves to the task of providing such

government as they believed circumstances required for peace and security in the meantime. A meeting was called on February 7, 1841, at Champoeg, the then metropolis of Oregon, "for the purpose of consulting upon steps necessary to be taken for the foundation of laws and the election of officers to execute them." Nothing, however, was done beyond a discussion of the matter, and the meeting adjourned. An event happened on the 15th of February following which revived the subject with great vigor. This was the death of Ewing Young, a prominent settler who possessed considerable property, but left no visible heirs, and no one to administer upon his estate. Had he been connected with the Hudson's Bay Company or associated with the missions, there would have been no doubt about the disposition of his property, but he was an independent settler, and no company or association had a right to proceed, nor yet private individual authority to act in the premises.

The event naturally suggested the necessity of laws—of legislature to make them, courts to administer them, government to enforce their observance. Mr. Young was buried on the 17th, and those attending again took up the matter discussed on the previous 7th. This meeting was held at the cabin home of the deceased in the Chehalem valley, but not being well attended, it was adjourned to meet at the Methodist mission on the following day, the 18th, at which time nearly all of the settlers were on hand. Officers were elected, committees appointed, and an adjournment taken until the first Tuesday in June folowing. At this meeting Dr. Ira L. Babcock was elected supreme judge, with probate powers, and his commission, dated April 15, 1841, authorized him to administer upon the estate of the deceased settler. This document was the first official one issued west of the Rocky mountains. No heirs appeared at that time to claim the estate, and the revenues derived from the sale of the effects were used in the construction of a jail at Oregon City, in which were latterly confined the Indians who were concerned in the massacre of Dr. Whitman and others at Waiilatpu in 1847, and from whose portals they were led by Colonel Joe Meek to execution.



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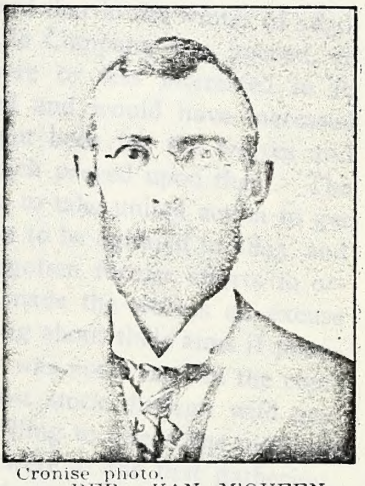
REP. R. D. HUME.



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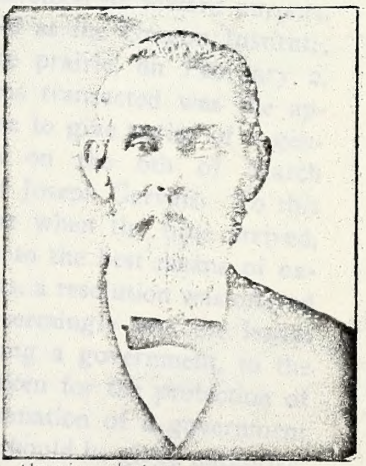
REP. IVAN M'QUEEN.



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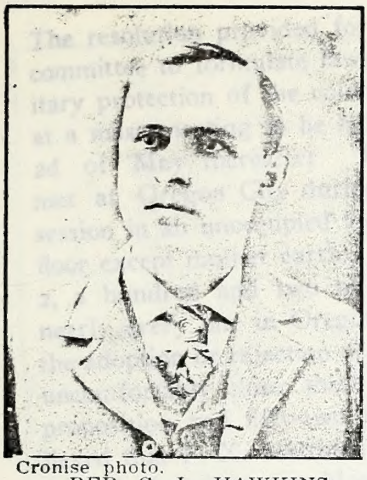
REP. D. A. McALLISTER.



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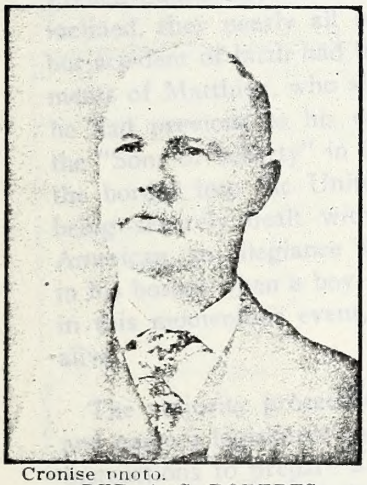
REP. G. L. HAWKINS.



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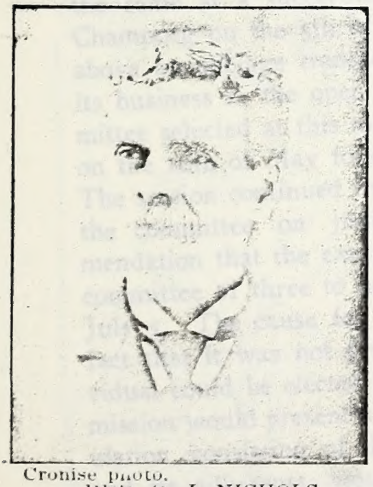
REP. A. S. ROBERTS.



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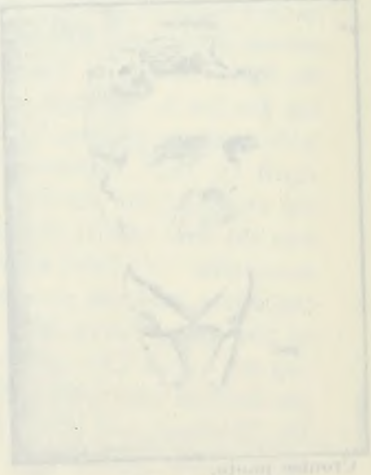
REP. R. J. NICHOLS.
An Oregonian.

At the appointed time the settlers assembled within "the new building near the Catholic church" for deliberation, but the anxiety for a government manifested in February had grown into indifference by that time and through the influence of the Hudson's Bay Company, in the main, the action taken in the former meeting in relation to officers was undone, which effectually killed the project until 1843. A motion was, however, passed to adjourn to meet at the "American mission house" on the first Tuesday of the following October, but this meeting did not convene. It did not make much difference, as nothing arose for the attention of a governing power.

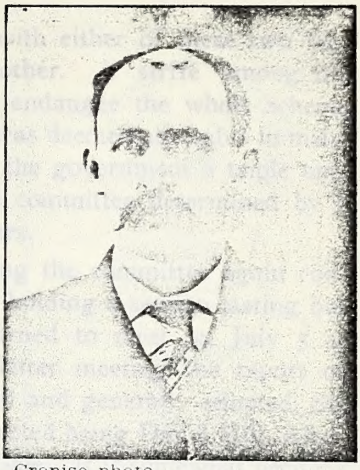
It will be remembered that in the winter of 1836-37 the Wallamet Cattle Company was formed, all the settlers being more or less interested in it. Their herds multiplied and would have increased more rapidly had it not been for the wolves and other wild animals which preyed upon them. The subject of organization to take united action to get rid of these pests began to be agitated in 1843, and those who had not forgotten former efforts to organize a government, made the wolves an excuse to call a meeting to bring about their aims if possible to do so. As there was not a man in the community but who had lost stock through wild animals, they were very willing to attend the meeting. Only the initiated few were at the first gathering, and not all of them understood its inward purport.

This meeting was held at the Oregon Institute, then located on Wallace prairie, on February 2, 1843. The only business transacted was the appointment of a committee to give notice of a general meeting to convene on the 6th of March following at the home of Joseph Gervais. To this location the settlers came when the time arrived, and after deliberating as to the best means of exterminating the wild beasts, a resolution was offered by Wm. H. Gray, who seemingly was the leader among the settlers favoring a government, to the effect that measures be taken for the protection of the settlements by the formation of a government among themselves, which should be given authority, and which all should uphold. This meeting has since been known in history as the "Wolf meeting."



The resolution provided for the appointment of a committee to formulate laws for the civil and military protection of the colony and report the same at a mass meeting to be held at Champoeg on the 2d of May thereafter. The committee selected met at Oregon City during March, holding their session in an unoccupied log-built granary with no floor except mother earth. At Champoeg, on May 2, a hundred and two of the settlers assembled, nearly every one in Oregon, and when it came to the adoption or rejection of the report, the vote was uncomfortably close, there being fifty against the proposition and fifty-two favoring it. It was believed that F. X. Matthieu and Eteine Lucier, two French-Canadians, would vote with those negatively inclined, they nearly all being of that nationality, but accident of birth had little to do with the sentiments of Matthieu, who also influenced Lucier, for he had previous to his coming west belonged to the "Sons of Liberty" in Canada, and had to cross the border into the United States to keep from being severely dealt with. At heart he was an American, an allegiance which had been implanted in his bosom when a boy. Of all those taking part in this momentous event, he is now the only one alive.

The majority proceeded at once to elect officers and name a legislative committee, the latter having instructions to prepare a code of laws and submit the same at a succeeding meeting to be held at Champoeg on the 5th of the following July. The above assemblage transacted the major portion of its business in the open air. The legislative committee selected at this meeting met at Oregon City on the 16th of May following and duly organized. The session continued three days. On the last day the committee on judiciary submitted a recommendation that the executive power be vested in a committee of three to be elected at the meeting of July 5. The cause for this action was due to the fact that it was not probable that some one individual could be elected governor, as the Methodist mission would present a candidate; the foreign population, consisting of the Hudson's Bay Company and its adherents, would seek to elect some one favoring their interests, and the American citizens,



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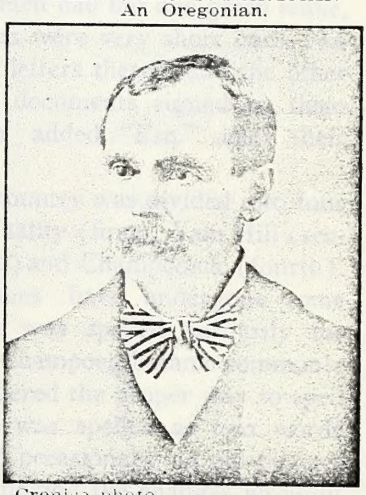
REP. CHAS. D. HARTMAN
An Oregonian.



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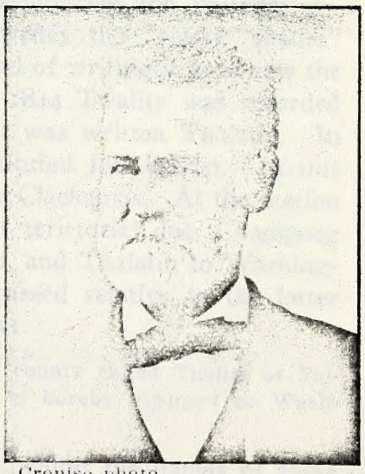
REP. B. F. ALLEN.



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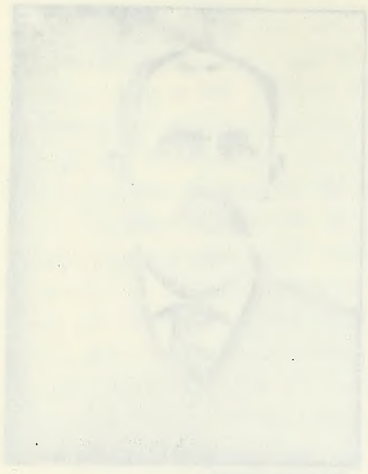
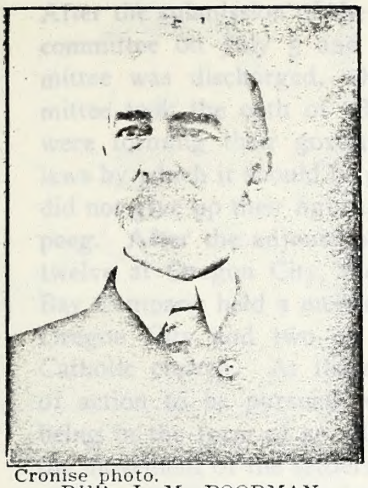
REP. J. J. WHITNEY.





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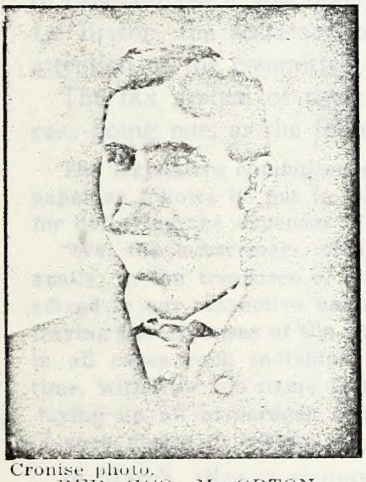
REP. J. M. POORMAN.



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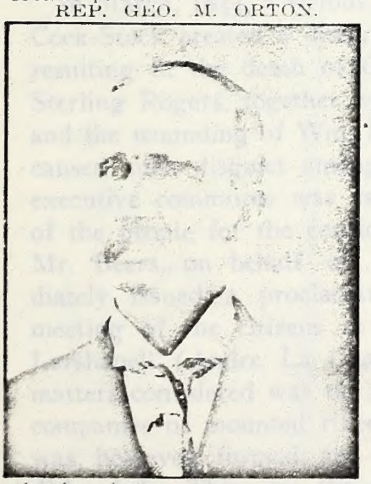
REP. GEO. M. ORTON.



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REP. A. R. MATTOON.
An Oregonian.

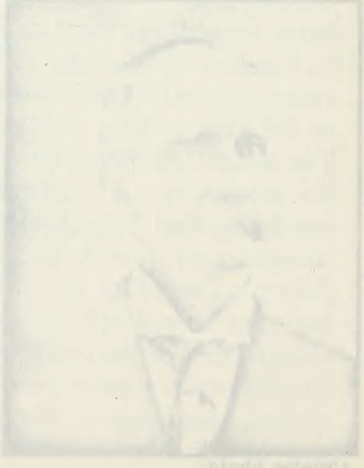
who did not affiliate with either of these two factions, would want another. A strife among the various parties might endanger the whole scheme and to obviate such it was deemed advisable to make the executive head of the government a triple one, and the power of the committee determined by a majority of its members.

On June 27 following the committee again convened at Oregon City, holding a session lasting but two hours, and adjourned to meet on July 5 at Champoeg. At this latter meeting the report of the committee was read and generally adopted, the executive committee elected being David Hill, Alanson Beers and Joseph Gale. It is somewhat peculiar that all of these gentlemen had but one given name, and that their surnames were very short ones, two of which had but four letters therein and the other only five. All public documents signed by them show that they each added "Esq." after their names.

At this meeting the country was divided into four districts, these being Tuality (first), Yam Hill (second), Klackamas (third) and Champooick (fourth). Since then these names have undergone some changes. Champooick was spelled variously for some years, but finally Champoeg became commonly used, and is now considered the proper way to spell the word. Yam Hill was spelled as two words until in the sixties, and occasionally an old pioneer forgets the flight of time and the changes wrought since buckskin was fashionable for "Sunday-go-to-meetin'-suit," and writes the "classic shades" as he did of yore, instead of writing it as is now the usage—one word. In 1844 Twality was recorded Tuality, and in 1849 it was written Tualatin. In 1845 county was substituted for district. In this year Klackamas became Clackamas. At the session of July, 1849, the first terirtorial one, Champoeg was changed to Marion, and Tualatin to Washington. The resolution passed relative to the latter change read as follows:

> That the name of the county called Tualitz or Falatine be and the same is hereby changed to Washington.

The many ways of spelling the names of these counties probably brought about the changes made.



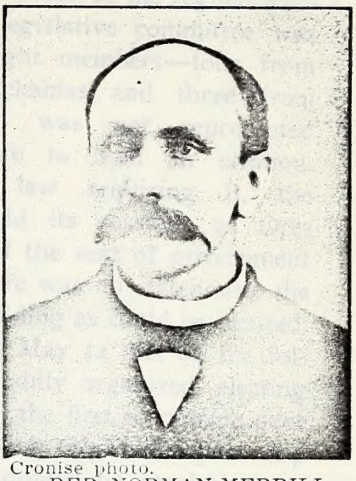
After the submission of the report of the legislative committee on July 5 and its adoption, the committee was discharged, when the executive committee took the oath of office. While the settlers were forming their government and framing the laws by which it should be governed, the opposition did not give up their fight upon its defeat at Champoeg. After the adjournment of the committee of twelve at Oregon City, the French and Hudson's Bay Company held a meeting at Vancouver, one at Oregon City and two on French Prairie at the Catholic church. At these meetings their course of action to be pursued was decided upon, such being in the form of an address protesting against the movement of the settlers. Upon the submission of this address it was quietly laid aside by George Le Breton, the secretary, and not brought to the attention of the committee.

The tax system of these days was certainly an easy-going one, as the following will show:

The legislative committee report that a subscription paper as follows be put in circulation to collect funds for defraying the expenses of the government:

"We, the subscribers, pledge ourselves to pay, annually, to the treasurer of Oregon territory the sums affixed to our respective names for the purpose of defraying the expenses of the government; provided, that in all cases each individual subscriber may, at any time, withdraw his name from said subscription upon paying up all arrearages and notifying the treasurer of such desire to withdraw."

In March, 1844, a vicious Indian by the name of Cock-Stock created a disturbance at Oregon City, resulting in the death of George Le Breton and Sterling Rogers, together with that of the Indian, and the wounding of Wm. H. Wilson. The affair caused such disquiet among the settlers that the executive committee was asked to call a meeting of the people for the consideration of the matter. Mr. Beers, on behalf of the committee, immediately issued a proclamation caling a general meeting of the citizens at the residence of Mr. Larshapell (Andre La Chapelle). Among other matters considered was the formation of volunteer companies of mounted riflemen, but one company was, however, formed, and after a few drills was disbanded. This was the first military company organized west of the Rockies.



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REP. NORMAN MERRILL.
An Oregonian.

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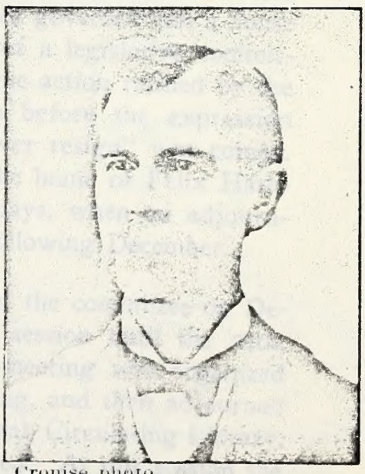
REP. JOHN HAHN.



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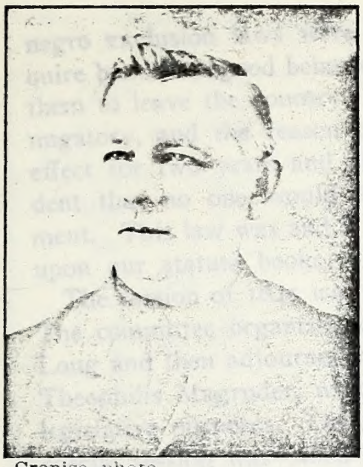
REP. G. S. REAVIS.



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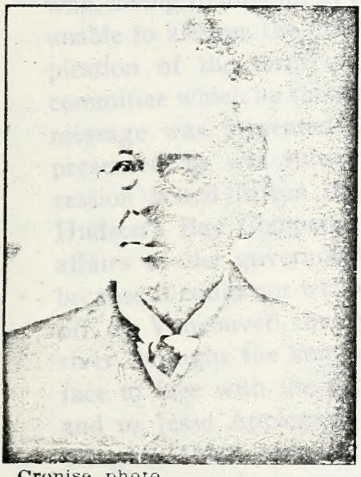
REP. HUBERT BERNARDS.



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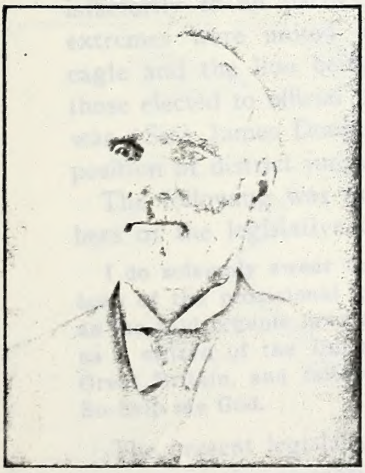
REP. JOHN M'CRAKEN.
A Pioneer of 1850.



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REP. HENRY KEENE.

On May 14 of this year occurred the regular election, at which time a legislative committee was elected, consisting of eight members—four from Tuality, one from Klackamas and three from Champoeg. Yam Hill was not represented on account of a failure to hold an election. While there was no law requiring it, the legislative committee held its sessions at Oregon City from 1844 until the seat of government was fixed by act. As there was no statehouse, the committee met in such building as could be secured. The committee elected on May 14 met on the following 18th of June. It duly organized, electing M. M. McCarver speaker, the first to preside over a legislative body under such title in Oregon. Up to this time laws were adopted by resolution offered. Now, however, the order became changed by the introduction of bills. The first was on military affairs; the second provided for an additional district, to be called Clatsop; the third related to marriage; the fourth was a prohibition bill, and another was a law to prevent negroes and mulattoes from residing in Oregon. These two latter bills became historical. The Methodist church was also incorporated, the first act of that character passed west of the Rockies. The first application for a divorce was up for consideration and duly granted. To this body was presented the first executive message submitted to a legislative body on the Pacific coast. One of the recommendations therein was that the organic law be amended by abolishing the executive committee and in lieu thereof establish the office of governor and a house of representatives instead of a legislative committee. This was done, and the action ratified by the people. These were days before the expression "office holders die, but never resign" was coined. This session was held at the home of Felix Hathaway, and lasted for ten days, when an adjournment was taken until the following December.

Upon the reassembling of the committee on December 16, it remained in session until the 24th, when it adjourned. This meeting was organized at the home of John E. Long, and then adjourned to the rooms of the Multnomah Circulating Library, where business was continued. At this session the

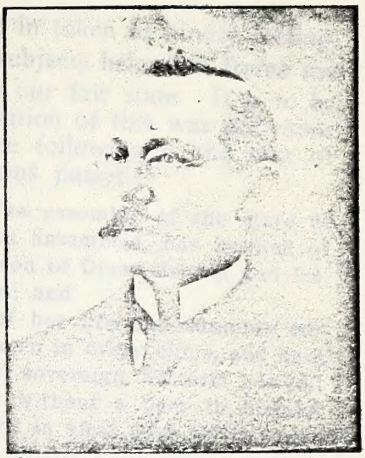
negro exclusion laws were amended so as to require bonds for good behavior, instead of requiring them to leave the country. This law was entirely nugatory, and the reason that it did not go into effect for two years and also because it was evident that no one would insist upon heir fulfillment. This law was and is not the only dead letter upon our statute books.

The session of 1845 was from June 24 to July 5. The committee organized at the home of John E. Long and then adjourned to rooms in the home of Theophilis Magruder, which had been secured for legislative purposes. On August 5 of this year a special session was called by Governor Abernethy, who, owing to absence in the Sandwich Islands, was unable to assume the duties of executive at the expiration of the term of office of the executive committee which he succeeded. The first governor's message was presented at this time, but was not preserved, as was subsequently the custom. This session lasted fifteen days. Up to this time the Hudson's Bay Company had taken no part in the affairs of the government and only recognized it because it could not well do otherwise. The setting off of Vancouver county north of the Columbia river brought the company and the government face to face with the proposition of joint compact, and to Jesse Applegate was delegated the task of bringing about some agreement between the government and the company. This he did very satisfactorily to all parties, and thence forward the extremes were united in a common service, the eagle and the lion being joined as one. Among those elected to official position in the new district was (Sir) James Douglas, he being chosen to the position of district judge.

The following was the oath taken by the members of the legislative committee:

I do solemnly swear that I will support the organic laws of the provisional government of Oregon, so far as the said organic laws are consistent with my duties as a citizen of the United States, or as a subject of Great Britain, and faithfully bemean myself in office. So help me God.

The present legislature in passing resolutions of respect to the memory of the good mother and Empress-Queen, and the lowering of the Stars and



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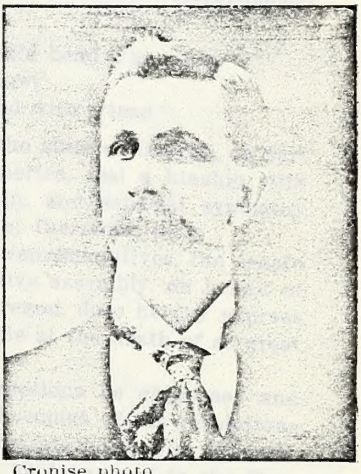
REP. OTTO SCHUMANN.



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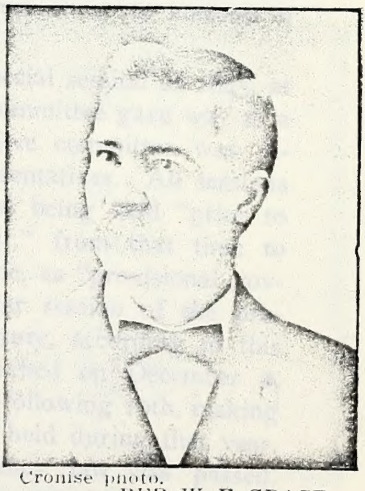
REP. I. S. GEER.
An Oregonian.



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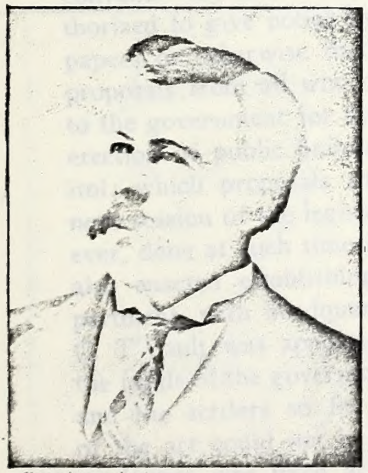
REP. W. E. GRACE.

Cronise photo.
REP. G. L. HEDGES.
An Oregonian.

Cronise photo.
REP. J. J. SHIPLEY.



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REP. JAS. HEMENWAY.

Stripes over the capitol in token of kindly feeling, did well, for once her subjects helped to frame the laws of the pioneers to our fair state. It is to be regretted that some mention of this was not made in the resolutions. The following is the text of the concurrent resolutions passed:

Whereas, The legislative assembly of the state of Oregon, in regular session assembled, has learned of the death of Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India; and

Whereas, The purity of her life and example has been an inspiration to women in every clime, and as a daughter, wife, mother and sovereign, Victoria has left to the world a character without a peer in history, and which will be treasured in after ages by the good of all nations; and

Whereas, The tenderness of her heart comprehended all mankind, and—

"She was one who could bend o'er a foe,
When in battle laid low,
And bathe every wound with a tear."

Whereas, The people of the state of Oregon, as part of the United States of America, feel a kinship with the people of Great Britain, and especial sympathy with them in their great loss; therefore, be it

Resolved by the house of representatives, the senate concurring, that this legislative assembly, on behalf of the people of the state of Oregon, does hereby express the deep sorrow of said people at the death of so great and good a Queen.

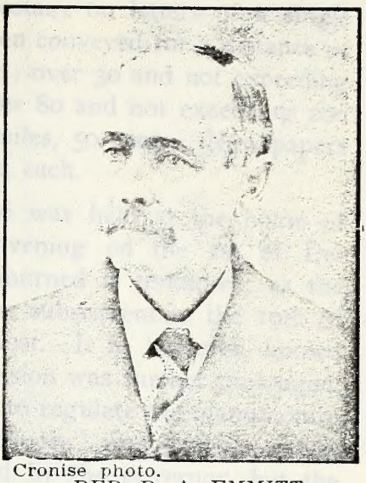
Resolved, That these resolutions be engrossed and a copy thereof, together with copies of the resolutions heretofore adopted by the separate houses for adjournment in memory of Victoria, be forwarded to the Hon. James Laidlaw, British consul-general at Portland, Or., for transmission to the government of the kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

From 1841 up to this special session of 1845, at which time the executive committee gave way to a governor, and the legislative committee was replaced by a house of representatives. All sessions held have been recorded as being held "prior to the provisional government," from that time to the date of territorial regime, as "provisional government." The first regular session of the provisional government legislature, according to this method of reckoning, convened on December 2, 1845, and adjourned on the following 19th, making the third legislative session held during that year.

At this session a currency law was passed, which made gold, silver, treasury drafts, approved

orders on solvent merchants and wheat, legal tender for taxes and satisfaction of judgments. Those who paid their taxes in wheat were required to deliver it at stated places in their districts—at Fort George (Astoria), in Clatsop county; at Cowlitz farm or Fort Vancouver, in Vancouver county; at the company's warehouse at Linnton; at the store of F. W. Pettygrove, in Portland, Tualatin county; at the mills of either Dr. McLoughlin or the Island Milling Company, in Clackamas county; at the warehouses of the milling company or the Hudson's Bay Company, in Champoeg county; or at some place to be designated by the collector in Yam Hill county.

The governor's message at this time recommended that proposals be received for locating the seat of government. It created but little interest and little competition. The only propositions received were from Robert Moore, who owned the claim upon which Linn City, opposite Oregon City, was located, and Hugh Burns, who occupied an adjoining claim. As neither of these proposals met with approval, and Dr. McLoughlin, the proprietor of the townsite of Oregon City, failing to put in a bid, action in the premises was deferred, except that an act was passed ordering that future sessions should be held at Oregon City until otherwise directed, the first Monday in December being fixed as the date upon which the legislature should convene. By the same act the governor was authorized to give notice by publication in the newspapers or otherwise that he would receive sealed proposals from all who desired to make donations to the government for the purpose of aiding in the erection of public buildings and locating the capitol; which proposals should be submitted at the next session of the legislature. Nothing was, however, done at such time in the matter. A law was also enacted establishing a general postoffice department, with headquarters at Oregon City. W. G. T'Vault was appointed postmaster-general, but the funds of the government were at such a low ebb, and the settlers so far apart, that the intentions of the act could not be carried out. The postage on letters was fixed according to the number of sheets they contained and the number of miles they



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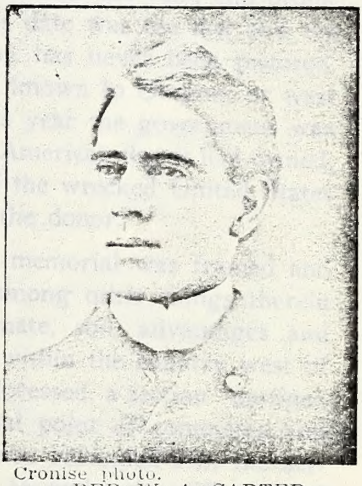
REP. R. A. EMMITT.
A Pioneer of 1852.



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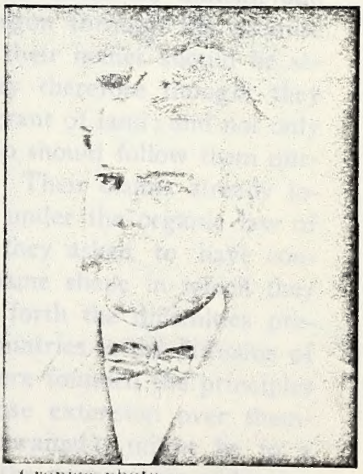
REP. W. A. CARTER.



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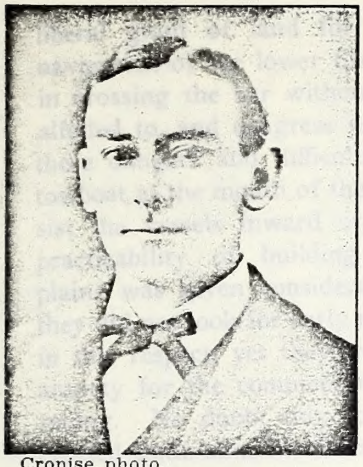
REP. G. W. HOLCOMB.



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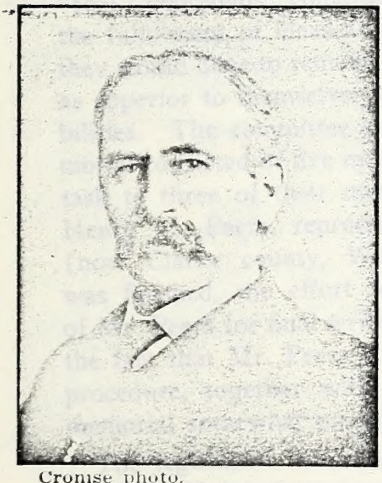
REP. L. T. HARRIS.
An Oregonian.



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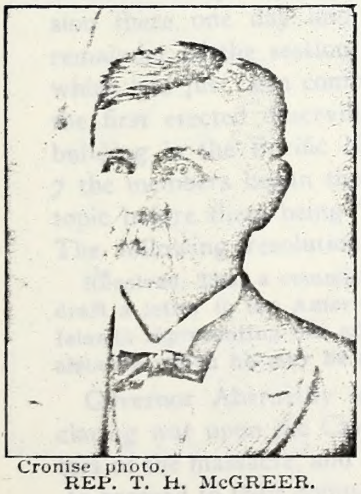
REP. J. N. SMITH.



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REP. T. H. McGREER.

were carried. The postage on letters of a single sheet was 15 cents when conveyed for a distance of not exceeding 30 miles; over 30 and not exceeding 80 miles, 25 cents; over 80 and not exceeding 200 miles, 30 cents; 200 miles, 50 cents. Newspapers were carried at 4 cents each.

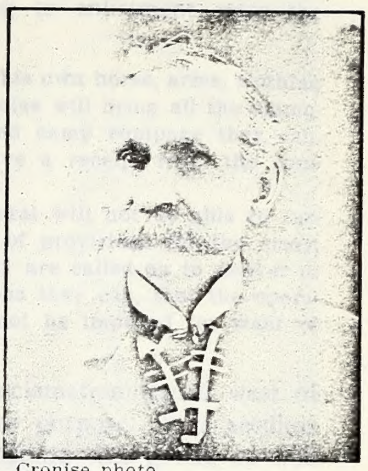
The session of 1846 was held at the home of H. M. Knighton, convening on the 1st of December. When it adjourned is unknown, as the record of its procedure, subsequent to the 19th of that month, has been lost. It is, however, known to be a fact that the session was further prolonged. At this session "an act to regulate the manufacture and sale of distilled liquors" was passed, which, on the 7th, was vetoed by the governor, but the legislature passed the act over his veto, and prohibition, which up to this date was the law and the rule in colonial Oregon, has never been restored. This was the first veto known to Oregon, or west of the Rockies. In this year the government was presented with the first American flag it had owned, Lieutenant Howison, of the wrecked United States schooner Shark, being the donor.

During the session a memorial was framed and sent to congress, and among other things therein mentioned was the climate, soil, advantages and opportunities embraced within the country west of the Rockies. As was expressed, a section "destined soon to become a central point of commerce and happiness." Congress was reminded that the settlers had been induced to make the difficult and tiresome journey to Oregon through the promise of the government that their homes should be secured to them; and they therefore thought they had a right to expect a grant of land; and not only themselves, but those who should follow them during the next few years. Their claims already located were settled upon under the organic law of the territory, and these they asked to have confirmed to them, in the same shape in which they were located. They set forth the difficulties presented to newly-settled countries in the diffusion of education, upon which were founded the principles of the government (whose extension over themselves they prayerfully awaited), might be to a great extent removed by the government making a

REV. J. S. SMITH.

REV. T. H. MORRIS.

liberal grant of land for school purposes. The navigation of the lower Columbia and the dangers in crossing the bar without proper assistance was alluded to, and congress was petitioned to remove these dangers and difficulties by placing a steam towboat at the mouth of the river to protect and assist the vessels inward or outward bound. The practicability of building a railroad across the plains was given considerable space, and, though they did not look for early realization of their hopes in this respect, yet they would look forward with anxiety for the commencement of such an undertaking. No doubt this portion of the memorial created some amusement among some of the members of congress, but could those who smiled at the "fool Oregonians" come back to earth and witness the fulfillment of ideas advanced in that early day, they would have to remove their hats to the pioneers as superior to themselves in devining future possibilities. The committee selected to draw this memorial consisted of five members, who delegated the task to three of their number, one of whom was Henry M. Peers, representing Vancouver county (now Clarke county, Wash.). When the labor was finished, the effort was placed in the hands of Mr. Peers for final writing. When one considers the fact that Mr. Peers was a British subject, this procedure, together with his action, makes the memorial somewhat unique.



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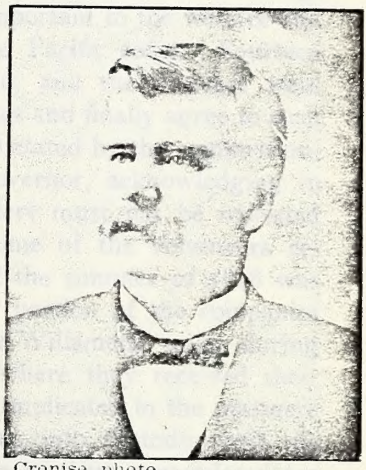
REP. C. W. NOTTINGHAM.



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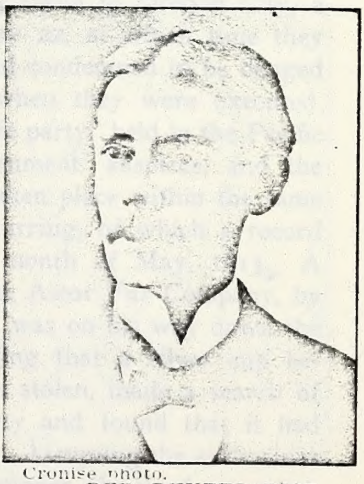
REP. A. H. BLACK.

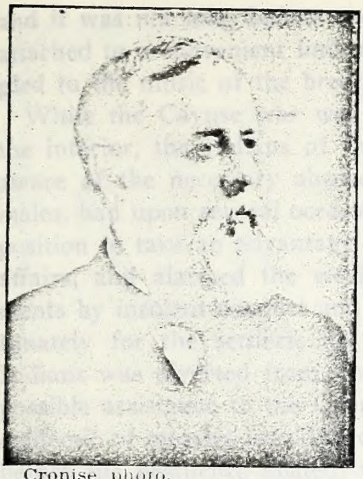


Cronise photo.
REP. DEXTER RICE.
An Oregonian.

The legislature of 1847 convened at the house of H. M. Knighton, organized and remained in session there one day and then adjourned for the remainder of the session to the Methodist church, which had just been completed. This building was the first erected deserving the name of a church building in the Pacific Northwest. On December 7 the members began their deliberations, the main topic before them being "the Whitman massacre." The following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That a committee of three be appointed to draft a letter to the American consul at the Sandwich Islands representing our affairs, and imploring any assistance which he may be able to render.

Governor Abernethy issued a proclamation declaring war upon the Cayuse Indians, the perpetrators of the massacre, and called for volunteer troops to proceed to their country to punish them. Among



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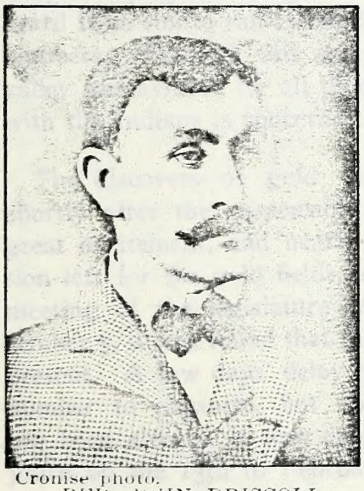
REP. G. L. STORY.
A Pioneer of 1851.



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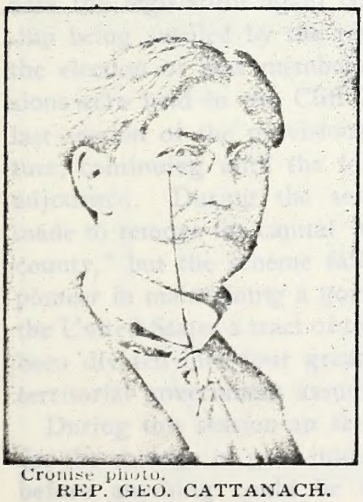
REP. JOHN DRISCOLL.



Cronise photo.
REP. GEO. CATTANACH.

the matters appertaining to enlistment were the following:

> **Each man will furnish his own horse, arms, clothing and blankets. The companies will bring all the ammunition, percussion caps and camp equipage they can, for which they will receive a receipt from the commissary-general.**
>
> **As the commissary-general will not be able to furnish a sufficient quantity of provisions for the army, the citizens of the territory are called on to deliver to his agents all the provisions they can, that the operations of the troops may not be impeded for want of provisions. * * ***

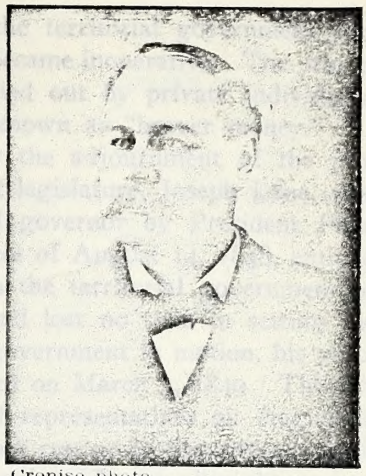
This was the first proclamation issued west of the Missouri river for any purpose. It is needless to say that a hearty response was given, as well as to cite the fact that congress has never recognized these services so important to the welfare and upbuilding of the whole Pacific coast. Fourteen companies took the field, and the Cayuses were forced to leave their homes and finally agree to such terms of peace as were dictated by the commissioners appointed by the governor, acknowledging in the action that the settlers must not be molested or murdered. While some of the volunteers remained in the field until the summer of 1848 was far advanced, the major portion of the companies were ordered back to the Willamette valley during the first days of July, where they received their discharge. The Indians implicated in the massacre were not, however, taken into custody until the spring of 1850, when five of them surrendered for trial. Upon their being taken to Oregon City, a hearing was set for May 22, at which time they were adjudged guilty and condemned to be hanged the following July 3, when they were executed. This was the first "necktie party" held in the Pacific Northwest under government auspices, and the second known to have taken place within the same boundaries, the first occurring, of which a record has been made, in the month of May, 1813. A trader and trapper of the Astor Fur Company, by the name of John Clark, was on his way down the Palouse river, and, finding that a silver cup belonging to him had been stolen, made a search of the members of his party and found that it had been stolen by an Indian. Assuming the authorities of judge, jury and executioner, the thief was tried,

and it was not long before one end of a rope was attached to a convenient limb and Mr. Indian dangled to the music of the breeze at the other.

While the Cayuse war was being carried on in the interior, the Indians of the Willamette valley, aware of the necessary absence of so many adult males, had upon several occasions manifested a disposition to take an advantage of such condition of affairs, and alarmed the weak and remote settlements by insolent conduct and predatory acts. Fortunately for the settlers, the attention of these Indians was diverted from sympathizing or giving possible assistance to the Cayuses by reason of an epidemic of measles breaking out among them, and before the pestilence abated, whole villages were swept away by its ravages, their death song being heard from sun to sun as the disease told upon their numbers. Through this source the quiet of the valley was assured for all time, in so far as conflict with the Indians is concerned.

The discovery of gold in California in 1848, shortly after the suspension of hostilities, caused great excitement, and nearly all the male population left for the gold fields, and when the time of meeting of the legislature came to hand on December 5, it was found that there was not a quorum present. A few days' delay brought in a sufficient number to organize, but no new members having been elected, it was deemed advisable to adjourn on the 13th to February 5, 1849. On that date the legislature again convened, the membership being swelled by the return of absentees and the election of new members. Both of these sessions were held in the Cliff House. This was the last session of the provisional government legislature, continuing until the following 11th, when it adjourned. During the session an attempt was made to remove the capital "to Salem in Champoeg county," but the scheme failed. The work of the pioneer in maintaining a government and saving to the United States a tract of territory which has since been divided into four great states was done, and territorial government assumed the reins.

During this session an act was passed providing for the coinage of gold into $5 and $10-pieces, but before anything could be done toward carrying



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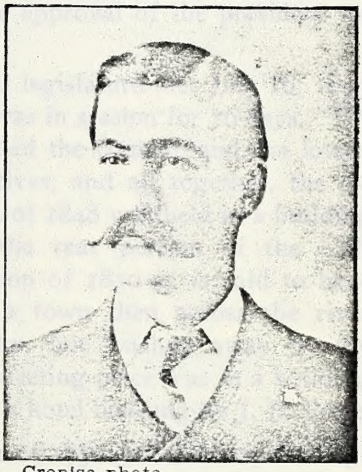
REP. D. M. WATSON.



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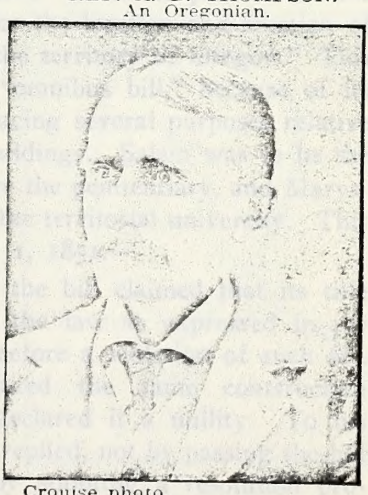
REP. A. B. THOMPSON.
An Oregonian.



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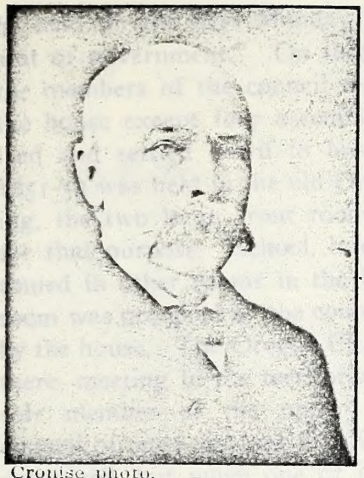
REP. GEO. J. BARRETT.



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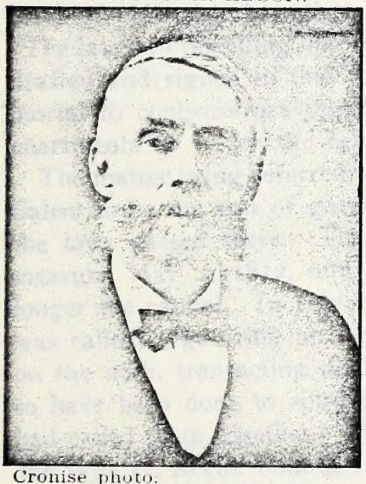
REP. O. E. EDSON.



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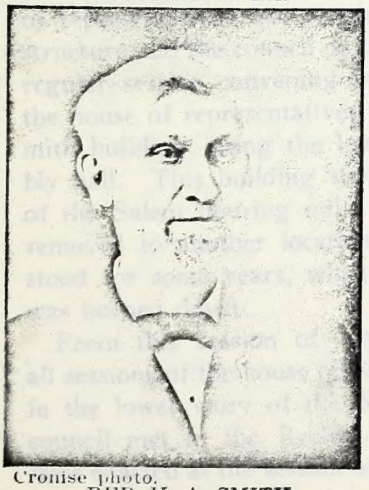
REP. W. H. INGRAM.
A Pioneer of 1852.



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REP. H. A. SMITH.

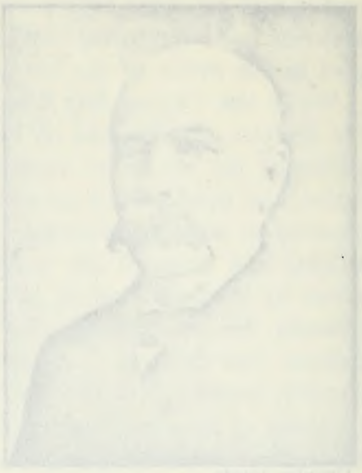
out the endeavor the territorial government succeeded and the act became inoperative. The project was, however, carried out by private individuals, the coinage being known as "beaver money."

Two weeks after the adjournment of the provisional government legislature, Joseph Lane, who had been appointed governor by President Polk, under act of congress of August 14, 1848, entitled "an act to establish the territorial government of Oregon," arrived and lost no time in setting the wheels of the new government in motion, his proclamation being issued on March 3, 1849. This act passed the house of representatives on August 2, but the senate did not concur in the measure until the 13th, Sunday morning, after an all-night session. The bill received the approval of the president the following day.

The first territorial legislature met July 16, 1849, at Oregon City. It was in session for 76 days. The upper house was called the council, and the lower, house of representatives, and all together, the assembly. The session of 1848 was held in a building which now forms the rear portion of the Cliff House, and the session of 1850-51 is said to have been at Linn City, a town then across the river opposite Oregon City, but washed away by the flood of 1861. The meeting place was in a building subsequently used as a hotel building by J. B. Price.

During the session of 1850-51 the territorial legislative assembly passed "an act to provide for the selection of places for the location and erection of public buildings of the territory of Oregon." This bill was called the "omnibus bill," because of its many sections, embracing several purposes relative to the location of buildings. Salem was to be the capital, Portland have the penitentiary, and Marysville, now Corvallis, the territorial university. This act passed February 1, 1851.

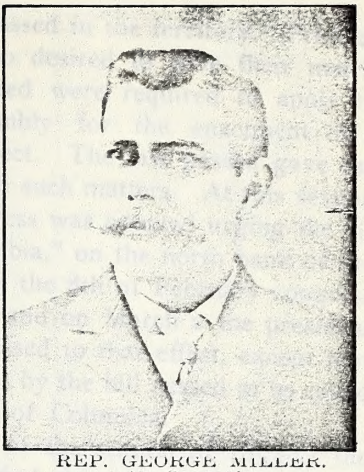
The opponents of the bill claimed that its title did not conform to the law as expressed in the organic act, and therefore a violation of such act. Governor Gaines placed the same contsruction upon the bill, and declared it a nullity. To his dissent the assembly replied, not by passing the bill over his veto, but by adopting a resolution providing for the annual sessions of the assembly "to



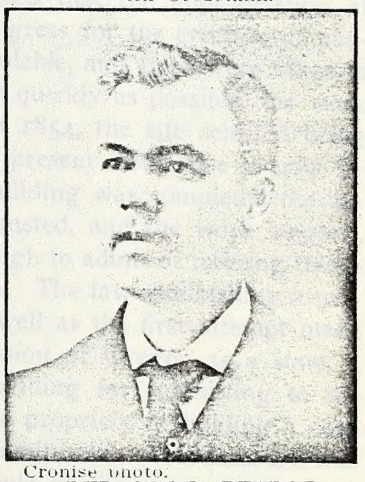
be held on the first Monday in December at the seat of government." On that date, following, all the members of the council except one, and all of the house except four assembled at Salem, organized and settled down to business. This session 1851-52 was held in the old Oregon Institute building, the two large front rooms being surrendered for that purpose. School, however, was still continued in other rooms in the building. The south room was occupied by the council and the north one by the house. The Oregon City contingent repaired there, meeting in the territorial library rooms. The sole member of the upper branch organized a council of one; the four constituting the house also organized, but when one of its members obtained leave of absence, the others adjourned *sine die*. "The late two presiding officers *pro tem.*," however, drafted and signed in their official capacity a memorial to congress praying that body for various enactments by it for the benefit of Oregon.

The matter being referred to congress, it declared Salem to be the seat of government, and approved the laws passed there. The president signed the measure May 4, 1852, and Oregon City was no longer the capital. In July, 1852, a special session was called, organizing on the 26th, and adjourned on the 29th, transacting no business. This seems to have been done to spite Governor Gaines, who had called them together. The session was held in the Wm. H. Rector building, then standing opposite the Willamette hotel, but now destroyed. The house of representatives met on the second floor of this structure and the council on the lower floor. At the regular session convening in December following, the house of representatives met in the J. W. Nesmith building, using the lower floor as an assembly hall. This building stood opposite to the site of the Salem flouring mills. Subsequently it was removed to another location in the city, where it stood for some years, when it caught on fire and was burned down.

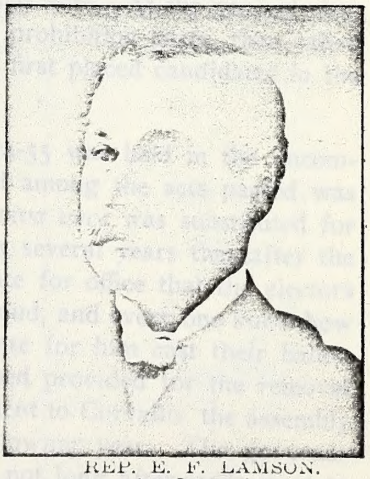
From this session of 1852 until that of 1860, all sessions of the house of representatives convened in the lower story of the Nesmith block, and the council met in the Rector building. One of the laws enacted at the session of 1852-53 was a divorce



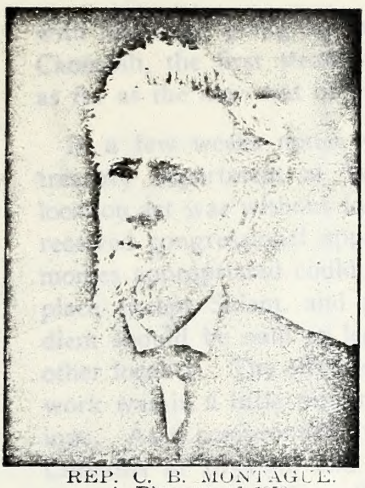
REP. GEORGE MILLER.
An Oregonian.



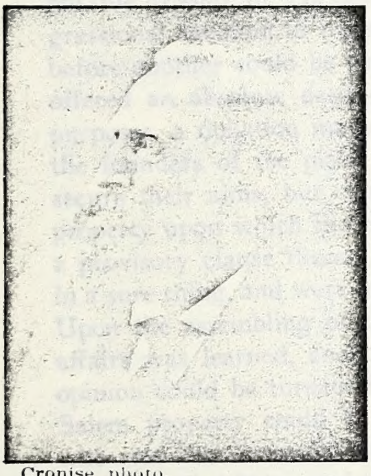
Cronise photo.
REP. LOT L. PEARCE.
An Oregonian.



REP. E. F. LAMSON.
An Oregonian.



REP. C. B. MONTAGUE.
A Pioneer of 1858.



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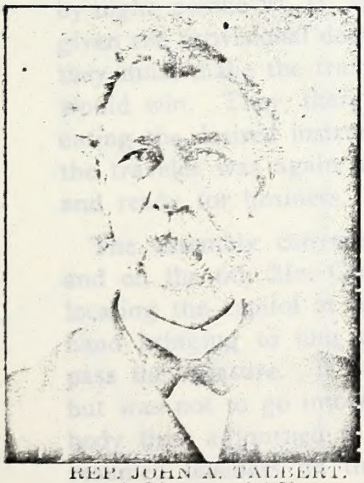
REP. T. J. KIRK.
A Pioneer of 1846.



REP. JOHN A. TALBERT.
A Pioneer of 1852.

law, the first one passed in the territory. Prior to this time those who desired to have their matrimonial bonds severed were required to apply to the legislative assembly for the enactment of a measure to that effect. The law passed gave the courts jurisdiction in such matters. At this session a memorial to congress was adopted urging the dito be named "Columbia," on the north bank of the Columbia river. On the 8th of February congress took up the matter, and on March 2 the president approved the bill passed to that effect, except that the new territory was by the bill passed to be called Washington instead of Columbia.

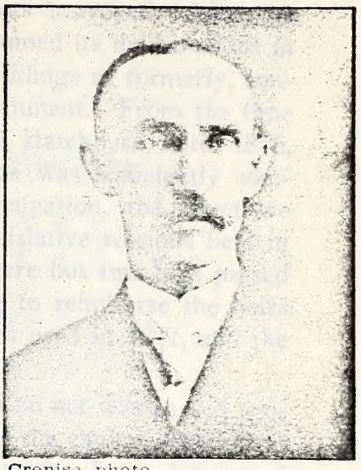
In the early part of the session of 1853-54 the legislature was notified that the appropriation of $50,000 made by congress for the erection of public buildings was available, and steps were taken to build a statehouse as quickly as possible, the work thereon beginning in 1854, the site selected being that upon which the present statehouse is now located. Before the building was completed the appropriation was exhausted, and the work stopped, but had gone far enough to admit of meeting therein at the next session. The law estalbishing a militia was enacted, as well as the first attempt made looking to the admission of Oregon as a state, a bill being passed providing for submitting to the vote of the people the propriety of holding a convention to frame a constitution. This measure was submitted to the people at the next election, but was defeated by popular vote. At the general election held in 1854 the prohibition party, then called the Maine-law party, first placed candidates in the field.

The session of 1854-55 was held in the uncompleted statehouse, and among the acts passed was one in which voting *viva voce* was substituted for voting by ballot. For several years thereafter the name of each candidate for office that the electors voted for was cried aloud, and every one knew how those promising to vote for him cast their ballot. Another measure passed provided for the removal of the seat of government to Corvallis, the assembly to meet there the following year. The governor and secretary of state not long afterwards went to the new capital, the state printer soon following

with his plant, going up the river in April on the Canemah, the first steamboat to ascend the river as far as the new seat of government.

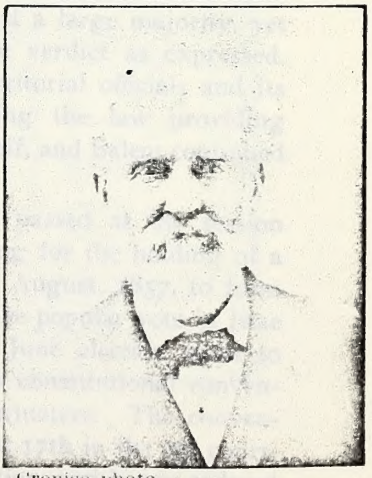
In a few weeks notice was received from the treasury department at Washington that the relocation act was without force or effect until it had received congressional approval; that government monies appropriated could not be expended at any place except Salem, and that no mileage or per diem should be paid to legislators meeting at another locality. The officials returned to Salem, and work was in a little time resumed on public buildings. As a compromise, it was agreed to meet in Corvallis in 1855-56, and then adjourn to Salem, but the friends of Corvallis hoped to secure congressional sanction to the act making it the capital before another could be passed repealing it. They offered an absolute deed to properties for capital purposes, a donation made by J. C. Avery, one of the founders of the place, and took other steps to secure their aims, but congress did not act. The property upon which the Salem building stood had a provisory clause therein. The majority believed in a sure thing, and were inclined towards Corvallis. Upon the assembling of the assembly the state of affairs was learned, and believing that the tide of opinion could be turned if an absolute deed to the Salem property could be secured, L. F. Grover, who was the leader of the Salem faction, quietly secured a fleet horse and traveled to the latter place by night, awoke W. H. Willson and wife, who had given the provisional deed, and stated to them that they must make the transfer absolute or Corvallis would win. They, therefore, lost no time in executing the desired instrument, and before morning the traveler was again at the seat of government and ready for business.

The assembly convened on December 5, 1855, and on the 6th Mr. Grover introduced a bill relocating the capitol at Salem, the deed he had in hand bringing to him wavering votes enough to pass the measure. It became a law on the 12th, but was not to go into effect until the 15th. The body then adjourned to meet in Salem, where it resumed business on the 18th in the statehouse, which, during holiday recess, was fired by an in-



Cronise photo.
REP. GEO. W. COLVIG.
A Pioneer of 1848.

Moore photo.
REP. F. A. HEITKEMPER.



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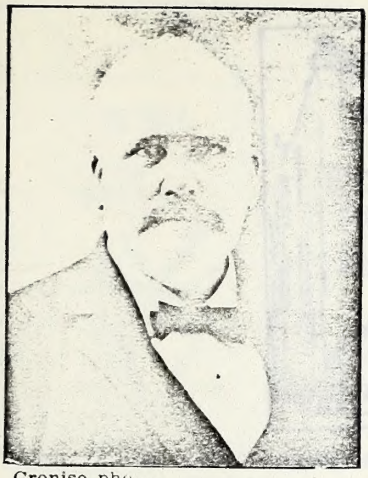
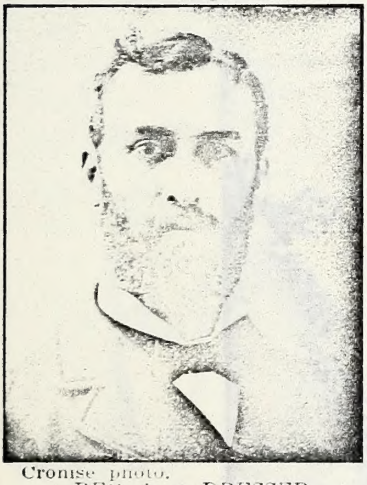
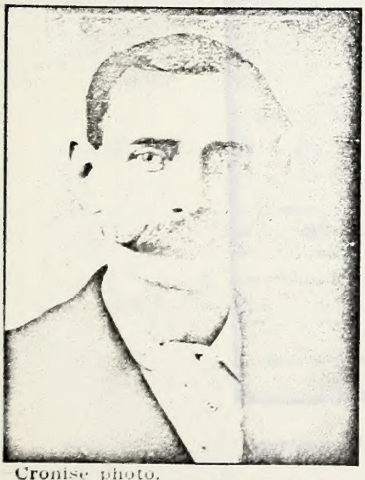
REP. MATHEW STEWART.



Cronise photo.
REP. ISAAC M. SIMPSON.
An Oregonian.



Cronise photo.
REP. A. S. DRESSER.



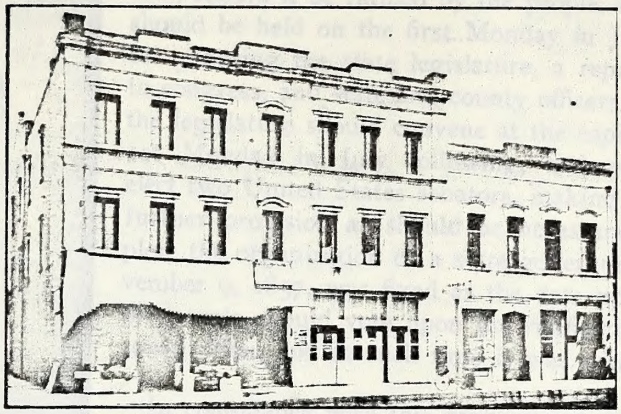
Cronise photo.
REP. M. E. THOMPSON.

cendiary on the 28th and was destroyed. After the holidays the legislature resumed its deliberations in the Nesmith and Rector buildings as formerly, continuing therein until adjournment. From the time of the burning of the old statehouse until 1876, when the present statehouse was sufficiently completed to admit of its occupation, the executive offices were located and legislative sessions held in rented buildings. There were but two bills passed at Corvallis, the first being to reimburse the heirs of Ewing Young for monies used in 1841, and the second, the relocation bill.

After the return to Salem an act was passed providing for the submission of the capital question to a vote of the people, and at the June election of 1856 this was taken. Eugene received 2,627 votes, a plurality; Corvalis, 2,327; Salem, 2,101, and Portland, 1,154 votes. The bill requiring that the place selected should receive a clear majority, and as no place voted for had done so, a new election was ordered, the two receiving the highest vote at the first election to be the locations eligible to selection. The question had ceased to be one of great interest to the majority of the people, and in many counties no vote was cast, and, strange to relate, Marion county, in which Salem is situate, was among them.

At this special election the voters did not cast their ballots as provided for in the bill, voting for three places instead of two. The vote cast was Eugene 2,559—Salem 444, and Corvallis 318 votes. Although Eugene had received a large majority, yet no regard was paid to the verdict as expressed. The supreme court, the territorial officials and its legislative assembly ignoring the law providing for the vote and the vote itself, and Salem continued to be the capital.

The most important bill passed at the session of 1856-57 was one providing for the holding of a constitutional convention in August, 1857, to form a state constitution, should the popular vote in June be in favor thereof. The June election came to hand, and the question of a constitutional convention was decided in the affirmative. The convention met at Salem on August 17th in the old courthouse and framed a constitution, and it was ordered



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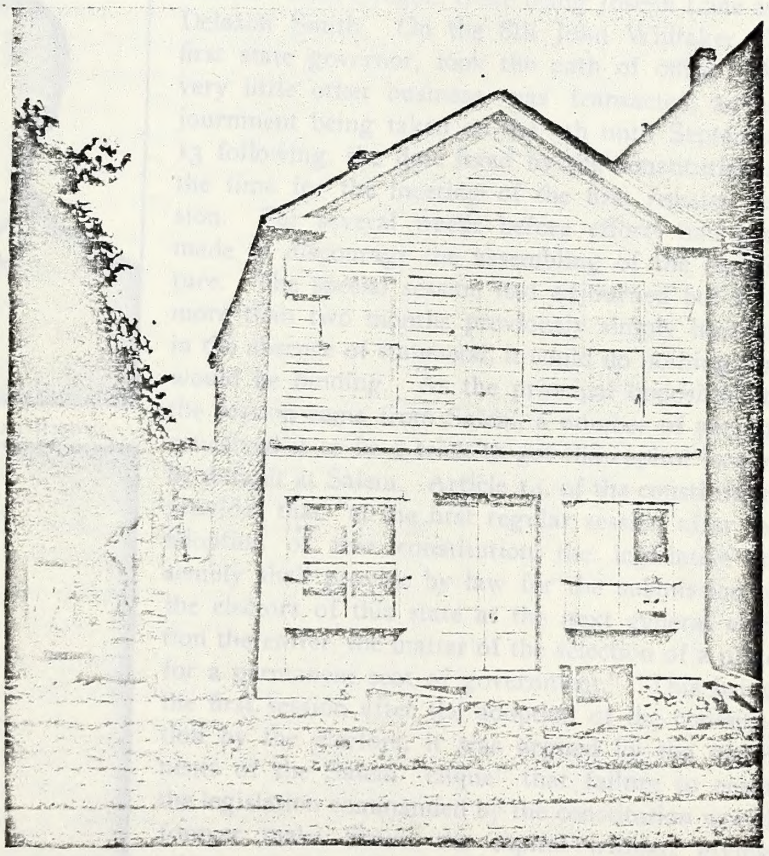
HOLMAN BLOCK, SALEM.

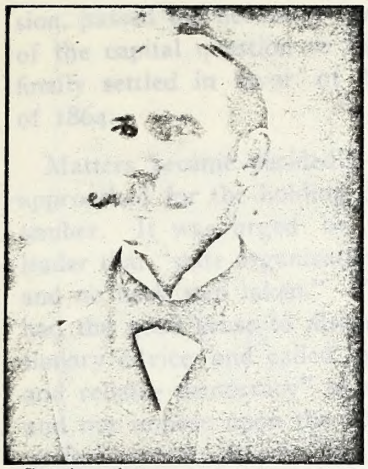
Used as a State House by the State Government from 1860 to 1876.



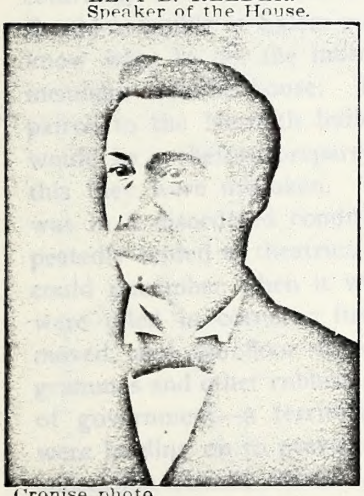
Courtesy "Corvallis Gazette."

AVERY BUILDING, CORVALLIS.

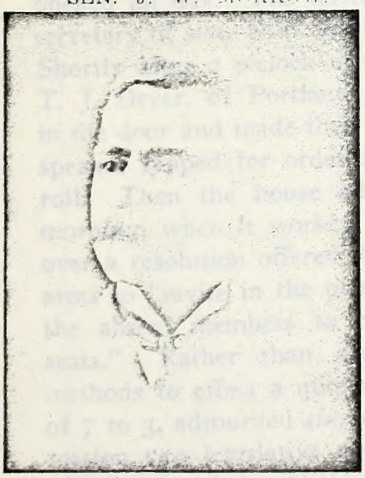
Used as a State House by the Territorial Government in 1855.



Cronise photo.
LEVI B. REEDER.
Speaker of the House.



Cronise photo.
SEN. J. W. MORROW.



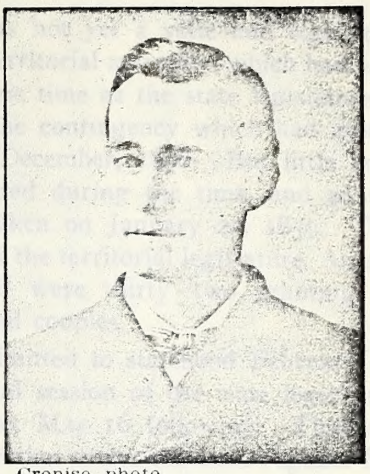
Cronise photo.
SEN. JAS. E. HUNT.

that, should it be ratified by the people, an election should be held on the first Monday in June, 1858, for choosing the state legislature, a representative to congress, and state and county officers; and that the legislature should convene at the capitol on the 1st Monday in July following, and proceed to elect two United States senators, making also such further provision as should be necessary to complete the organization of a state government. November 9, 1857, was fixed as the date upon which the people should vote upon the ratification of the constitution, and at such time it was adopted.

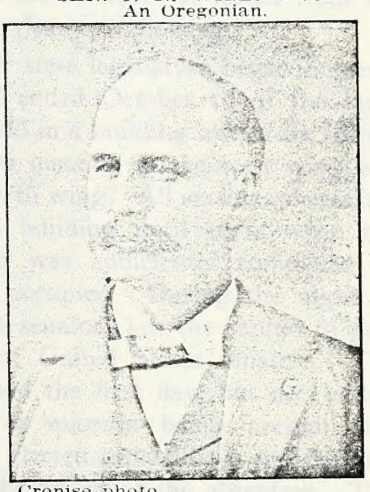
In compliance with this requirement, the newly-elected legislature convened on July 5, remaining in session four days, meeting in the usual housing, when it proceeded to elect the first United States senators from Oregon, these being Joseph Lane and Delazon Smith. On the 8th John Whitaker, the first state governor, took the oath of office. But very little other business was transacted, an adjournment being taken on the 9th until September 13 following, the date fixed by the constitution as the time for the meeting of the first regular session. For several weeks before efforts had been made to discourage the assembling of the legislature. The special session had adjourned but little more than two months previously simply because, in the absence of statehood, it could do nothing that would be binding. As the principal opposition to the session came from Salem, a number of persons conceived it to be a trick to get the capitol located by default at Salem. Article 14, of the constitution, provides that "at the first regular session after the adoption of this constitution, the legislative assembly shall provide by law for the submission to the electors of this state at the next general election thereafter, the matter of the selection of a place for a permanent seat of government." This being the first session after the adoption of the constitution by the electors, it was argued by the opponents of the Salem "clique" that failure to enact the legislation commanded by the constitution would forever make Salem the capital without giving other towns an opportunity to fight for the honor. This fear proved to be groundless, for the legislature of 1860, the first regular session after admis-

sion, passed the necessary laws for the submission of the capital question to the people, and it was finally settled in favor of Salem at the election of 1864.

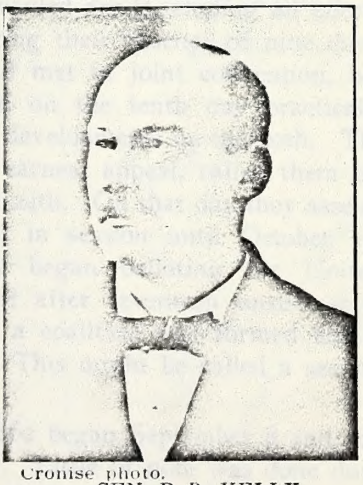
Matters became decidedly muddled as the time approached for the holding of the session of September. It was urged by one prominent party leader that "state organization should be gone into, and no back step taken." The Oregon Statesman had the good sense to discountenance this revolutionary advice, and called upon the "time-honored and reliable democracy" to stay away from Salem and not impose upon the people the expense of a useless session. It was only natural, in view of the contrarity of advice, that a number of legislators should assemble at Salem and that they should not know what to do, the most of them going being members of the house. The representatives repaired to the Nesmith building, expecting that it would be as before prepared for a session, but in this they were mistaken. The representative hall was in a disordered condition, it having been repeatedly rented to theatrical companies, and no one could remember when it was last cleaned. Desks were piled in corners; furniture and carpets removed, and the floor strewn with concert programmes and other rubbish. There were two forms of government—a territorial and a state. Both were holding on to prevent chaos until the time of succession should arrive. The building was not opened all day. The territorial secretary and the secretary of state both declined to unlock the doors. Shortly after 2 o'clock eleven members, of whom T. J. Dryer, of Portland, was the leader, kicked in the door and made their way into the hall. The speaker rapped for order and the clerk called the roll. Then the house adjourned until the next morning, when it worked itself into a white heat over a resolution offered directing the sergeant-at-arms to "invite in the pleasantest manner possible the absent members to come in and take their seats." Rather than descend to Chesterfieldan methods to effect a quorum, the house, by a vote of 7 to 3, adjourned *sine die*, after having been in session two legislative days. This session marks the first legislative "hold up" in Oregon.



Cronise photo.
SEN. J. N. WILLIAMSON.
An Oregonian.



Cronise photo.
SEN. WILLIAM SMITH.



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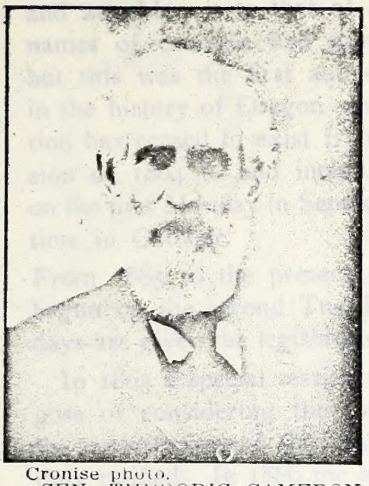
SEN. P. R KELLY.



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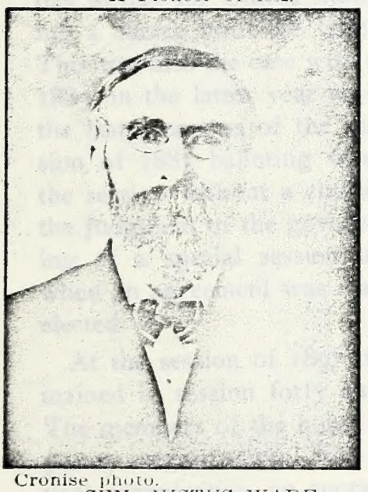
SEN. THEODORIC CAMERON.
A Pioneer of 1852.



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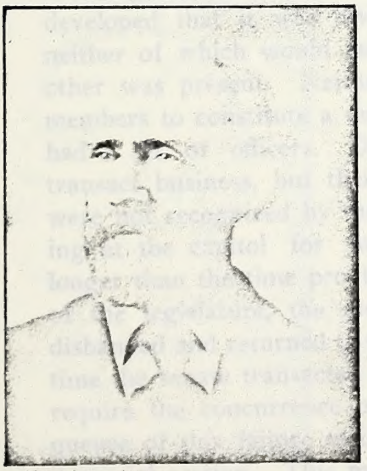
SEN. JUSTUS WADE.



Cronise photo.
SEN. JOHN H. DALY.

As Oregon was not yet a state and legislation was needed, the territorial assembly, which had been elected at the same time as the state legislature to provide against the contingency which had arisen, met as usual in December, 1858. But little business was transacted during the time, and an adjournment was taken on January 22, 1859. This closed the work of the territorial legislature. Among other bills passed were thirty-two granting divorces to mismated couples.

Oregon was admitted to statehood February 14, 1859, and a special session of the state legislature was called to meet May 16 following. This was the first special session under the state regime. But little was done at the session. It lasted from the date of meeting to June 4 following.

The first regular state legislature began September 10, 1860, and ended October 19 of the same year. This was held in a building owned by Joseph Holman, the senate meeting in the west wing and the house in the north wing. All sessions thereafter were held in this building until 1876, when the present statehouse was sufficiently completed to admit of it being occupied. During the night of the second day six senators left the capital to prevent the election of United States senators. The house had organized the first day, but not so the senate. Without a quorum being present, the senators attending elected a president, and then issued process for the arrest of the absentees. The fugitive senators avoided arrest, eluding all efforts to find them. During their absence of nine days, the two houses had met in joint convention, but failed to elect, and on the tenth day practically adjourned to await developments on the 20th. The governor, through earnest appeal, called them together again on the 24th. On that day they assembled and continued in session until October 19. On October 1 they began balloting for United States senators, and after seventeen unsuccessful ballots were taken, a coalition was formed and a majority obtained. This might be called a second "hold up."

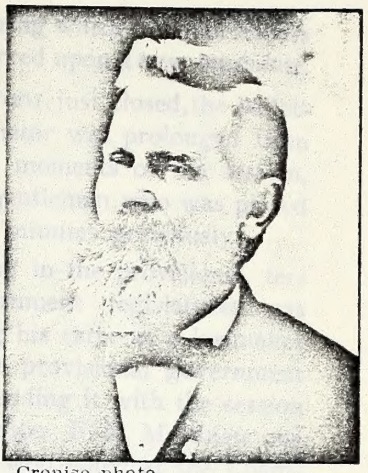
The session of 1862 began September 8 and adjourned October 17. Little of note was done during its continuance to disorganize Umpqua county

and attaching it to that of Douglas county. The names of counties had previously been changed, but this was the first and only instance thus far in the history of Oregon where a county organization has ceased to exist from any cause. The session of 1864 to and including 1882 all convened on the first Monday in September, adjourning sometime in October.

From 1885 to the present date the sessions have begun on the second Tuesday of January. Forty days are given the legislature to complete its labors.

In 1865 a special session was called for the purpose of considering the thirteenth amendment to the constitution of the United States. This was duly ratified. In 1886 the legislature balloted from day to day for United States senator without making a choice until the latter hours of the session. This was also the case with the sessions of 1873 and 1883, in the latter year an election taking place in the last moments of the session. During the session of 1885 balloting was prolonged throughout the session without a choice being made. This, in the judgment of the governor, necessitated the calling of a special session in November following, when an agreement was made and a new candidate elected.

At the session of 1897 the senate organized, remained in session forty days, and then adjourned. The members of the house met and effected a temporary organization. On assembling for permanent organization, no quorum was present. It then developed that it was divided into two factions, neither of which would answer roll call when the other was present. Neither faction had sufficient members to constitute a quorum, but both of them had a set of officers. One faction attempted to transact business, but their organization and acts were not recognized by the senate. After remaining at the capitol for forty-five days, five days longer than the time provided for holding sessions of the legislature, the members of both factions disbanded and returned to their homes. During the time the senate transacted such business as did not require the concurrence of the house. In consequence of this failure to elect, the governor called a special session. This met on September 26, and



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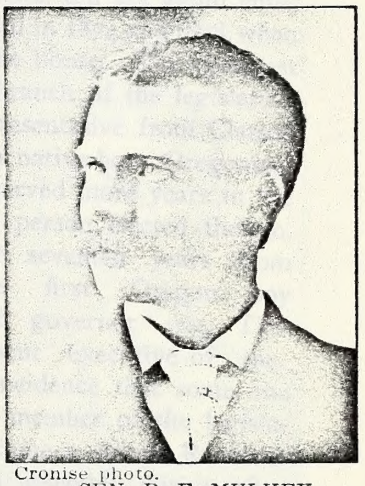
SEN. JACOB CLEM.



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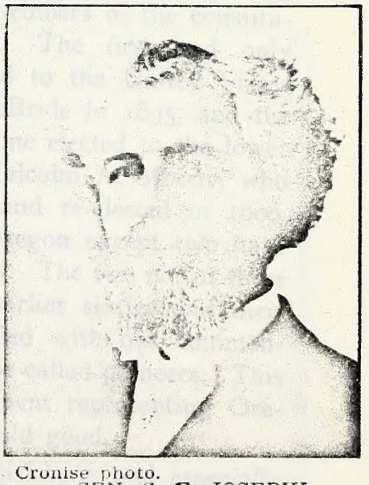
SEN. B. F. MULKEY.



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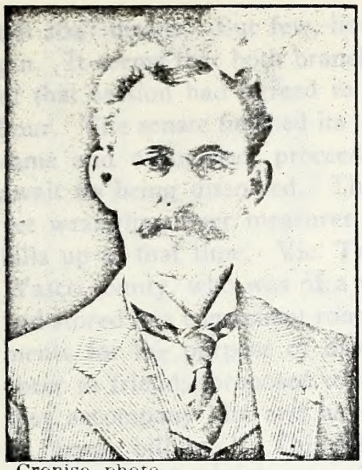
SEN. S. E. JOSEPHI.



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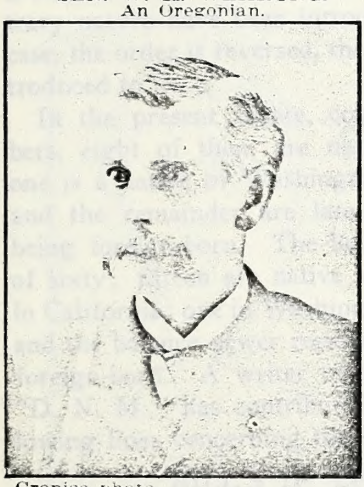
SEN. W. H. WEHRUNG.
An Oregonian.



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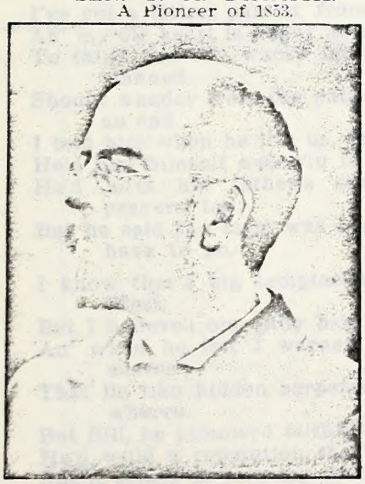
SEN. T. M. DIMMICK.
A Pioneer of 1853.



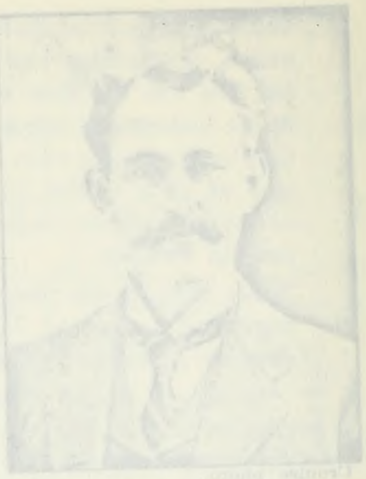
Cronise photo.
SEN. W. TYLER SMITH.

adjourned October 15, during which time the honors of senatorship were conferred upon a new candidate.

During the session of 1901, just closed, the balloting for United States senator was prolonged from day to day until the last moments of the session, the choice made being a gentleman who was placed in nomination but a few minutes previously.

The only person serving in the provisional, territorial and state government legislatures was Samuel Parker, beginning his carer as a lawmaker at the last session of the provisional government legislature, 1848-49, and ending it with the session of the state legislature of 1860. F. X. Matthieu, one of the immortal fifty-two who voted at the Champoeg meeting of May 2, 1842, did not again enter the political arena again until in 1874 and 1878, when he became a member of the house. The youngest member elected to either branch of the legislature was Johan E. Young, representative from Clatsop county in 1899. He was a native-born Oregonian. Joseph Simon has so far served more years in the legislature than any other person elected thereto. He was state senator for seventen years from Multnomah county. The first Oregon boy elected to the office of governor was Theodore T. Geer, the present executive of the state and it is quite a coincidence that some one related to him has been a member of the legislature ever since Oregon became a state. Relatives were also in the territorial assembly during 1849 and 1854, and were also members of the constitutional convention of 1857. The first and only native son thus far elected to the United States senate was George W. McBride in 1895, and the first and to date the only one elected to the lower branch of congress was Malcolm A. Moody, who was first elected in 1898 and re-elected in 1900. All of the governors of Oregon except two have been pioneers or native-born. The two not of these classes came here in the earlier sixties and their lives are so closely identified with our commonweaith that they may well be called pioneers. This rule, as to the pioneer element representing Oregon in congress will also hold good.

Every member of the legislature, and especially the "third house," since 1870 knows what "house



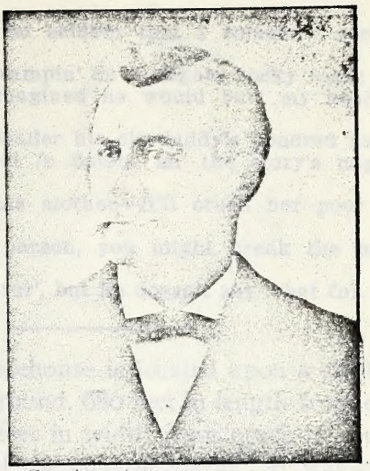
bill 104" means. But few, however, know its origin. It seems that both branches of the legislature of that session had agreed to adjourn at a certain hour. The senate finished its labors before the time came and adjourned, proceeding to the house to await its being dissolved. They found that it was yet wrangling over measures, and had passed 103 bills up to that time. Vic. Trevitt, a senator from Wasco county, who was of a very convivial nature, had stored in a convenient room some liquid refreshments for the purpose of drinking a parting good cheer to friends, proposed to his his colleagues that they accompany him and he would introduce them to "house bill 104." This bill has ever since been a fixture in the lgislature. Bills of a direct contrary nature have been introduced therein. In its case, the order is reversed, the law-makers being introduced to it.

In the present senate, comprising thirty members, eight of them are native-born Oregonians; one is a native of Washington; four are pioneers, and the remainder are late-comers, one of them being foreign-born. The house has a membership of sixty; fifteen are native sons; two were born in California; one in Washington; nine are pioneers, and the balance newer residents, five of them being foreign-born. A writer of verse, signing himself "D. N. M.," has contributed to the press the following lines concerning the legislature of Oregon:

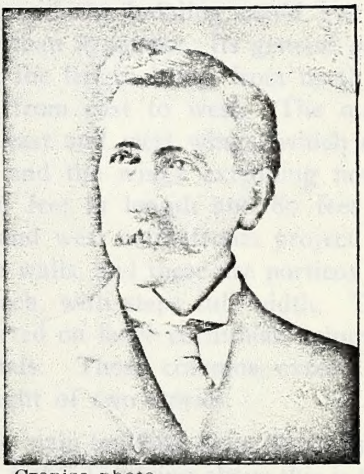
BILL'S IN TROUBLE.

I've got a letter, parson, from my son away out West,
An' my ole heart is heavy as an anvil in my breast
To think the boy whose futur' I had once so proudly planned,
Should wander from the path o' right an' come to sich an end.
I told him when he left us, only three short years ago,
He'd find himself a-plowin in a mighty crooked row.
He'd miss his father's counsels, an' his mother's prayers, too;
But he said the farm was hateful, an' he guessed he'd have to go.

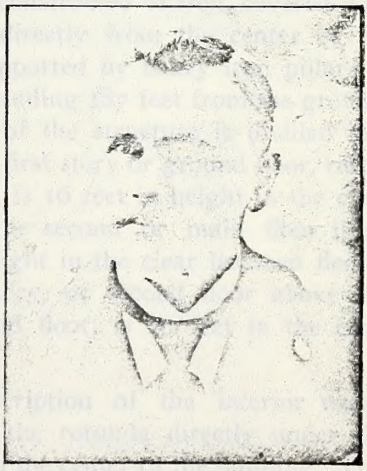
I know thar's big temptation for a youngster in the West,
But I believed our Billy had the courage to resist,
An' when he left I warned him o' the ever-waitin' snares
That lie like hidden serpents in life's pathway everywheres.
But Bill, he promised faithful to be keerful, an' allowed
He'd build a reputation that'd make us mighty proud.
But it seems as how my counsel sort o' faded from his mind,
An' now the boy's in trouble o' the very wustest kind.



Cronise photo.
SEN. N. H. LOONEY.
An Oregonian.



Cronise photo.
SEN. A. C. SMITH.



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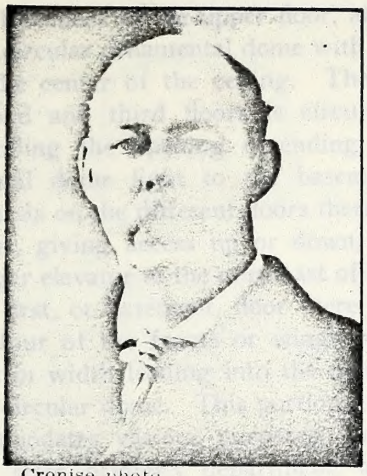
SEN. R. D. INMAN.



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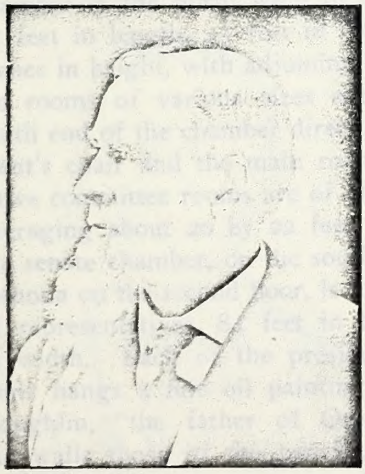
SEN. W. A. HOWE.

Cronise photo.
SEN. R. A. BOOTH.
An Oregonian.



Cronise photo.
SEN. GEO. W. PROEBSTEL.
A Pioneer of 1852.

His letters come so seldom that I somehow sort o' knowed
That Billy was a-trampin' on a mighty rocky road;
But never once imagined he would bow my head in shame
An' in the dust'd wailer his ole daddy's honored name.
He writes from out in Salem, an' the story's mighty short,
I just can't tell his mother—it'll crush her poor ole heart.
An' so I reckon, parson, you might break the news to her—
Bill's in the legislatur', but he doesn't say what fur.

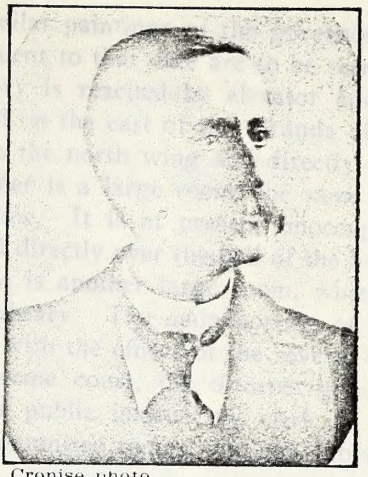
The present statehouse is located upon a slightly elevated plat of ground, 680 feet in length from east to west and 369 feet in width from north to south, near the center of the city of Salem. It was constructed in the main of brick. The corner-stone was laid in 1873, and the building could not be duplicated for less than $750,000. Its general plan is that of a cross, the length being from north to south, and width from east to west. The main fronts are on the east and west wings, which are 60 feet in width, and the wings extending north and south are 100 feet in length and 80 feet in width. The east and west main fronts project 40 feet from the main walls, and there are porticos 16 feet wide across each, with steps full width. The porticos are supported on large corinthian columns with heavy pedestals. These columns extend in one length the height of two stories.

The height of the main building from the ground to the cornice is 75 feet. Towering above this is the ornamental dome, constructed of iron, covered with copper. It rises directly from the center of the building, being supported by heavy iron pillars at the bottom and extending 187 feet from the ground. The general plan of the structure is divided into three stories. The first story or ground floor, called the basement floor, is 16 feet in height in the clear between floors. The second or main floor is 21 feet 6 inches in height in the clear between floors; while the third story, or second floor above the basement or ground floor, is 20 feet in the clear between floors.

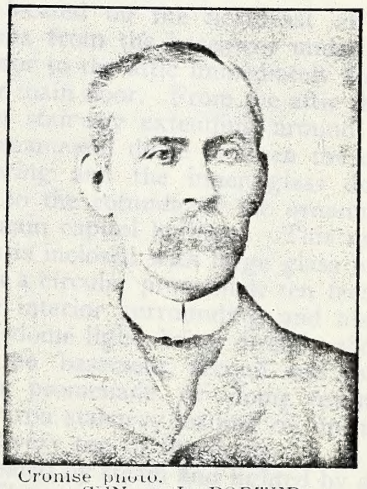
The general description of the interior would properly begin at the rotunda directly under the ornamental dome in the center of the building. This grand rotunda is 54 feet square, and extends from

the basement to the upper floor, above which there is a circular ornamental dome with glass dome light in the center of the ceiling. The rotunda on the second and third floors is circular in form surrounding the opening extending from the ornamental dome light to the basement. From this rotunda on the different floors there are grand staircases, giving access up or down, and also a passenger elevator to the northeast of the rotunda. On the first, or basement, floor there are entrances on all four of the fronts or wings, with hallways 12 feet in width leading into the main rotunda under the circular dome. This portion of the building accommodates various purposes, among them being the state printer's department, adjutant-general's office, state land agent, committee rooms, vaults, store rooms, etc.

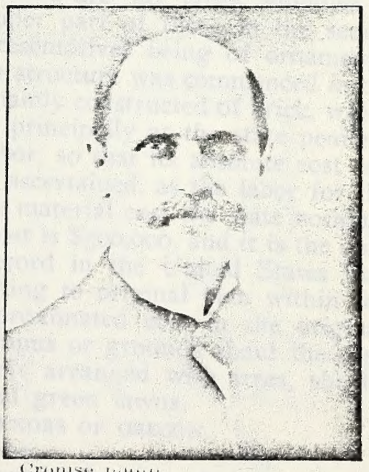
Access to the second story is by the two main entrances on the east and the west fronts. The cement steps leading up from the campus in front on the east and west sides, from the first story directly to the main entrances of the second floor, are 50 feet in width. On the second or main floor, leading from the grand rotunda, are the entrances to the senate chamber in the north wing and the hall of the house of representatives in the south wing. The offices of the governor and secretary of state are in the west of the main front or wing, and the office of the state treasurer and superintendent of public instruction in the east wing. The senate chamber in the north wing of the second floor is 75 feet in length, 45 feet in width and 21 feet 6 inches in height, with adjoining legislative committee rooms of various sizes extending across the north end of the chamber directly back of the president's chair and the main rostrum. These legislative committee rooms are of different dimensions, averaging about 20 by 22 feet. Directly opposite the senate chamber, on the south side of the grand rotunda on the second floor, is the hall of the house of representatives, 84 feet in length and 75 feet in width. Back of the president of the senate's chair hangs a fine oil painting of Dr. John McLoughlin, "the father of Oregon," and around the walls those of the provisional and territorial and state governments up to 1866. On the walls



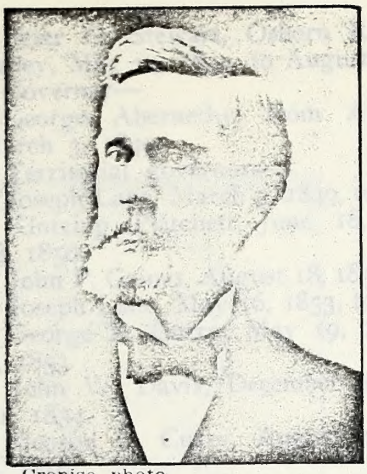
Cronise photo.
SEN. GEO. C. BROWNELL.



Cronise photo.
SEN. L. L. PORTER.



Cronise photo.
SEN. ALEX. SWEEK.
An Oregonian.



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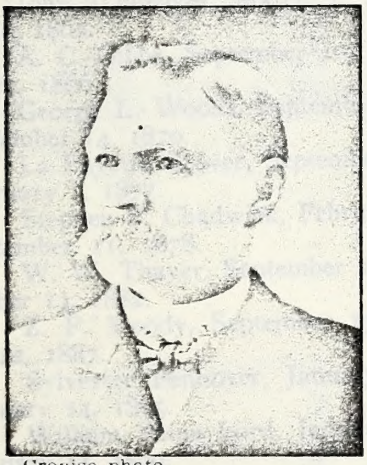
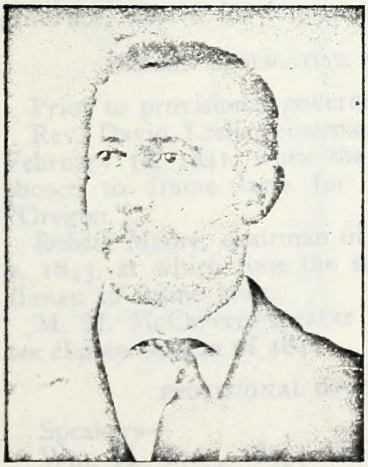
SEN. W. W. STEIWER.
An Oregonian.



Cronise photo.
SEN. A. C. MARSTERS.



Cronise photo.
SEN. L. J. ADAMS.

of the house similar paintings of the governors of the state subsequent to that date are to be seen.

The third story is reached by elevator and by stairways located on the east of the rotunda of the second floor. In the north wing and directly over the senate chamber is a large room, the same size as the room below. It is at present unoccupied. On the south and directly over the hall of the house of representatives is another large room, which is used as a state library. The main portion of this floor is taken up with the offices of the several justices of the supreme court, the attorney-general, superintendent of public instruction, clerk of the supreme court, committee rooms, and the supreme court chambers.

The elevator, located on the northeast of the main rotunda, runs from the basement under the first or ground floor to the attic immediately above the third or upper main floor. From the attic there is a circular iron stairway extending around the exterior of the ornamental dome between the outside copper covering and the inner glass dome light two stories to the rotunda of the ornamntal dome above the main capitol building. This main story of the dome is inclosed with large glass windows, and there is a circular promenade ten feet in width around the interior surrounding and about ten feet above the dome light, being directly above the rotunda on the basement, second and third floors. From this promenade or dome rotunda there is a circular iron stairway leading on up in a spiral form to the very top of the dome.

The capitol is heated by steam and lighted by gas and electricity There are 46 large windows in each story, the upper part of those in the senate and house of representatives being of ornamental stained glass. The structure was commenced in the year 1873, and is mainly constructed of brick, which was manufactured principally at the state penitentiary by convict labor, so that its absolute cost can never be definitely ascertained, as the labor for the manufacture of the material cost the state nothing. The approximate cost is $500,000, and it is the only state capitol on record in the United States that was finished according to original plan within the amount of the approximated cost in the original estimates. The campus or grounds about the capitol are appropriately arranged with trees, shrubs and flower beds and green lawns.

GOVERNORS OF OREGON.

Executive committee—

David Hill, Alanson Beers and Joseph Gale, July 5, 1843, to May 14, 1844.

Peter G. Stewart, Osborn Russell and W. J. Bailey, May 14, 1844, to August 3, 1845.

Governor—

George Abernethy, from August 3, -845, to March 3, 1849.

Territorial governors—

Joseph Lane, March 3, 1849, to June 18, 1850.

Kintzing Pritchett, June 18, 1850, to August 18, 1850.

John P. Gaines, August 18, 1850, to May 16, 1853.

Joseph Lane, May 16, 1853, to May 17, 1853.

George L. Curry, May 19, 1853, to December 2, 1853.

John W. Davis, December 2, 1853, to August 11, 1854.

George L. Curry, August 1, 1854, to March 3, 1859.

State governors—

John Whiteaker, March 3, 1859, to September 10, 1862.

A. C. Gibbs, September 10, 1862, to September 12, 1866.

George L. Woods, September 12, 1866, to September 14, 1870.

La Fayette Grover, September 14, 1870, to February 1, 1877.

Stephen F. Chadwick, February 1, 1877, to September 11, 1878.

W. W. Thayer, September 11, 1878, to September 13, 1882.

Z. F. Moody, September 13, 1882, to January 12, 1887.

Sylvester Pennoyer, January 12, 1887, to January 14, 1895.

William Paine Lord, January 14, 1895, to January 11, 1899.

Theodore T. Geer, January 11, 1899, present governor, elected for four years.

OREGON LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLIES.

Prior to provisional government—

Rev. David Leslie, chairman of the meeting of February 18, 1841, when the first committee was chosen to frame laws for the area known as "Oregon."

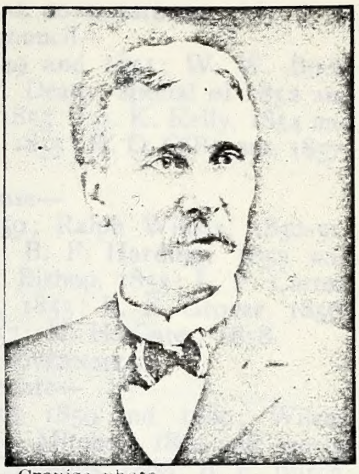
Robert Moore, chairman of the meeting of May 2, 1843, at which time the second committee was chosen to frame laws.

M. M. McCarver, speaker of the third committee chosen session of 1844.

PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT

Speakers—

Wm. H. Gray, 1845; M. M. McCarver, 1845; Robert T. Newell, 1845 and 1847; A. L. Lovejoy, 1846; Ralph Wilcox, 1848; and L. A. Rice, 1849.



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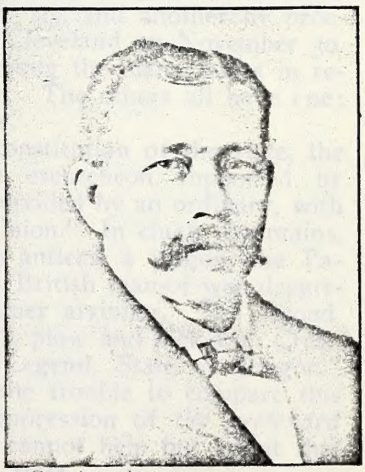
SEN. F. P. MAYS.
An Oregonian.

SEN. W. KUYKENDALL.
An Oregonian.



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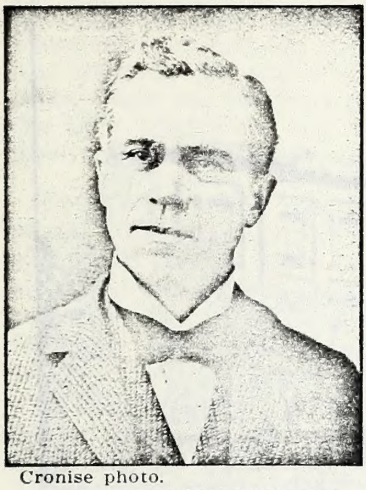
SEN. T. H. JOHNSTON.



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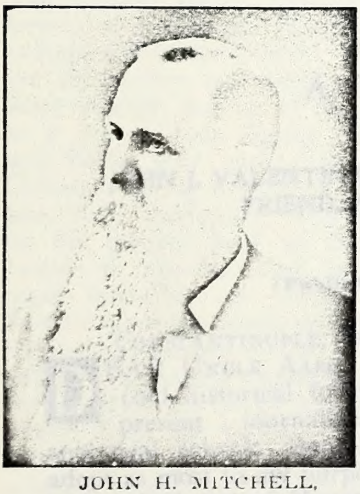
CHARLES W. FULTON,
President of the Senate.



JOHN H. MITCHELL,
United States Senator.

TERRITORIAL GOVERNMENT.

Presidents of the council—

Samuel Parker, 1849 and 1851; W. W. Buck, 1850 and 1851; M. P. Deady, special of 1852 and 1853; Ralph Wilcox, 1853; Jas. K. Kelly, 1854 and 1856; A. P. Dennison, 1855; H. D. O'Bryant, 1857; Charles Drain, 1858.

Speakers of the house—

A. L. Lovejoy, 1859; Ralph Wilcox, 1850-51; Wm. M. King, 1851; B. F. Harding, 1852 and special of 1852; Z. C. Bishop, 1853; L. F. Cartee, 1854; Delazon Smith, 1855; L. F. Grover, 1856; Ira F. M. Butler, 1857; N. H. Gates, 1858.

STATE GOVERNMENT.

Presidents of the senate—

Luther Elkins, 1858, 1859 and 1860; Wilson Bowlby, 1862; John H. Mitchell, 1864 and special of 1865; Thomas R. Cornelius, 1866; B. F. Burch, 1858; James D. Fay, 1870 and 1872; R. B. Cochran, 1874; John Whiteaker, 1876 and 1878; Sol Hirsch, 1880; W. J. McConnell, 1882; William Waldo, 1885 and special of 1885; Joseph Simon, 1889, 1891, 1895, 1897 and special of 1898; C W. Fulton, 1893 and 1901; T. C. Taylor, 1899.

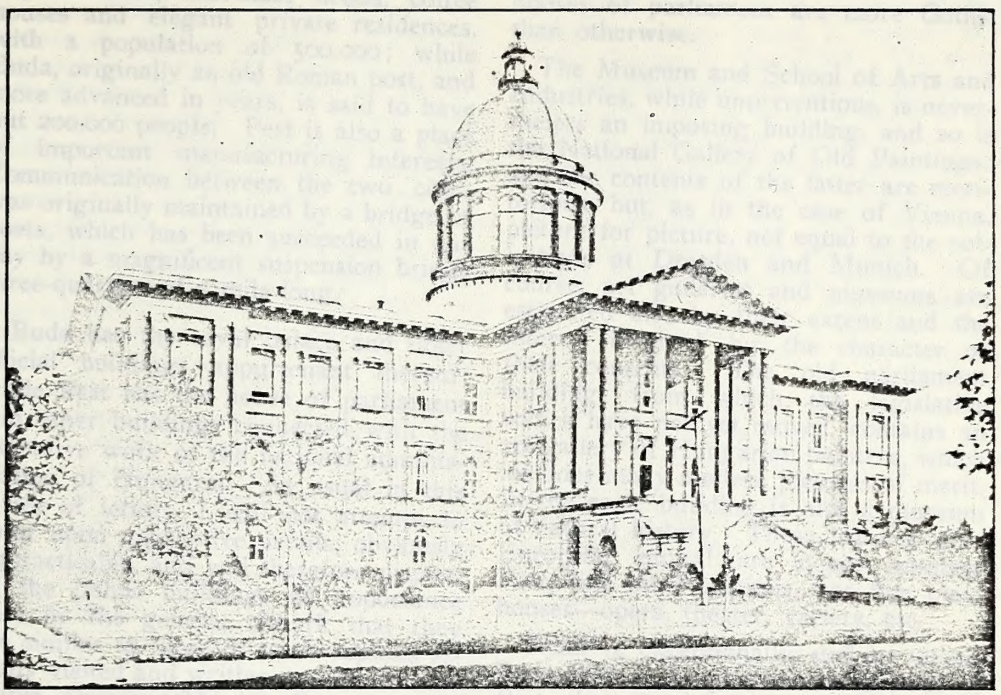
Speakers of the house—

W. G. T'Vault, 1858 and 1859; B. F. Harding, 1860; Joel Palmer, 1862; I. R. Moores, 1864 and 1865; F. A. Chenoweth, 1866; John Whiteaker, 1858; J. K. Weatherford, 1876; J. M. Thompson, 1878; Z. F. Moody, 1880; George W. McBride, 1882; W. P. Keady, 1885, special of 1885, and 1893; J. T. Gregg, 1887; E. L. Smith, 1889; Theodore T. Geer, 1891; C. B. Moores, 1895; not organized in 1897; L. V. Carter, special 1898, and 1899; L. B. Reeder, 1901.

Oregon has had more Thanksgiving days than any other state in the Union since it became a state. In 1893 it had one by proclamation of Governor Pennoyer on November 23, and another by proclamation of President Cleveland on November 30. It also stands alone among the many states in respect to a seal of state. The others all have one; Oregon is without one.

"According to the constitution of the state, the state seal *shall* be an escutcheon, supported by thirty-three stars, and divided by an ordinary, with the inscription, 'The Union.' In chief, mountains, an elk with branching antlers, a wagon, the Pacific ocean, on which a British man-of-war departing, an American steamer arriving. The second quartering with a sheaf, plow and pick-axe. Crest, the American eagle. Legend, State of Oregon." If any one will take the trouble to compare this description with the impression of *the pretended* seal now in use, they cannot help but admit that *Oregon has no seal of state.*

F. H. SAYLOR



Cronise photo.

THE CAPITOL OF OREGON.
First occupied in 1876.

A TOUR OF THE WORLD.

JOHN J. VALENTINE, PRESIDENT OF WELLS-FARGO & CO., WRITES HIS FRIEND, AARON STIEN, OF SAN FRANCISCO, AN ACCOUNT OF HIS TRAVELS.

(Published by Special Permission of Mr. Valentine.)

CONSTANTINOPLE, Jan. 27, 1900.

DEAR UNCLE AARON: Buda-Pest (old historical form, Buda-Pesth; present journalistic, Budapest; analytical eclectic, Buda-Pest, which I adopt as most to my purpose), the flourishing dual city of Hungary, five hours by rail from Vienna, over a flat agricultural and grazing country along the Danube, the total population of which is, say, 700,000, presents one of the many striking examples of the modern growth of cities in continental Europe. It lies on both sides of the Danube—Buda on the right or south bank, and Pest on the left or north bank. Up to thirty years ago these were independent municipalities, but they were then consolidated; since which time Pest has utterly outstripped its mate in growth and progress, and is now known as the New City, furnished with all the modern

improvements, first-class hotels, coffee houses and elegant private residences, with a population of 500,000; while Buda, originally an old Roman post, and more advanced in years, is said to have but 200,000 people. Pest is also a place of important manufacturing interests. Communication between the two cities was originally maintained by a bridge of boats, which has been succeeded in our day by a magnificent suspension bridge three-quarters of a mile long.

Buda has the royal palace and other official buildings appurtenant thereto; while Pest has the house of parliament and other buildings connected with the executive work of the national administration of Hungaria. As usual in this series of letters, I will not attempt to enter upon exhaustive details, obviously impracticable, and will therefore dispose of the public buildings of importance here by the general remark that they are similar to those of other capitals already visited and written up—as, for example, Dresden, Munich, Prague, et al. The buildings of prominence in Pest are all "modern," or rather, after the modern style—for in finish and interior decorations they incline to the Turkish. The rotunda under the dome of the houses of parliament shows really good examples of modern Gothic arches, while the decorations not only in that immediate vicinity, but in all the approaches to it are to some degree of the warm and florid kind characteristic of the Oriental; but as a whole it is, nevertheless, very handsome. The central hall on the ground floor of the palace of justice or supreme court, leading to the main stairways by which the upper floors are reached upon which the court-rooms are located, while by no means strictly Turkish or Moorish in style, is really admirable in its way. It differs widely from the finish in the supreme court building of Germany, at Liepzig, —is less subdued and staid, being highly ornate, and yet not gaudy. Externally the building, which is of sandstone, is distinctly Romanesque, while those of the department headquarters and the houses of parliament are more Gothic than otherwise.

The Museum and School of Arts and Industries, while unpretentious, is nevertheless an imposing building, and so is the National Gallery of Old Paintings; and the contents of the latter are meritorious, but, as in the case of Vienna, picture for picture, not equal to the collections at Dresden and Munich. Of course, art galleries and museums are estimated also by their extent and the interest inspired by the character of their contents. The old parliament building, from which the legislative bodies have not yet moved, contains an art gallery of Hungarian painters, which includes many modern pictures of merit. In the same building is also a museum of natural history. These features of a European capital are never missing. Pest, like other capitals, has fine play houses—opera, theater, variety, etc.

What is exceptionally striking about Buda-Pest is the phenomenal growth of Pest, that city having expanded within the last fifty years from an unimportant town to a handsome city of 500,000 people, as at present. Its chief industries are locomotive engine works, car works, glass works, and other manufactures connected with the heavier utilities. Two fine new streets, crossing each other at right angles about the center of the city —namely, Andrassy avenue and the boulevard—are worthy of especial mention because of the public spirit displayed by the citizens in constructing these fine thoroughfares at very great expense, increased by razing or razeeing old buildings and removing any other obstruction that happens to stand or lie in the way; as they are still engaged in doing about the parks of the city and on other streets. Andrassy avenue is paved with wooden blocks on a cement foundation, and no heavy vehicles or car tracks are permitted thereon; but in a tunnel underneath it is the underground electric railway, having twelve stations within four kilometers, or two and a half miles.

Within four miles out from Buda—an hour's drive by carriage—is the

famous "Hunyadi Janos" spring, the waters of which are known throughout the world. I was told that the present owner, who is a millionaire, bought the right of the spring from a farmer some forty years ago for 1,000 florins or $400: the purchaser, then a young man, borrowing part of the money to complete the payment. In the city itself is a large bathing establishment erected over two famous hot springs, whose waters have a natural temperature of about 105 degrees and 140 degrees Fahrenheit, respectively. Here I was shown a room the stone-walled bathing pool in which, it is alleged, was built by the Romans; and it seems not unreasonable to think so, as in all the country around about Buda are to be found stone tablets, slabs, etc., with Latin inscriptions, and other relics suggestive of the Roman occupation and the Eastern empire.

On the north or Pest side of the Danube the land is quite flat, while on the south or Buda side rise bluffs bearing much resemblance to those above the river Moldau at Prague, upon which stands the old Burg castle. The so-called castles or palaces at Buda are all new or in process of reconstruction, and are most imposing in appearance. The side of the royal palace in Buda overlooking Pest presents a perpendicular wall of magnificent masonry and architectural design three hundred feet high, owing to the steep and abrupt declivity on which that side of it rests. In the Danube, almost exactly midway between the two cities, is a pretty oblong island, called Margarethen; and the river—as muddy here as at Vienna—is spanned by three bridges.

As usual, wherever I find operas, and have time, I attend them. In Buda-Pest I heard two. First I went to the Hungarian opera-house, expecting an entertainment purely Hungarian, when, lo and behold! in the opening overture I detected "The Runaway Girl," by Hicks, presented a year ago at Daly's theater in New York, and I am free to say that the Hungarians put it on in finer style and sang it equally well; and the comedian—Courier—and his partner made a very good stagger at the Negro act that rendered famous James T. Powers and Mabel Gilman in New York. The singing was good, and the general presentation had a vim, a snap, a touch of go about it quite equal to the very best examples of American comic opera performance; and my observations abroad convince me that American comic opera equals the European article.

The following evening at the Royal opera-house "Traviata" was presented, with an Italian prima donna, Mme. Bianchi, as Violetta. The staging throughout was on a plane not excelled by any presentation of that opera I had ever witnessed, but the singing was uneven. The baritone, who sang that beautiful air, Di Provenza, was excellent; the prima donna had a highly cultivated voice and acted in the main with admirable good taste, and the tenor was of very considerable power and richness in some respects, but had the most execrable fault of gasping and catching his breath in a way distressing to the beholder.

As to the people of Buda-Pest: In outward appearance and dress they do not differ materially from those of Munich or Vienna. In all three of these cities some of the people array themselves in a sort of Tyrolese costume—short coats and brigand hats, with a feather. For the feather "any old thing" will do. The average of those one meets on the streets here are not unlike the Viennese either in respect to diversity of race and nationality, the population of Hungary being composed of Magyars, Slavonians, Croatians, Germans, etc.—altogether about a dozen languages or dialects are spoken within the kingdom. This heterogeneous people present some curious and intricate problems for sociologists and ethnologists. I have no facilities at hand to verify it, but my impression is that Genghis Khan, as well as Tamerlane, the Tartar, and Solyman and Bajazet, the Turks, and other rough-riders—to say nothing of Attila, the Hun, after a brother of whom it is thought Buda was named—one after another raided these parts

famous "Hunyadi Janos" spring, the waters of which are known throughout the world. I was told that the present owner, who is a millionaire, bought the right of the spring from a farmer some forty years ago for 1,000 florins or $500, the purchaser, then a young man, borrowing part of the money to complete the payment. In the city itself is a large bathing establishment erected over two famous hot springs, whose waters have a natural temperature of about 105 degrees and 120 degrees Fahrenheit, respectively. Here I was shown a room the stone-walled bathing pool in which it is alleged, was built by the Romans and it seems not unreasonable to think so, as in all the country around about Buda are to be found stone tablets, slabs, etc., with Latin inscriptions, and other relics suggestive of the Roman occupation and the Eastern country.

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(then forest wilds) under circumstances liable to produce racial complexities that would perplex the most learned savant to satisfactorily unravel. Napoleon's "Scratch a Russian and you'll find a Tartar," was not all a flight of fancy.

Leaving Buda-Pest at 1 A. M. by rail (steamers also are run all the way from here to Constantinople), I awoke the following morning at Belgrade; not a large town—probably 25,000 to 30,000 inhabitants—but the most important one in Servia. To a person who has made a trip to the Pacific coast over the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railway I can describe Servia as seen from the railway cars by saying that it is very similar to the Arkansas valley about La Junta and along to Trinidad, Raton, etc. The general elevation is, of course, not so great; but such as it is, the hills rise much as they do near the places named, in Colorado and New Mexico. Moreover, the houses are of brick or adobe, usually one story, plastered outside and whitewashed, and having red tile roofs. The people seen along the road do not look very different from natives of New Mexico, though the railway employes and some others have a slightly official air which distinguishes them from the common run.

At Nisch the train was apparently reversed—the engine being attached to what had been the rear—and thus made its way up the canon of the Maritza river, right along the stream, the cliffs or steep, rocky hills on either side rising to an elevation of about one thousand feet. After passing through several tunnels we emerged upon an open and comparatively level country — agricultural and grazing—resembling northern Nebraska or Dakota; and toward evening Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria, was reached, a city much the same as Belgrade in size and general appearance. Philippopolis, in Eastern Roumelia, was passed in the night; Adrianople, in the Turkish province of the same name, the following morning. Finally, we crossed the Golden Horn, and reached the Pera-Palace hotel, in Pera (that part of Constantinople lying mainly along the Bosphorus) before noon—thirty-four hours en route from Buda-Pest to Constantinople—of which latter city my next Budget will treat.

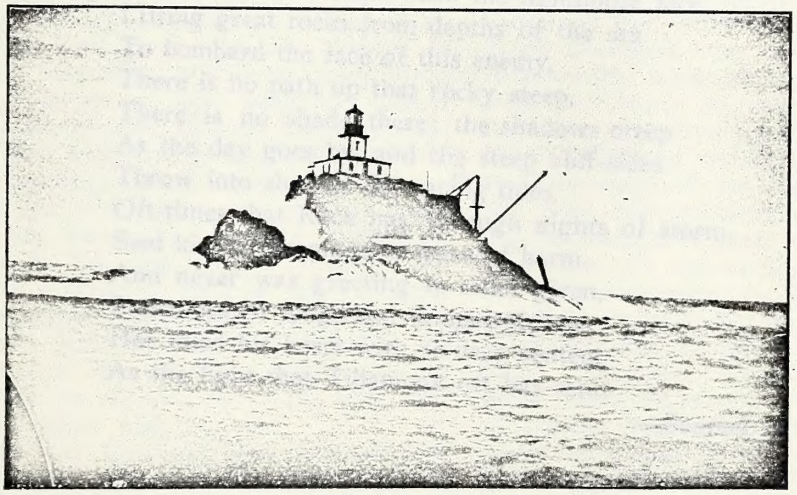
Wm. J. Valentine

* * *

The Douglas spruce, or Douglas fir, as it is sometimes called, was first discovered by David Douglas, who was sent out by a London society. It was named after him because he found it. Mr. Douglas also discovered the variety known as the Luck pine. He found a seed in an Indian's bullet pouch. He was eager to know what it was. The Indian told him where there were some trees. Douglas traveled two days and found only three trees. The branches were so far from the ground that he thought it would be easier to shoot a cone from the branches than climb the tree. The discharge of his weapon brought three Indians to the spot, and when Douglas looked around he saw three arrows aimed at him. He jumped behind a tree and threw away his gun, but kept his pistol. He parleyed with the Indians and finally bargained with them to get some cones for him. He then traveled leisurely until evening, when he built a fire and pretended to make preparations to camp. Instead of lying down and going to sleep, he traveled all that night and escaped from the Indians, who had followed him instead of getting the cones for him, as they had promised to do. After years of research and adventure, this most intrepid man came to a most untimely end. He was on one of the Hawaiian Islands and was walking through a forest looking up at the trees. He fell into a pit dug by natives for the purpose of capturing a wild ox. The ox was in the pit and gored poor Douglas to death. Thus ended the career of the man after whom the Douglas fir was named.

TILLAMOOK ROCK.

Waist deep, by the Western ocean's brim
Tillamook Rock stands, gray and grim;
Stern-faced and steep, beetling and high,
It rears its cliffs to the storm and sky;
The waves that beat and the surf that raves
Tell the old story of wrecks and graves.
Here came, long ago, Spain's caravel,
Driven to fate by the typhoon's hell;



TILLAMOOK ROCK AND LIGHT HOUSE.
Courtesy "Evening Telegram."

Here, long before, when the silent ocean
Answered no pulse to the world's commotion,
Wide lateen sails, from the Orient Land,
Drifted to wreck on this farthest strand.
But ever the ships of Old Spain found way
The Tilamooks crept from their sheltered bay,
Stealing to harbor, past cliffs high hewn,
Where Columbia's flood leaves its drift far strewn.
Facing the shores all their ocean front,
High mountain walls stand the storm's worst brunt;
While here and there comes a river through,
Cleaving its rift through the mountain view.

Jagged and rough, on the ocean brim,
The frowning shore line has sentinels grim,
Where the sea crabs climb, and the vagrant seal
Watch the swift salmon a-past them steal.
Standing outside of the surf's white spray,
Standing waist deep, as if daring the fray,
Tillamook Rock, through the darksome night,
Cheers the lone mariner with its light.
Far more welcome than gleam of star,
Seafarers watch for that ray from far;
And the lighthouse keeper is oft-times pent
In storm-swept tower, till the gale is spent.
Driving with wrath at the Rock's grim base
The sprays that dash wash the lighthouse face,
Lifting great rocks from depths of the sea
To bombard the face of this enemy.
There is no path up that rocky steep,
There is no shade there; the shadows creep
As the day goes by, and the steep cliff-sides
Throw into shadow the racing tides.
Oft-times that Rock has, through nights of storm,
Sent kindly gleanings to warn of harm.
And never was greeting to sailor given,
Storm-beaten long, and tempest-driven,
Has filled his heart with so deep content
As the light that Tillamook oft has sent.

—Samuel A. Clarke.

* * *

William Cannon, a Virginian, who came to the Pacific Northwest with the Astor expedition in 1810, is said to have been the first builder of a flouring mill on the Pacific coast, Vancouver, Wash., being the location where it was erected.

In 1839 he was there, and said to Dr. McLoughlin, chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company: "Governor, let me build you a flouring mill."

"A mill? A flour mill? Bless you, man, where will you get the burrs?"

"Make them out of the granite in the hill back of the fort," said Cannon.

"What power?"

"Cattle power."

The doctor consented, and Cannon went to work, constructing the frame of fir and the cogs and wheels of oak hardened by boiling the wood in seal oil, and cut the rough granite in proper shape and size with a cold chisel. When the mill was completed, oxen were yoked, and it was set to running, when the wheat was poured into the hopper, coming out as flour, the first of the genuine article of home manufacture to be milled. The people from far and near then in the country came to the fort to witness the event, and from that day forward the more primitive methods of grinding wheat was a thing of the past.

THE FUR TRADE IN THE PUGET SOUND COUNTRY AND THE "CHE-CHALES" COAST BETWEEN "SHOALWATER BAY" AND THE "QUENY-ULTH" RIVER.

A MAN was working for the company, under me, in the year 1860, I think. He was an Irishman, an old discharged soldier, a Mexican veteran. He was strong and hearty, and about fifty-five years of age. He was a shepherd, and had taken the place of an Indian herd, who were not allowed to show themselves anywhere away from the reserves or forts since the Indian war commenced. This old shepherd was, as 'twas with most of his kind, very fond of anything of an alcoholic character, and one evening, having arrived home to his, generally, cheerless habitation, was, to his surprise and pleasure, offered a bottle of stuff by his wife, and was pressed and coaxed to drink. He was a little shy at first, because the donor of the delightful drink was an Indian, an old admirer of his wife, and who, report said, etc., etc.

He was, however, soon persuaded to taste, and afterwards he didn't require any persuasion, and was soon in a drunken condition, and fell upon the floor in a stupor, from which he was soon awakened by agonizing stomach cramps. Poor fellow! It wasn't long before his sufferings became terrible to witness, and he soon breathed his last A sort of a sham inquest was held. Coroner, jurors and doctor went out to the house of the tragedy, and all were satisfied that the poor man had been poisoned with strychnine, but nothing was ever done; in fact, if I recollect aright, the result of the inquest was never made known to the public. I knew of other similar cases. One in particular, which occurred in 1874 or 1875. Two men, Englishmen, and one the man Kingdom I had with me upon this trip, were drinking at the home of one of them who was married to an Indian woman, who was (the woman) said to be a "hard case," although the mother of several children. During the carouse, these men were taken suddenly, violently ill with cramps and terrible distortion of the limbs, and it was plain to an intelligent man, one of the party present, that these men were suffering from strychnine poisoning. This man had once served as hospital steward at Fort Steillacoom, and he at once brought his knowledge of strychnine poisoning into play, and, administering antidotes, the sufferers were soon pronounced out of danger. It was, to the sober looker-on, quite amusing to see the movements, and listen to the words of these two men, when they were thought to be at death's door. "Kingdom," the runaway English sailor, made all manner of protestations of reform, and swore that he would never more touch the b—y stuff. "Gawd strike me blind if he would," and the other, who was an intensely ignorant man, who thought the state of Maine was in Ireland (a positive fact), said, between the spasms of pain, "He'd be danged if he'd quit. He'd have a dang sight more o' drinks yet afore he died," and, sure enough, he did; but two or three years after this happened he was, with his family, returning from Tacoma on the afternoon of the Fourth of July He was sitting at the end of the wagon, his legs hanging down, when the horses gave a jerk, pitched him out, and when he was picked up he was found to have sustained injuries about his neck which, in the course of two or three days, caused his death. The other man continued his habits of dissipation until death brought him up with a round turn. He was one morning found dead

in his bed from the effects of heart disease, brought about, no doubt, by his habits of intemperance. The other man referred to was the subject of some remarkable adventures, the most prominent of which was being the recipient of a pistol shot, an attempt to murder him. He had just left my house (he was working for me at the time) and was sitting upon the side of his own bed when a drunken half-breed, with whom he had quarreled slightly, came into the house, and without saying a word fired downwards at him, the bullet entering his chest, between the nipples, passed obliquely through his body and lodged against the backbone, near its end (the tail end), and it could plainly be felt there with the finger. He was carried to a neighbor's house, and I telegraphed to Olympia for a doctor, but we all present expected to see him breathe his last every minute, the wound seemed to us to be so certainly fatal, but he was alive when the doctor arrived, hurriedly, and after turning the patient upon his stomach, he pressed the skin near the end of his backbone, which made the bullet show very plainly. He then made a light cut with his knife, causing the bullet to pop right out, after a little manipulation with the fingers The doctor, an old army surgeon, told me to watch the man, and if blood appeared, he would surely die. The next morning I rode to see the patient (about five miles from my house) and I certainly expected to find him dead, but, to my intense surprise, he was sitting up in bed, smoking a pipe, and he said he felt very well! No blood had appeared, and he soon was in a condition to resume his drunken habits, but it wasn't long before he met with the fatal accident I have before described. The wound this man received was the most wonderful ever recorded in this part of the country, and its recipient fortunate to escape death so easily; that's what skilled men said. It ploughed obliquely right through his body, and how it escaped wounding vital organs, was a wonder to all who saw the patient immediately after he was shot. The would-be murderer was arrested and confined in the old Steillacoom jail, but before his trial, I think, he made his escape, and never more was heard of. I have occupied some time and space in telling this true story, but the act was of such an extraordinary character, and its results so unexpected, that I though it worthy of telling.

Returning to my story: With the assistance of my men I got the goods all opened and laid out in my temporary store to show to the best advantage, and as is usual with Indians, the first few days were devoted to looking at and pricing the goods, and before doing active business, which I fully expected to do, I determined to take a trip up the beach, and made arrangements with old John, who resided at the point, on the opposite side of the river (the north point), I think its American name is Damon's point, named after a man who formerly took a pre-emption or homestead claim, taking within its boundaries the point and its surroundings. Damon was not living there at that time. John owned several horses (Indian ponies) and I arranged with him to have one ready for myself the next day at about 2 P. M., and a horse each the next day for my two men, who were to follow me the next day and take care of the furs I expected to trade with the Indians at the Que-ny-ulth reservation. I ought to have mentioned that in consequence of these coast Indians having become very saucy and suspected of having murdered a white settler residing near the harbor, a detachment of about twenty United States soldiers from Fort Steillacoom, commanded by Lieutenant De Jester, were located on the Que-ny-ulth reservation, and had constructed there, at the mouth of the river, a blockhouse for protection from the Indians should they show any pugnacious signs, and a house for the soldiers to live in. The next afternoon John was on hand with his canoe, well manned, and the tide being favorable, we went across and arrived safely on the other side. The river at its mouth is about six miles in width, and sometimes crossing is dan-

gerous, as the current when running out is very strong, and if a boat or canoe is caught in the middle of the river when the tide is ebbing, the chances are that the boat with its crew will be carried across the bar and all hands drowned. I was told that such cases have happened more than once, and not many years ago a scow, laden with lumber, in attempting to cross was carried into the breakers, where the scow was capsized, and its crew of three hands were drowned. I went to John's lodge and got my horse, which I mounted and started off. The little brute was lazy and rough paced, and the saddle was a veritable instrument of torture. The road, as I have before stated, is across the sandy beach, and is one of the finest in the world until a few miles beyond the Copalis river, when it changes, and is, I think, one of the worst roads in the world. It is rocky and covered with large stones and gravel. In crossing the Copalis, which is about half the size of the Puyallup, I escaped, almost, getting a wetting, but in the middle I went into a hole and my horse almost had to swim for it. The middle bottom was V-shaped, but it was deep for only a short distance. If course, I got a wetting, but I soon made Copalis Jim's lodge, where I rested awhile and dried my clothes partially. Jim then was a dirty-looking fellow, and not very young, and in his lodge was an Indian squaw, and I have often wondered if she is the pretty girl "Nawanda" Mr. Bashford so prettily sings about in his poem about "Copalis Jim," sitting day after day in his iron cage fastened to a rock some distance from the shore hunting sea otter and lamenting the loss of "Nawanda." Jim had no cage in my day, but did his shooting from the shore, and it was very, very seldom that the poor fellow killed an otter. The roof poles of his lodge were hung around with sea lion bladders and stomachs (it looked to be that), containing seal and other kinds of fish oil, which the Indians on that coast used for food. The lodge was awfuly rank smelling, and I was very glad to get a whiff of fresh-smelling air outside. Jim was not a very talkative fellow, and I could not get much out of him about otter hunting, but after a good deal of talking I prevailed upon him to show me his sea otter skins. He had two, very fair skins, and I got him to promise to bring them to me at the point in the course of a few days, when I would give him a good price, either in money or goods for his skins. I always found it much harder work to trade furs from coast Indians than from white men. I left Jim's lodge, as the sun was getting rather low, and I expected to soon see the cabin of one of the white hunters which was upon the beach, but I rode some distance without finding it, and I began to fear that I would have to camp upon the beach or else ride back and beg a night's lodging of Jim; but I hated the idea of doing this, and another cause of anxiety was I had money on my person, and I thought the white hunters would guess that I had it, because a man on a sea otten buying trip must necessarily have money to enable him to buy skins. I well knew that some of these men bore rather hard reputations, and I thought how easy it would be for one or more of them to waylay me, and after making me helpless, before showing him or themselves, rob me of the money. Some three or four years prior to my visit a prominent man residing on the harbor or up the river had been murdered, and one of the otter hunters had been suspected as having committed the deed, but the murderer was never discovered. I thought of all these things, and just as I was seriously thinking of returning as far as Jim Copalis, I espied a light in the distance, and, whipping up my poor old horse, I soon came to a log house upon the beach at high-water mark, and knocking at the door, it was soon opened and I was kindly invited to enter, and, to my delight, I found the owner of the shack to be an acquaintance, an otter hunter named or nicknamed "Yank." There were two other men in the house, who were also hunters, and one was the man referred to above as being suspected, etc. I will say here about these men, the hunters I

perous, as the current when running out is very strong, and if a boat or canoe is caught in the middle of the river when the tide is ebbing, the chances are that the boat with its crew will be carried across the bar and all hands drowned. I was told that such cases have happened more than once, and not many years ago a scow, laden with lumber, in attempting to cross was carried into the breakers, where the scow was capsized, and its crew of three hands were drowned. I went to John's lodge and got my horse, which I mounted and started off. The little route was fair and rough paced, and the saddle was a veritable instrument of torture. The road as I have before stated is across the sandy beach, and is one of the finest in the world until a few miles beyond the Copalis river, when it changes, and is, I think, one of the worst roads in the world. It is rocky and covered with large stones and gravel. In crossing the Copalis, which is about half the size of the Puyallup, I escaped almost getting a wetting, but in the middle I went into a hole and my horse almost had to swim for it. The middle bottom was V-shaped, but it was deep for only a short distance. If course I got a wetting, but I soon made Copalis Jim's lodge, where I rested awhile, and dried my clothes partially. Jim then was a dirty-looking fellow, and not very young, and in his lodge was an Indian squaw, and I have often wondered if she is the pretty girl "Nawanda." She fluttered so prettily sings about in his poem about "Copalis Jim," sitting day after day in his iron cage learned to a rock some distance from the shore hearing sea otter and lamenting the loss of "Nawanda." Jim had to cage it or the cats but did his shooting from the shore, and it was very, very seldom that the poor fellow killed an otter. The roof of his lodge were hung around with sea lion bladders and stomachs (it looked to be that), containing cod and other kinds of fish oil, which the Indians on that coast used for food. The lodge was awfully rank smelling and I was very glad to get a whiff of fresh smelling air

had heard so much about, that I found them all to be decent and apparently respectable fellows. They were kind-hearted and generous, and they were pleased to see strangers and treated them to the best they had. Of course, they were always bent upon getting the best of a trade, and didn't think it a sin to sell or give an Indian liquor There were many other reputably good people in the country who were of the same way of thinking. "Yank" was quite an old man, apparently about sixty years of age, not at all large, but wiry and strong-looking. He had been a hunter nearly all his life, and devoted these last years of his life to hunting sea otter. He had lived for many years on the coast of California, near Crescent City, where he said sea otter were more plentiful than they were here, but the fur, he said, was not so good and brought a lower price in the market. He had eight skins now ready for me, if we agreed as to price, and he was only waiting to conclude the trade, get the money from me and be off to the (to him) much better country in every respect—California—the superiority of which he was never tired of talking about. After a good supper of venison steak, grouse and good coffee, to which we all did ample justice, Yank produced his skins, which proved to be a very fine lot, and we soon made a trade. I only made one offer—$40 each—which he at once accepted, and he insisted that I should buy his old rifle, one of the old-fashioned, heavy sort, which I gave him $10 for, and soon sold for double that amount to a connoisseur of ancient things. The other two men said they had twelve otters and a lot of smaller skins, which they agreed to take to the point and trade them there. We agreed to all meet at the point, John's lodge, on a certain day and hour, and all cross over together After concluding our trade talk, the three men filled their pipes and proceeded to tell hunting lies, and I acted the greenhorn so true to life that they were carried away and told such yarns, such extraordinary lies, that Baron Munchausen was a truthful "James" alongside of them. Old Yank soon showed his superiority, and the other two soon gave it up, and listened to the old and more seasoned liar with astonishment and incredulity plainly marked upon their faces. Notwithstanding the yarns these men told, I learned from them more about sea otters, their habits, and method of hunting, and hunting and trapping in general than in my long trading experience. These animals are getting to be scarcer and harder to get every year, and from being shot at so much keep a long distance from the shore, and it is useless for any man to attempt to hunt them unless he is a good shot and able to hit the mark at a distance of from two hundred to one thousand yards, and at that distance (the longer) the mark offered is so small and so much hidden by the surf that many shots are fired before one brings success. The hunter seldom can tell at once whether he has killed or not, as the poor brutes always sink to the bottom if killed, and the hunters are always patrolling the beach to be on hand when a dead carcass is washed on shore, and sometimes the carcasses are damaged by sharks and other savage fishes, oftentimes making the skin almost worthless and only fit to be cut and sold in strips. I recollect an occurrence which happened on one of my trading trips. I was alone and making the journey on horseback from the Que-ny-ulth reservation to Peterson's point, and when within a few miles of the Copalis river I saw something in the distance lying at just about high-water mark which I took for a piece of driftwood, and I thought no more of it and continued to jog along, my mind full of sea otters, Copalis Jim and Miss Nawanda, when looking up, I saw in the distance a man running as fast as he could towards the dark object upon the beach. It immediately occurred to me then that it was the dead body of an otter which had been washed ashore after being shot dead in the surf. I could easily have beaten the foot-runner and become the owner of the, perhaps, valuable skin, but I didn't want to. My business was to encourage these men to hunt, and I didn't for a moment

wish to deprive this man of the fruit of his daily and often unprofitable toil, so I allowed him to possess himself of the animal, which he had almost denuded of its skin by the time I rode up. The skin appeared to be in good condition, and had not been dead very long. I could not judge very well as to its real value until it had been stretched and dried, and the man, appreciating my action in allowing him to get ahead of me, promised to take the skin, with two or three others he had, to the point, which he did, and I gave him $40 in coin for it. Sea otters are to be found only in a few places upon the coast. I don't know anything about the coast north of Cape Flattery, but these animals are only found in two places south of Cape Flattery, from Point Greenville to Gray's Harbor, a distance of about twenty-five miles, and down south off the coast of Crescent City. It is very seldom that otters are killed south of the harbor and north of Point Greenville. This is very strange, but it is true, and there must be something between the two points particularly attractive to these animals and which prevents them from straying either above or below these points. The otter seems to be fond of playing in the surf, and when riding along the beach I have seen them playing like puppy dogs.

EDWARD HUGGINS.

* * *

The Indian name of the location upon which Salem stands was Chemekete. The meaning of the word has been variously interpreted. Some say "here we rest"; others "place of peace"; and again "council ground." It is known that the tribes visiting the location met each other there and that there was a cessation of any hostilities among them during the time. The Methodist missionaries who settled there in 1844 doubtless understood that it was a "place of peace," and to this interpretation was due the selection of the name of "Salem," which also has the same meaning.

In the fifties an effort was made to change the name again. Corvallis, meaning "heart of the valley," seeming to have the preference over other names being proposed, among the latter being Woronoco, Chemawa, Multnomah and Chemekete. About this date the proprietors of the townsite of Marysville were endeavoring to have the capital removed to their city, and thinking that the name of Corvallis more euphonious than Marysville, stole a march on Salem and secured the passage of a bill incorporating their place as Corvallis. Since then no move has been made to bring about a change of name.

Quite a departure has been made in the order of procedure since the Indian released his sovereignty over the location. Peace no longer reigns there, in so far as the several communities in the state are concerned, as our courts of last resort are situated there; our legislators battle over various bills they desire to become laws, and the fool, together with the vicious and those unworthy of confidence and trust, are confined there.

* *

One of the curiosities to be seen along the river front to the north of Portland is a house on wheels, and was built by its owner in that manner so that he could move it about without much trouble whenever he became tired of any one location or was ordered to move on. Several children have been born within its diminutive rooms, and the family seems as happy as though they dwelt in a stationary mansion on the Heights or in a floating house on the bosom of the Willamette. When its owner desires to move, a team is hired or borrowed, and the house on wheels is hauled to a new location. Thus, the site which might be a pleasant one in summer, can be vacated for a more desirable one in the winter. High water has no terrors for the inmates of the house on wheels, as the craft can be hauled to safer elevations at short notice.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

ROBERT A. BOOTH.

Was born in Yamhill county, Oregon, May 15, 1858, his parents being Rev. Robert and Mary Booth, who crossed the plains from Iowa to Oregon in 1852. A donation claim was selected on the Willamina, where the family remained until 1867, when a removal was made to Wilbur, in order that the children might have the advantages of a good schooling at the academy located at that place. From this institution our subject graduated in 1875. Wishing a business education he went to San Francisco, and attended the Heald's business college, graduating therefrom in 1879. On his return to Oregon he was located at Yoncalla for six years, engaging there in merchandising and milling. He then removed to Drain where he was connected with the normal school of that place, one year as assistant principal and two years as principal. In 1888 he went to Grants Pass and accepted the position of bookkeeper for the Sugar Pine Door & Lumber Co., of that city. In 1895 he succeeded to the management of the company and still retains the position. In 1897, in conjunction with John F. and James H. Booth (his brothers), and G. H. Kelly, all native sons of Oregon, he organized the Booth-Kelly Lumber Co., in Lane county. They began with a capital of $50,000, but such has since been increased to a million, and it is all paid up. From this one must know that the enterprise is one of great magnitude.

In 1889 he organized the First National bank of Grants Pass and was its cashier for ten years, and is now its president. He was married May 15, 1881, to Miss Clintona LaRaut, a native daughter of the state, whose parents, Narcisse and Amy LaRaut, came across the plains in the early fifties. They have three children living, two sons and a daughter. Politically Mr. Booth is a republican. He was elected to the senate as a joint senator for the counties of Douglas, Josephine and Lane in June, 1890.

THEDORIC CAMERON.

This well-known pioneer to our state was born at Petersborough, New York, June 21, 1829. In 1839, with his parents, he removed to Iowa, where he grew to manhood on a farm. In 1852 he crossed the plains, locating in Southern Oregon, engaging in farming and mining for about ten years, when he began merchandising in Uniontown, Jackson county. This avocation, as well as dealing largely in mines, and mining properties, he conducted until 1892, when he retired from active business with ample means for future wants and removed to Jacksonville. In 1885 he represented Jackson county in the lower house during the regular and special sessions of that year, and in 1891-93 as state senator. In 1900 he was again elected senator from the same county. Since his making Jacksonville his home he has served many terms as councilman. He has always been deeply interested in the public school system and encourages all endeavor tending to upbuild that important adjunct to any communitie's progress. Politically he is a republican.

He was united in marriage on March 3, 1892, with Mrs. Mary Krouse, the fruits of the union being one son a bright and promising lad who has been one of the pages of the senate during the present session.

Mr. Cameron is in no sense a politician, his address, conservative views and fine business qualifications being the cause of his preferment as a servant of the people. The office in his case ever sought the man.

A. C. MARSTERS.

Senator Marsters was born at Le Suer, Minnesota, October 29, 1859. He was educated in the public schools and was variously employed thereafter until 1868, when he went to California. In that state he was located at several places, principally in the northern part, and during the time learned the drug business. In 1881 he removed to Roseburg, where he opened a drug store, which he has continued to operate to the present time. Of that city he has been mayor for two terms, and has contributed much support to the public schools therein. He was united in marriage on September 7, 1887, with Miss Ida Mitchell, a native of Missouri. They have one child, a son. He was elected a state senator for Douglas county in 1900. He is a republican in politics.

NORRIS H. LOONEY.

A native son of Oregon, whose parents, Jesse and Ruby (Bond) Looney, were among the earlier pioneers to our state, having came across the plains in 1843. At such time the family consisted of six children, and they, together with those subsequently born, have been closely identified with the well being of the state and are acknowledged to be among the most respected of its population. The family settled upon a claim near Jefferson, Marion county, and there the father still resides,

the mother living until the spring of 1900 when she passed from earth, greatly mourned by her family and hundreds of friends. In 1846 the father represented Champoeg, now Marion county, in the Provisional Government assembly. The mother was of Revolutionary parentage. Upon their Marion county homestead our subject was born, June 7, 1851. He was educated at the Willamete University, and again returned to the place of his birth, 320 acres of which he is now the owner. While he gives his attention in the main to farming, he is largely interested in dairying interests.

Senator Looney was united in marriage, January 17, 1878, with Miss Harriet, daughter of Sam'l A. and Harriet T. Clarke, the former crossed the plains to California in 1849, coming to Oregon in 1850, and the latter came via Panama with her relations, Capt. and Mrs. Hiram Smith, in 1851. Mr. Clarke was descended from Revolutionary stock, and for years was one of the leading journalists of Oregon, as well as largely identified with enterprises tending to its development. He now resides in Washington, D. C. The ancestry of Mrs. Clarke can also be traced back to those who landed from the Mayflower at Plymoth Rock.

Mr. and Mrs. Looney have a family of three children who, like themselves, were born in Oregon. The sons being 22 and 20 years of age, and the daughter 17 years old. Mr. Looney is a republican. He was elected senator from Marion county at the June election, 1898.

ROBERT D. INMAN.

Robert David Inman was born in Onio, August 11, 1853. Shortly after the family was broken up through the death of his father, when Robert was thrown upon his own resources. In 1865, when but twelve years of age, he joined a company of emigrants bound for the Pacific Northwest, and with them crossed the plains. He was in Washington and Oregon until he arrived at the age of sixteen when he joined a circus combination, remaining with such for a couple of years. Tiring of that sort of an existence he came to Portland and settled down to work. His first knowledge of the sawmilling business was acquired with the Willamette Steam Saw Mill, securing employment with that concern in 1868, and remained with it for seven years. He then helped to organize the North Pacific Lumber Company, and remained therewith until 1890, when, in company with Johann Poulsen, the Inman-Poulsen mill and business was established, now incorporated. This is one of the largest enterprises of its kind on the Pacific coast. Mr. Inman is president of the company. He has been a member of the Portland city council; water committee; chamber of commerce and board of trade. He was elected to the lower house of the legislature in 1892, serving during the session of 1893, and was up to that time the only democrat who had been elected to the legislature from Multnomah county for twenty years. At the election of 1900 he was elected to the senate for four years on the citizens ticket. During the session just closed he received the democratic complimentary vote for U. S. senator for several days. He was married August 12, 1857, to Miss Francis L. Guild, daughter of Peter and Elizabeth Guild, pioneers of 1847, and who were among the earlier residents of Portland, their donation claim now being within the city limits. Mr. and Mrs. Inman have a family consisting of two daughters.

JAMES E. HUNT.

One of Portland's prominent business men, was born at Naperville, Illinois, May 29, 1852, and was educated in the public schools of the place of his nativity. His father carried on the hardware business, and our subject assisted him therein until attaining his majority. For the next 13 years he followed the occupation of travelling salesman. In 1890 he came to Oregon, locating in its metropolis, where he opened a hardware house, which he still conducts with success. He was married November 12, 1879, to Miss Addie M. Chapman. They have two children, a son and a daughter. Mr. Hunt was police commissioner of Portland from July, 1898, to July, 1900. At the June election of 1900 he was elected to the state senate, representing Multnomah county on the citizens ticket. Politically he is a republican.

SIMEON E. JOSEPHI, M.D.

Is a native of New York city, having been born there December 3, 1849. There he received his education, chiefly in the public schools, graduating from the grammar department thereof in 1863. He then entered what is now known as New York college, pursuing his studies there for a time. In September, 1866, he went to San Francisco, via the Nicaragua route, and in January, 1867, he arrived in Portland and began the study of medicine in the old Oregon hospital for the insane, to which was attached, at that time the Multnomah county hospital. After devoting his spare moments in study for a few years, during which time he was employed in the banking house of Stephens & Loryea. Dr. Josephi entered into general practice in Portland, and so continued until May, 1886, when he was elected superintendent of the Oregon insane asylum. In this position he continued until July, 1897, when he resigned, owing to the expressed wish of the democratic board

of trustees to fill the position of superintendent with a member of its own party. Returning to Portland, he has since resided there devoting his time to the practice of medicine. He has held several professorships in the medical department of Willamette University, severing his connection therewith upon the organization of the medical department of the State University. In this institution he holds an important position as a professor, and has been and is now the dean of the faculty. He is also a member of the various medical societies of his school in the state. His wife was a niece of Hiram and Hannah Smith, old pioneer residents of Portland. They have three children living, all of whom are girls. He is a republican, and was elected by that party to the state senate from Multnomah county at the special election held in November, 1898, to fill a vacancy.

W. KUYKENDALL, M. D.

Dr. Kuykendall came from a parentage which emigrated to Oregon in 1852, these were John and Malinda Kuykendall. On their arrival, they passed the first winter at Oregon City, and in the spring of 1853 removed to the Umpqua valley, locating near Roseburg, Douglas county. The home in 1855 was at Wilbur, in the same county, and here the doctor was born, March 1, 1855. He acquired his education at the old Umpqua Academy at Drain, and then went to San Francisco for a medical schooling graduating from the Cooper Medical College of that city in 1878. For ten years subsequently he practiced his profession in Douglas county, and then removed to Eugene, where he has since continued to reside, still following the healing art in that city with eminent success. He has held the professorship of gynecology in the medical department of Willamette University for the past four years, and is identified with the various medical associations of the state. He has also been grand physician of the Women of Woodcraft for the Pacific coast since the organization of that order. In 1897 he was elected mayor of Eugene and, in 1898, a senator from Lane county for the term of four years. His wife is a native daughter of the state. Her maiden name was Miss M. A. Alyson. They have six children, four boys and two girls.

CHARLES W. FULTON.

Mr. Fulton was born August 24, 1853, at Lima, Ohio, where he remained until 1855, when with his parents, he removed to Harrison county, and in 1870 to Pawnee county, Nebraska. He received his education in the public schools that were near his Iowa home and at the Pawnee City academy. In 1873 he began the study of law, and was admitted to the bar in 1875. In the same year he came to Oregon, arriving at Portland about broke. Nothing daunted, however, he went to Albany, where he heard of a vancancy in a school near Waterloo, about eighteen miles distant. Mr. Fulton walked there, secured the school, walked back to Albany, passed his examination, secured his certificate and taught for one term at $40 per month and board around. He ten went to Astoria and commenced the practice of law, where he has since resided, and has succeeded in building up a lucrative business.

Politically, Mr. Fulton is a republican. He as elected joint senator from Clatsop, Columbia and Tillamook counties in 1891 and state senator from Clatsop county in 1898. At the session of 1893 he was chosen president of the senate, and was likewise honored at the present session. He was married September 5, 1878, to Miss Ada Hobson, a native daughter of Oregon. The parents of Mrs. Fulton were John and Dianna (Owens) Hobson, both of whom came to Oregon in 1843, but were not married until after their arrival here. The emigration of 1843 were the first to bring wagons to the Willamette valley. Messrs. Hobson and Owens being two out of four to do so. Mr. and Mrs. Fulton have one child, a son.

W. A. HOWE.

Senator Howells, a native of Massachusetts, born October 12, 1859, He came from a family prominent in the affairs, both public and private, of that state. His father was a prominent railroad man and merchant. He received his education in Harvard University, graduating in 1881. After being in business in New York for a year, he, in company with a classmate, came to Oregon and started in the stock business, purchasing 1,000 acres of land for this purpose. This property Mr. Howe still owns. He opened a general merchandise business at Carlton in 1888 and conducted it successfully for a number of years. He represents Yamhill in the state senate and was elected by the republicans of that county in 1898.

THOMAS HUSTON JOHNSTON.

There is not a more popular citizen in Dufur than "Houst" Johnston. He possesses all those admirable traits of character which contribute to the widest social and business success, and anything he identifies himself with is always a "go." He furnishes it with a vim and snap which is his strongest characteristic, and which has tended to put him to the "front" among business men in this state. Born in Centerville, New Brunswick, September 30, 1853, spending the early portion of his life there; moved to California in 1876, and to

Oregon in 1878. He was engaged for three years in fishing and merchandising at The Dalles in a small way; then entered the employ of Wingate & Co., with whom he remained three years. Having saved some money, and recognizing the desirability of Dufur as a business point, in connection with his brother, George, established himself in business there. He also owns a fine farm and stock ranch. He was postmaster for ten years, member of the council for four, member of the school board for six, and clerk of the board for two. Mr. Johnston married December 6, 1883, Miss Laura Krouse, of The Dalles, a native daughter of Oregon, her parents being Geo. and Emma Krouse, pioneers of 1847. The fruits of this marriage has been two daughters. Mr. Johnston is a republican. He was elected joint senator from Sherman and Wasco counties in 1900, and has two more years to serve.

THOMAS M. DIMMICK.

Senator Dimmick was born in Lamoil, Bureau county, Illinois, September 20, 1849, and crossed the plains with his parents, Ziba and Cynthia Dimmick, in 1853. On their arrival they settled in the Umpqua valley, and the father became identified with the publication of the Umpqua Gazette, published at Scottsburg, one of the earlier newspapers of the state. He served through the Indian war of 1855-6 as a first lieutenant and participated in many sanguinary engagements with distinction. After acquiring a public school education in the schools of that date, our subject learned the tanners trade, when he removed to Marshfield and established a tannery and has since conducted it with flattering success. He was married September 11, 1872, to Miss Fannie P. Lyons, a native of Kentucky, who crossed the plains with her parents, Daniel J. and Virginia Lyons, in 1853. The family consists of five sons and one daughter. Mr. Dimmick was elected to the state senate on the republican ticket as a joint senator from the counties of Coos and Curry in June, 1900.

FRANKLIN P. MAYS

Is a native born Oregonian. His birth took place on a Lane county farm on May 12, 1855, his parents being Robert and Lodemma Mays, pioneers of 1852. Until he was 17 his opportunities for acquiring an education were limited to the country schools, but he then entered Willamette University, from which he graduated in 1876. He began the study of law in 1877, and was admitted to the bar in 1880. He established himself in The Dalles, where his father had removed in 1858, in the practice of his profession, remaining there until 1893, when he received the appointment of U. S. district attorney and removed to Portland. He is the first native son of Oregon to fill this important position. He was married January 31, 1884, to Miss Genevieve G. Wilson. They have two children. The father of Mrs. Mays was the late Judge Jos. G. Wilson, ex-congressman from Oregon, a pioneer of 1852, and her mother, prior to her becoming Mrs. Wilson, was a Miss Elizabeth Millar, who came to Oregon via Cape Horn, with her parents in 1851.

Mr. Mays was elected senator on the citizens ticket from Multnomah county in 1900. Politically he is a republican. His father represented Wasco county in the house as a democrat in 1860, but was afterwards a republican.

JAMES W. MORROW

Was born near Steilacoom, Washington, May 5, 1859. His father was Jackson L. Morrow, a pioneer of 1853; an Indian war veteran; Mayor of LaGrande; treasurer of Union county; representative from Umatilla county in 1876 and 1885. During the latter session, Morrow county, which was named after him, was created. He married Miss Nancy McEwen, who came across the plains with him.

Our object was educated in the public schools; in early years assisted his father in the mercantile trade, first at La Grande and then at Heppner; elected for three terms as county clerk of Morrow county; studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1898. Besides practicing his profession at Heppner, he has large property interests therein and owns an extensive stock ranch near there. He was married in December, 1885, to Miss Katie Rea a native of Nebraska. They have two children, a son and daughter. Politically he is a democrat. He was elected to the senate as joint senatro from the counties of Grant, Harney and Morrow in 1898.

GEO. W. PROEBSTEL,

Son of Jacob and Margaret Proebstel, pioneers of 1852. He was born in Clay county, Missouri, March 16, 1842, and came across the plains with his parents, first settling in Clarke county, Washington. He was a member of the Washington rifles during the Indian uprising of 1855-6, furnishing his own outfit, and has never received any remuneration from the government for his services. In 1863 he endeavored to find his fortune in the Idaho mines, remaining there five years. Returning to Clarke county, he located a homestead upon which he remained until 1878, when he removed to Weston, Oregon, and there became interested in the conduct of a large flouring mill. Four years subsequently this was burned, and a year after this he embarked

in the hardware business, an avocation which has brought him very satisfactory returns, and which he now continues. He has been intimately connected with the welfare of Weston, serving as school director, councilman, and as mayor, for several terms. He is also a director and vice-president of the Bank of Weston.

He was married August 10, 1865, to Miss Mary A. Danphoofer, who came across the plains with her parents in 1854. They have eight children. Two of the sons were members of the Second Oregon, and did valiant service in the Philippines while the regiment was in those islands.

He was elected state senator on the republican ticket from Umatilla county in 1898, serving through the special session of that year, the regular session of 1899 and the present session.

BENJAMIN F. MULKEY.

This gentleman is a native of Illinois, and was born July 26, 1862. Ten years later he came to Oregon, settling near Eugene. He graduated at the Monmouth Normal school in 1887, and by profession is a teacher. From 1887 to 1892 he had charge of the Bethel Academy, and in the latter year was president of the Polk county teachers' association. In 1897 he was chosen one of the faculty of the State Normal school, at Monmouth., and since then has been professor of mathematics and physiology in that institution. Politically he is a republican, that party electing him county clerk of Polk county in 1892 and again in 1894, and as state senator in 1896 and 1900.

He was first united in marriage September 15, 1885, with Miss Tillie E. Parks, who was born in Lane county, April 3, 1866, her parents being John W. and Margaret Parks. Her father was a pioneer of 1847 and her mother of 1853. She died March 2, 1897. Two daughters and one son were the fruits of this union. Mr. Mulkey was again married October 18, 1899 to Miss Constance Hawley, who was also an Oregonian. Her parents, John H. and Eliza (Mulkey) Hawley being pioneers, the former coming to the state in 1844 and the latter in 1853. Mr. Hawley was representative from Polk county in 1882. Mr. Mulkey has made his home in Mounmouth since 1897.

JOHN D. DALY

Was born in New York city fifty years ago. In early days he moved to California, and in 1878 he came to Oregon, locating at Newport, on Yaquina bay. Mr. Daly represented Benton and Lincoln counties in the legislature of 1895 as joint representative, and in 1898 he was chosen joint senator for that district. Mr. Daly is now a resident of Corvallis. Senator Daly is the author of the well-known Daly school law, which was enacted by the legislature of 1899. He is a republican.

ANDREW C. SMITH, M. D.

Dr. Smith was born in Richland county, Wisconsin, July 14, 1856, and in 1864 came to Portland, Oregon, with his parents. In Portland, Andrew attended the public schools and finished his education in St. Michael's college, and upon going to the Golden state in 1874 he began the study of medicine at the Cooper Medical College of San Francisco, graduating therefrom in 1877. From this time until 1880 he served in the medical corps of the United States army as assistant surgeon. From 1880 to 1888 he practiced his profession at Amador City, Cal., when he went East and to Europe for further study in the medical schools and hospitals. Returning to the Pacific coast, he located in Portland in 1891. He is an ex-president of the Portland Medical Society and of the State Medical Society; is one of the instructors of the medical department of the State University, and is also the president of the Hibernia savings bank of Portland. Politically he is a republican. He was elected senator from Multnomah county in June, 1900.

WILLIAM H. WEHRUNG.

Senator Wehrung was born in Washington county, Oregon, March 22, 1861, his parents being Henry and Mary C. (Emerick) Wehrung. The former came to the state in 1850, and the lattetr in 1847. The early youth of our subject was passed on his father's farm which adjoins Hillsboro, and acquired his education in the public schools of that place. He learned the cabinetmakers' trade, and from 1879 to 1882 followed that avocation. For several years prior to this latter date his father conducted a furniture store, making in the earlier years the greater portion of the furniture, but at this time he engaged in the mercantile trade, taking William H. into partnership with him. Subsequently, another son, Gus, was admitted to the firm, which is now known by the name of H. Wehrung & Sons, and is the largest mercantile concern in Washington county. In 1898 our subject was appointed a member of the state board of agriculture for a term of three years, and was elected president thereof, and at the expiration of the term he was re-elected by the board to succeed himself. He is also a member of the state horticultural society and other institutions of like tenor. Politically he is a democrat. He was elected senator on the union ticket in Junue, 1900. Washington county usually goes republican. He was married June 25, 1885, to Miss Mary Boscow, also born in Washington county, her parents being Peter and Rebecca Boscow. They have two daughters.

WINLOCK W. STEIWER.

Senator Steiwer is a native son of this state. He was born on a farm situate in Marion county, August 7, 1852. His father, Frederick Steiwer, came to Oregon with the emigration of 1852. His mother, prior to her marriage with his father, was a Miss Susan Looney, who came across the plains in 1843 with her parents, Jesse and Ruby Looney. Our subject obtained the rudiments of his education in the common schools near his home, then attending Willamette University. Finishing his course of study in 1871, he went to Eastern Oregon and engaged in stock-raising, with great success. Selling out his interests in the herds he owned, he located at Fossil, Gilliam county, where he began merchandising on an extensive scale, a business he is now conducting. He was wedded to Miss Annie J. Hoover, July 14, 1886. She was the daughter of Thos. B. and Mary J. Hoover, pioneers of the early fifties. They have two sons and three daughters. The senator has served as county commissioner and county judge of Gilliam county; was senator during the sessions of 1893 and 1895, representing the counties of Gilliam, Sherman and Wasco, and re-elected in 1898 as joint senator for the counties of Gilliam, Grant, Sherman, Wasco and Wheeler.

ALEXANDER SWEEK

First saw the light of day at Bridgeport, Washington county, Oregon, on August 6, 1861, his parents being John and Maria Sweek, pioneers of 1852. He secured his education at Pacific University, Forest Grove. In 1885 he concluded to fit himself for the bar, and came to Portland to study. He was admitted in October, 1889, and at once entered upon the practice of his profession. In 1896 he was elected municipal judge of Portland, in which office he served one term. In June, 1900, he was elected joint senator from the counties of Multnomah, Washington and Columbia. The judge being a democrat, and the counties named, as well as the city of Portland, being very largely republican, attests his popularity therein. At the present time he is unmarried. He is a member of Abernethy's Cabin, Native Sons of Oregon, the Red Men, Elks and Knights of Pythias.

JUSTUS WADE

Was born in Mononghehala county, Virginia, September 27, 1843, and came west to Wayne county, Iowa, with his parents in 1852, living there until 1864, when he came to Oregon in an immigrant mule train, coming up through Nevada and settling in the Grand Ronde valley. He returned to Iowa in 1867, where he farmed until 1874, when he came back to the Grand Ronde valley, where he cast anchor permanently. He engaged in farming and stock-raising until twelve years ago, when he went into merchandising at Summerville, and has continued in that line up to the present. Mr. Wade was nominated as a populist for joint senator in 1896 from Union and Wallowa counties, and was elected, serving during the session of 1897, the special of 1898 and that of 1899. In 1900 he was elected senator from Union county on the democratic-peoples ticket for another term of four years. He was united in marriage March 12, 1868, with Miss Mary E. Conner. They have four children—three daughters and one son.

JOHN N. WILLIAMSON

Representing the counties of Crook, Klamath, Lake and Wasco, as joint senator, is a native Oregonian. He was born in Lane county, November 8, 1855, his parents being Joseph and Minerva Williamson, pioneers of 1853. In 1864 his parents moved to Salem, remaining there until 1876, their son in the meantime attending the Willamette University. In the latter year a removal was made to Eastern Oregon, the new home being Prineville. Here Senator Williamson has been connected with journalism and has served as sheriff of his county. He was elected represenative from Crook county in 1888 and again in 1898, and joint senator of the counties above named in 1900. He is a republican. His wife was a Miss Sarah V. Forest, who was born in Polk county June 10, 1858. Her father, Moses Forest, had crossed the plains with his family some few years previously. Their family consists of three daughters.

E. D. BRIGGS,

Republican joint representative for Douglas and Jackson counties, was born at Franklinton, N. Y., July 19, 1854. His life up to the age of seventeen was passed on a farm. At that time he began teaching school, then entered Cook academy, at Havana, N. Y., where he completed his course. He was elected principal of the Havana Union school in 1895, and while thus employed studied law. He then removed to Cobbleskill, N. Y., where he continued his legal studies until the spring of 1878, when he removed to Minnesota. In 1890 he came to Oregon, locating in Ashland, where he now resides, practicing his profession. He was elected to the house of representatives on the republican ticket.

JACOB CLEM.

This genteleman was born in Indiana, December 2, 1841. He was raised on a farm and acquired his education in the public schools near his home. In 1865 he went to Missouri, engaging in various occupations until 1856 when he removed

to Oregon, locating in Linn county. Here he gives attention to farming and fine stock raising. He was raised a democrat; was a leader of the farmer's alliance movement and then became a populist. He was elected senator from Linn county on the fusion ticket as a people's party man, in 1898, for the term of four years. He was married November 24, 1879, to Miss Minerva J. Grove, while living in Missouri.

WILLIAM A. CARTER,

Representative from Jackson county, was born in Tennessee in 1874. At the age of 15 years he moved with his parents to Willow Springs, Mo., and two years later graduated from the Willow Springs high school. In 1893 he came to Oregon, with his parents, and has since resided at Gold Hill. Ambitious to follow the law, he pursued his studies at night after his day's labor was done, engaging in mining as a means of livelihood, from 1893 to 1896. He continued his studies for four years while serving as city recorder of Gold Hill, until 1899, when, at the age of 25, he was admitted to the bar. Mr. Carter is a republican.

GEORGE H. CATTANACH.

Representative Cattanach is a native of Iowa, having been born in Charles City, in that state, October 24, 1866. At the age of ten years he came to Oregon with his parents, who located in the John Day valley, Eastern Oregon. He acquired his education in the public schools, and on arriving at an age when it is time for a young man to start out in life on his own responsibilities, he chose the legal profession for an avocation. He went to Canyon City and studied law with Charles W. Parrish, the son of Rev. J. L. Parrish, the well-known missionary of 1840, and was admitted to the bar in 1894. He immediately began practicing his profession. The law firm he is connected with being that of Cattanach & Wood.

Politically he is a republican, and as such represents the counties of Gilliam, Grant, Sherman, Wasco and Wheeler in the lower branch of the legislature. This is his first term but indications would point to further honors being bestowed upon him.

On April 26, 1900, he was united in marriage with Miss Anna Metchen, daughter of Phil Metchen, ex-state treasurer of Oregon from 1890 to 1899. Mrs. Cattanach is of Oregon birth, Canyon City being the place of her nativity.

GEORGE W. COLVIG.

The able representative from Josephine county, is of pioneer parentage. He was born in Parksville, Missouri, November 12, 1848, and at the age of two, crossed the plains with his parents, Dr. Wm. and Helen M. Colvig, both of whom are now deceased. The winter of 1851 was passed in Portland and the following spring the family removed to Douglas county. Mr. Colvig received his education in the public schools, ex-Congressman Rufus Mallory and Binger Herman being among his teachers. Upon attaining his majority he followed telegraphy, and a portion of the time was also agent of the Southern Pacific Railroad, serving the latter as train dispatcher and agent at the front during the construction of the road from Myrtle Creek to Glendale, and subsequently as agent and operator at Riddle. He took up the study of law and was admitted to the bar in 1890. For a time he was located in Jacksonville, then Roseburg, and then removed to Grants Pass, where he continues to practice his profession. During his stay in Douglas county, its citizens elected him senator from that county in 1876 and in 1882, two successive terms. He was elected to his present position in 1900. He has also served as state railroad commissioner for the term of four years. His wife was formerly a Miss Mary Dyer daughter of Jefferson and Jane Dyer, who crossed the plains in 1860.

ALGERON S. DRESSER.

Born at Blue Hill, Maine, February 10, 1858, and was educated in the public schools, and at the Weslyan Seminary of that city. He studied law at Elsworth, in the same state, and was admitted to the bar in 1885. He then came to Oregon, locating at Rainier where he remained for two years and then removed to Oregon City where he has since resided. Mr. Dresser is one of the orators of the house. He was elected thereto in 1900 on the republican ticket as joint representative from Clackamas and Multnomah counties.

B. L. EDDY.

Joint representative for the counties of Tillamook and Yamhill, was born in Washington county, Oregon, October 30, 1863, his parents being Seth W. and Mary Eddy, pioneers of 1852. He was educated at the public schools, and upon starting out for himself followed telegraphy and short hand in various places on the coast until 1886, when he became private secretary to a division superintendent of the N. P. R. R. After a couple of years at such work, he learned bookkeeping and entered the office of the Oregon Pacific R. R., becoming soon after chief clerk thereof. His next employment was in the office of the late Simeon G. Reed, then one of Portland's leading capitalists, and in 1981 became secretary of the Bunker Hill & Sullivan Mining Company, which Mr. Reed had organized. The interests being sold to others, and the management passing into the hands of John Hays Hammond, the well-known

mining engineer, Mr. Eddy went with him to California, where he had charge of the general office of the company until 1893. In 1891 he studied law as his leisure moments would permit, and on his return to Oregon in 1893 he devoted his time wholly to its study. He entered the law department of the University of Oregon from which he graduated and was admitted to the bar in 1894. In 1896 he located in Tillamook City, where he has since practiced his profession. He was mayor of that city for two terms; a member of the school board for four years, and was deputy district attorney for the county. He is a republican, and was by that party elected to the legislature in 1900. He received a considerable number of complimentary ballots for U. S. senator during the session just closed. His wife was a Miss Laura Applewhite, a native of Virginia. They have three children, two daughters and one son.

IRWIN S. GEER

Is a native son. He was born on a farm situate near Silverton, Marion county, February 28, 1864, his parents being Calvin and Ellen S. (Leonard) Geer. The former of whom came across the plains in 1847 and the latter in 1852. He attended the public schools near his home and aftrwards the Portland Business College, graduating from the latter institution. He moved to Burns, Oregon, in 1890, and established himself in the hardware business, a business he is still engaged in. Besides giving his attention to such occupation, he is also interested in sawmilling and other pursuits. He was county treasurer of Harney county two terms, 1892 to 1896, and for two terms was city treasurer of Burns. He received the nomination for joint representative from the republicans, and in spite of the fact that there was an independent repoublican in the field and that Harney county was the stronghold of the democrats, he carried the district and his own county by a handsome majority. He is a second cousin of Governor Geer and Representative Kruse. Mr. Geer and Miss Bele Erb were married at Silverton in 1899.

WILLIAM E. GRACE.

A native of Missouri, having been born in Jasper county, in that state, February 9, 1856. Besides getting a public school education, he attended the Rolla School of Mines and Hetallurgy, at Rolla, Missouri. At the age of 20 he entered a drug store as an apprentice, and later on graduated at the Chicago College of Pharmacy. Moved to Oregon in 1880, and for a time was located at Oregon City, and tnen went to Prineville. In 1883 he made a complete transcript of the Wasco county records, of all records affecting the realty of the new county of Crook, which had been cut off from Wasco in 1881. In 1881 he opened a drug store at Burns, Harney county, which was then a portion of Grant county. In 1889, at the formation of Harney county, he was appointed county clerk, and at the succeeding election, in 1891, was elected to the same office. In 1893 he removed to Baker City, engaging in the drug business. In 1899 he also established a hardware enterprise, the largest in that section of the state. In 1898 he was elected representative from Baker county, and attended the special session of that year; the session of 1899, and was re-elected in 1900 to the same position. Mr. Grace is a member of all the high degrees of Masonry, and is at present Deputy Grand Master of the order in the state.

JOHN HAHN

Was born at Hesse-Cassel, Germany, April 21, 1846. At the age of 14 he came to the United States, remaining in New York until 1866 when he enlisted in the Fourth U. S. artillery and served eight years fighting Indians in the south and west. In 1875 he came to Oregon, settling in Astoria where he has since resided. For a time he was employed on the tugs operating on the Columbia bar and then built and operated a brewery, and gave up such avocation because he did not like the calling. He then turned his attention to the shoe business and has since been carrying on that line of merchandsing and with success. He served as a councilman of Astoria from 1877 to 1880, when he was elected mayor of the city. In 1888 he was elected by the republicans to the lower house of the legislature, and in June, 1900, he was re-elected, this time on the citizen's ticket.

ROBERT D. HUME.

Mr. Hume was born in Augusta, Maine, October 31, 1845. He acquired his education in the public schools, but since leaving them, has continued to be a close reader ever since, and he is undoubtedly one of the best informed men on all topics on the Pacific coast. At the age of 21 he came to California, where he remained for two years and then came to Oregon. For a short time he was in business in Portland, withdrawing to engage in the salmon canning business on the lower Columbia. He located at Eagle Cliff, and in 1868, with his brother, G. W. Hume and Cutting & Co., built and operated a cannery there. This was sold to Cutting & Co. the following year, when he and J. W. Cook bought

the cannery of Hapgood & Co., at Eureka, which they conducted until 1870, when they sold out. In 1872 he leased a cannery at Cathlamet, which he operated with good success. In 1873 he built a cannery at Bay View. In 1874, with partners, erected another at Rainier, and in 1875 erected one at Astoria. In 1876 he sold out his interests on the Columbia and went to Rogue river, where he began operating in the same line of trade on a large scale, an industry which he is still engaged in. He is also possessed of other interests in the same section, but gives salmon canning his chief attention. He was married in 1868 to Miss Celia Bryant, a native daughter of Oregon, whose parents were among our earlier pioneers. She died in 1876. A son and daughter born to this union are also deceased. He was married secondly to Miss May Duncan, in 1878, a native daughter of New Zealand. They have no children. Politically he is a republican, and was elected by that party joint representative from Coos and Curry counties in 1900.

CHARLES D. HARTMAN.

Representative Charles D. Hartman was born born on a farm near Silverton, Marion county, Oregon, November 23, 1863, his parents being John and Mary J. Hartman, who crossed the plains to the state in 1852. He was educated in the public schools, in the meantime assisting his father on the farm. For the past fifteen years he has been farming on his own account, the location of his farm being near Scott's Mills. Besides raising cereals, gives attention to hop-growing and fine stock interests. He was united in marriage June 13, 1895, with Miss Josephine Cobb, the fruits of the union being one child—a son. Politically he is a republican, by which party he was elected a representative in 1900. He has been a very active member of the house, much to the benefit of his constituents and the state. Marion county would do well by returning him to the legislative halls of Oregon at succeeding elections.

GEORGE L. HAWKINS.

Mr. Hawkins was born in Buckhannon, West Virginia, November 2, 1859. After receiving a common school education he taught school for a time and then learned the stone cutters' trade. He then established monumental works at Sutton in that state, which he conducted until 1885, when he removed to Texas, where he was engaged in the same business. In 1889 he went to Salt Lake where he established himself, but sold out to remove to Oregon in 1893. He here settled at Independence where he has continued his residence to the present, being the proprietor of the marbel and monumental works in that place. He was married first to Miss Birdie Boygess, of West Virginia. She died in 1885. One child, a son, was born to this union. He married secondly, Miss Rachel Tuck, a native of Missouri. They have one son. Mr. Hawkins is a republican and by that party was elected representative in 1900.

GILBERT L. HEDGES.

Gilbert Lawrence Hedges was born in Canema, Oregon, January 19, 1874, his parents being Joseph and Elen J. (Allen) Hedges, the former of whom crossed the plains in 1852, and the latter in 1850. When 15 years of age his parents sent him to Andover, Massachusetts, to attend Phillips Academy. He remained there for three years, completing the prescribed course of study and graduating in 1892. In the fall of this year he entered Yale University, and four years later was graduated from that institution, receiving his B. A. degree in June, 1896. Desiring to prepare for the practice of law, he decided to enter the law department of the University. Completing the law course in two years, Mr. Hedges returned to Oregon. For a time he was with Hedges & Griffith, a well-known law firm of Oregon City, and afterwards opened offices of his own. The clean and bright career of young Hedges has forced him to the front, both legally and politically. In April, 1900, he was made the choice of the Union party to represent Clackamas county at the state capital, and the following June he was elected with a handsome majority, being the only successful candidate of his party for the legislature. He is building up a splendid law practice, and the future holds much in store for him.

FRANK A HEITKEMPER.

Representative Heitkemper was born in Springfield, Ohio, January 8, 1871, his parents being Gerhard and Mary Heitkemper. Soon after his birth the family removed to Iowa and then to Nebraska, and in 1889 to Oregon. In the public schools of the two latter states our subject acquired his education. He chose for a life calling that of a watchmaker and jeweler, a business his father had long been engaged in as a manufacturer and dealer. For some years he was employed in the establishment of his father, but when it was incorporated as The G. Heitkemper Co., became interested therein as a stockholder and officer. This firm is one of the leaders in its line of business in the Pacific northwest, and Portland can well point to it with pride. Mr. Heitkemper chose a native daughter of the state for a bride, she being Miss Maud M., daughter of James J. and Mary C. Allard, the former of whom came to Oregon in

1852, and the latter in 1864, both of them crossing the plains. They have one child, a son. Mr. Heitkemper is a democrat, but was elected representative from Multnomah county on the citizens ticket at the election of June, 1900.

GEORGE W. HOLCOMB,

One of Multnomah county's representatives, was born in Connecticut. At the age of 12 he came with his parents to Oregon, who settled in Clackamas county near Oregon City. His father began fruit raising, our subject assisting him in clearing up land for that purpose until reaching his majority, when, in 1889, he accepted a position with the Oregon Packing Co., canners of fruit, etc. He afterwards became president of this company, a position he now occupies, and its success is largely due to his management of its affairs, as it is now the largest establishment of its character in the Pacific northwest, and its output is known far and wide. Mr. Holcomb is also interested in mining and other enterprises. He left school when only 12 years of age, but being of a studious nature and desiring to be well informed, kept up his studies until he became well educated. Politically he is a democrat. He was elected representative in June, 1900. His wife was born in Oregon, her folks being pioneers. They have one son.

THOMAS J. KIRK,

Republican representative from Umatilla county, was born in Platt county, Missouri, August 12, 1839, and came across the plains with his parents, Alexander and Sarah Kirk, in 1846. This was the first emigration to come into the Willamette valley by the Barlow road across the Cascades. The family settled in Linn county, and in the old log school houses of that early day our subject secured his education. One of his teachers was Rev. H. H. Spalding, a missionary to Oregon of 1836. While living here the Rogue River Indian war broke out and Mr. Kirk's father enlisted in a volunteer company and participated in many engagements with the foe, quitting the scene of hostilities only when peace was assured. In 1871 Mr. Kirk removed to Umatilla county where he has since made his home. Since going there he has given his attention to farming and stock raising, and is one of the most extensive land proprietors in the state. He is also director of the bank at Athena. His home is not far from the Indian reserve located in that county, and he became well acquainted with the government wards thereon, among these lived the celebrated Homily, chief of the Umatillas, who held Mr. Kirk in highest esteem. Upon the breaking out of the Indian uprising of 1878, Homily warned him of its coming, a thing that an Indian don't usually do unless they fully trust a white man. While he was not molested, the warning proved valuable to Mr. Kirk. Politically he is a republican. He was elected representative from Umatilla county in 1888 and again in 1900. He was married October 21, 1860, to Miss Anna Coyle, daughter of James and Maria Coyle, pioneers of 1851. They have three children living, all of whom are daughters.

HENRY KEENE.

Mr. Keene was born in Saxony, Germany, December 13, 1830. When a young man he came to the United States settling first in New York. From there he removed to Minnesota, where he remained until 1870, when he came to Oregon. He made Salem his home for a short time, and then bought a half-section of land in the famous Waldo Hills, upon which he lived until 1900, when he removed to Stayton. He is possessed of a comfortable fortune. He is regarded as one of the most substantial citizens of the state, being liberal minded, progressive and reliable. He was school director of district No. 80 for 22 years. He is a republican and by such party was elected representative from Marion county in 1900. His wife is also a native of Germany, born in Wittenburg, February 25, 1840. The marriage took place in New York. They have been blessed with thirteen children, eight of whom are now alive.

JOHN L. KRUSE.

Mr. Kruse first saw the light of day on a Clackamas county farm situated about nine miles west of Oregon City, July 4, 1853. His parents, John and Iantha Kruse, were pioneers, the former coming west in 1850—he died in 1898—and the latter, a daughter of Joseph C. and Mary Geer, crossed the plains with her parents in 1847. She is still alive. Mr. Kruse follows farming for an occupation, in which he has been contentedly successful. Though quiet and unobtrusive, he takes great interest in legislation. At home he is looked upon as one of the pillars of the public schools, in which he secured his education, and of which he has been a director, in the district in which he lives, for twenty years. He was first elected a representative from Clackamas county in 1898, and served during the special session of that year and during the session of 1899. In June, 1900, he was re-elected for another term. In politics he is a republican. His father was a representative from the same county in 1881. Mr. Kruse chose for a life companion a Miss Louesa Elligsen, a native of Canada. They have two children, a son and a daughter. Mr. Kruse is related to Governor T. T. Geer, and also to representative Irwin S. Geer.

EDWARD F. LAMSON

Is a native of Oregon, and was born up near Willamina, Yamhill county, September 19, 1850. His parents were Jeremiah and Hellen M. Lamson, pioneers of 1847. Members of his family have taken a prominent part in the public affairs of the state, besides being valuable factors in its industrial life. The father of our subject was a member of the first state senate (supposed) of 1858, and of the special session of 1859, also a member of the house in 1866. His brother Henry W. Lamson, also represented Yamhill county in the house during the sessions of 1891 and 1893. In 1898 our subject was elected from the same county to the house, attending the special session of that year and the session of 1899. In 1900 he was again elected representative. All of the family have been republicans since that party was born—the father was formerly a whig.

From 1890 to 1894 Mr. Lamson served as Indian agent at the Grand Ronde Indian agency by appointment of President Harrison. The old donation claim of his parents, on which he was born, is now his property. It is well improved, and, besides the golden grain raised by him, he devoted great interest to the raising of fine stock. He was married in 1875 to Miss Hellen Burgess, a native of Missouri. They have a family of three sons.

ALBERT R. MATTOON,

Republican representative from Douglas county, was born in Clackamas county, Oregon, in July, 1853, of Welsh and English parents. His early education was received in public schools. Later he attended Monmouth college, but was compelled to give up school on account of failing health and eyesight. After leaving school he was traveling salesman for a large machinery and implement company which position he filled for fifteen years. In 1885 he was made general manager with full control of a large and prosperous business for Staver & Walker, at La Grande. This position he held until 1888. In that year he was nominated for state senator and made an active canvass against J. H. Raley, a popular man, in strong democratic counties, and was beaten by only four votes. In the fall of 1893 he moved with his family to Douglas county, locating upon a farm near Looking Glass, where he has since resided. In 1898 he was nominated for representative, but was defeated. In the county convention of 1900 he was again made the unanimous choice of the republicans for representative, and was elected by a large majority. His parents were Runa and Eliza A. (Trullinger) Mattoon, pioneers of 1847. Mr. Mattoon is married, his wife being formerly a Mrs. M. J. Knight. They have two sons.

D. A. M'ALLISTER.

Mr. McAllister was born in Coles county, Illinois, February 6, 1842. In that state he acquired his schooling in the public schools of that day. Not being very healthy, he was advised to come west, and in 1862 he came to Oregon, settling in the Grand Ronde valley, where he has since resided. He was a penniless youth when he reached this country, having worked his way across the plains. He immediately began as a wage worker and saved his money until he was able to take up a claim of 160 acres. He improved this as fast as he could, working between times to sustain himself. He is now the owner of nearly a thousand acres of land and has it stocked with thoroughbred Durham cattle and is also a breeder of fine horses. He has been a prominent figure in the politics of the democratic party in that portion of Oregon and has served in both branches of the legislature, as joint senator from Union and Wallowa counties during the sessions of 1892 and 1893, and as representative from Union at the special session of 1898, the regular of 1899, and was re-elected to the present house in 1900. His wife was a Miss Nancy Moe, a native of Michigan, who crossed the plains with her parents in 1864. They have six children, five sons and one daughter.

THOMAS H. M'GREER

Is a native son of the golden west and was born therein, near Mount Diablo, December 12, 1851. His parents were Kentuckians and crossed the plains in 1850. He was educated at the public schools of San Francisco and at Brayton's college, Oakland, after taking a business course at Heald's business college in the Bay City. In 1878 he removed to Oregon, locating at Antelope, where he engaged in merchandising for some years and then began farming and stock raising, giving the most of his attention to the latter occupation. Politically he is a republican, and as such was first elected to the legislature in 1894 as joint representative from the counties of Sherman and Wasco. During the session just closed he served as joint representative from the counties of Crook, Klamath, Lake and Wasco, to which position he was elected in 1900. His wife was formerly a Miss Josephine Murphy, also a Californian. Their family consists of four sons and one daughter. Their grandson is probably the only Oregonian whose grandparents were both born in California.

IVAN M'QUEEN.

Mr. McQueen is a native of Iowa, having been born in that state in 1866. He lived on a farm until he was fourteen years of age, when he went to town, the better to obtain an education. He graduated from the Rock Rapids, Iowa, public schools in

1882; then attended the business department of the Upper Iowa university at Fayette, graduating therefrom in 1884; then attended the Hull Educational Institute, at Hull, Iowa, graduating in 1887. He taught school at intervals while gaining an education, and in November, 1887, having just turned 21 years of age, he was elected superintendent of schools for Lyon county, being re-elected in 1889. In 1892 he came to Oregon, locating at Lorane, Lane county. Since then his time has been about equally divided between school teaching and farming. He is a republican, and was first elected to represent Lane county in 1898, and was re-elected to the present house in 1900.

NORMAN MERRILL

Was born on a farm in Columbia county, December 25, 1851, and the parents to whom this welcome Christmas gift came were Joseph and Elizabeth Merrill, pioneers of 1847. They first settled near Portland, but in 1848 went to Columbia county remaining there until the time of their decease. Mr. Merrill secured his education in the public schools, and upon attaining his majority began farming, afterwards taking up logging and lumbering therewith. He was married to a Miss Edith VanBibber, a native daughter of the state of Washington, whose parents, John and Rhoda R. VanBibber, came across the plains in 1845. They have two daughters. Mr. Merrill was first elected representative from Columbia county in 1893, again in 1897 and was elected to the session just closed in 1900. Politically he is a republican.

GEORGE MILLER

Is a native son of Oregon and Benton county born, the date of his birth being February 13, 1863. His parents came across the plains with the emigration of 1852, they being J. Henry and Mary J. Miller. They were not, however, married until after reaching Oregon. The father of the latter lost his life on the plains through injuries received in an encounter with troublesome Indians. Our subject acquired his education in the public schools located near his father's farm, remaining at home assisting his father until 1880, when he went to Eastern Oregon. In 1882 he located at Douglas station, situated on the Heppner branch of the O. R. & N. railway, where he constructed and operated a large warehouse and engaged in merchandising, remaining thus employed until 1896, when he removed to Arlington, where he now resides. At this latter place he is engaged in the mercantile trade, doing a very successful business. His wife was a Miss Edith Muir, a native of Illinois, and who came to Oregon in 1884. They have four children, two sons and two daughters. Politically Mr. Miller is a republican and by that party was elected joint representative in 1900 from the counties of Gilliam, Grant, Sherman, Wasco and Wheeler.

CHARLES B. MONTAGUE.

The life of this pioneer is one which is most interesting, and we regret that our space precludes giving it in full. He was born in Argyle, Scotland, June 4, 1830, and came with his parents to the United States in 1847, who settled in the eastern states. Our subject, however, drifted west after attaining his majority, coming to California. In 1854 he went back to his native heath to enlist as a soldier in Britain's army, which was about to depart for the scene of hostilities between that power, as an ally of Turkey, against Russia. He was commissioned lieutenant of the famous cavalry regiment, the Scots Greys, commanded by Sir Collin Campbell, and participated in the battle of Balaklava, witnessing the charge of the light brigade, and other engagements. After being discharged, he traveled for two years over the world, returning to California in 1856, and then came to Oregon in 1858, where he has since resided, with the exception of a few years spent in Alaska in government service, during which time that portion of the Union was surrendered to this government by Russia in exchange for war vessels. Mr. Montague was married, first, to Miss Martha Peebler, in 1852. Six children, three sons and three daughters were born to this union. Mrs. Montague died June 24, 1878. He was again married to Mrs. Priscilla Redpath, eldest daughter of Dr. N. Ostrander, of Olympia, a pioneer of 1852. Politically Mr. Montague is a democrat. He was elected representative from Linn county on the democratic-peoples ticket in 1900.

C. W. NOTTINGHAM.

C. W. Nottingham was born in Sangamon county, Illinois, June 29, 1848. He was brought up on a farm. When he became of age he engaged in farming and stockraising. He came to Oregon in 1881, and engaged in manufacturing lime on Puget Sound, and also had a house in Portland to sell the product. In 1884 he sold his interest in the manufacturing part of the business. Mr. Nottingham is now president of Nottingham & Co., dealers in building material, in Portland. In politics Mr. Nottingham is a republican. He was nominated on the citizens ticket for representative from Multnomah county last June, and received the highest vote cast for representative. He was married in 1873 to Miss Georgia Pallett. They have five children,

GEORGE M. ORTON,

One of the representatives from Multnomah county, is a descendant of Thomas Orton, who emigrated to this country from England in 1640, and settled in Windsor, Conn. He was the third child born to N. S. and Frances R. Orton during their ox-team trip from Wisconsin to Oregon, which extended over a period of more than five years, arriving in Portland in November, 1864, at the age of four months. The following year his parents moved to The Dalles, where they remained until 1873, when they moved to Freeport, Washington. Here seven years of Mr. Orton's life was spent on a farm. In December, 1879, he returned with his parents to Portland, and attended the public school. He began his career as a printer in Portland in October, 1881, following the various branches until in December, 1887, he accepted the position of foreman of the West Shore. In October, 1894, he became associated with the Multnomah Printing Co., and since September, 1896, has been business manager of that concern. Mr. Orton was married in 1888 to Miss Katie Briethbarth, oldest daughter of H. A. Briethbarth, an Oregon pioneer of 1852, and the result of the union is three bright girls. He was elected representative on the citizens ticket in 1900.

JOHN M. POORMAN

is a native of Sangamon county, Illinois, having been born there April 20, 1854. He was educated at the Weslyan University, at Bloomington, from which he graduated in 1873. He came to California in 1874, following the occupation of railway employee. From there he came to Oregon, and from 1877 to 1883 he was superintendent of the Woodburn branch of the Southern Pacific. In the latter year he entered the Bank of Woodburn as cashier, in which avocation he is at present engaged. He became identified with the state militia in 1893, and in 1898 went to Manila in command of his company, participating in all battles the Second Oregon was engaged in. His wife was a Miss Lida McMillan, daughter of B. F. McMillan, an old pioneer. Mrs. Poorman was born in Washington county, Oregon. They have four sons, the eldest of whom saw military service with the Second Oregon in the Philippines. Mr. Poorman is a republican, and on such ticket was elected to represent Marion county in the house.

LEVI B. REEDER,

The speaker of the house, was born in Woodford county, Illinois, September 7, 1865. In March, 1874, with his parents, he removed to Linn county, Oregon, remaining there until 1879, when another remove was made to Umatilla county. His father was a farmer and the son continued under the paternal roof, with the exception of teaching two terms of school, until the fall of 1884, when he entered the Oregon State Normal School and Christian College at Monmouth, at which place he spent three years, returning home each summer to work on the farm, graduating at both institutions in 1887. In 1888 he entered the literary department of the University of Michigan, at Ann Harbor, and in the fall of 1889 he began a legal course in the same institution, graduating in 1891, and since then has been practicing his profession, beginning at Colville, Wash., continuing there until January, 1895. While living here he was elected, in 1892, prosecuting attorney of Stevens county, serving two years. In the spring of 1895 he returned to Umatilla county, locating at Pendleton, where he has since resided. In 1898 he was elected representative to the legislature, serving during the special session of that year and during the regular of 1899. In 1900 he was re-elected, and upon the convening of the present session, was elected speaker of the house. He was married in July, 1890, to Miss Laura L. Zieger, of Illinois. They have one daughter.

OTTO SCHUMANN,

Representative from Multnomah county, was born in Germany, November 22, 1855. His youth and early manhood were spent in his native city, and there he secured a good education and acquired the trade of carver in stone and marble. From 1876 to 1878 he served in the German army. When he was exempt from military duty he attended the architectural colleges at Holzminden and Munich. He came to the United States in 1881, remaining in the east until 1883, when he removed to Oregon. Mr. Schumann was nominated on the citizens legislative ticket without his knowledge or consent, and was induced to accept only after his friends had insisted that he do so. He made no canvass, but attended strictly to his private business during the campaign. He was a member of the engineer corps, O. N. G., from 1892 to 1897, and was one of the crack shots of the regiment. He was married in 1884 to Miss Agnes Giboni. They have one child, a son.

JOHN SHIPLEY.

Representative Shipley, of Multnomah county, was born in Mt. Vernon, Ohio, December 14, 1850. He received his education in the public schools of that city, and then occupied himself as an accountant with some of the leading business houses located there until 1873, when he came to Oregon. He first settled in Dayton, Yamhill county,

accepting employment again in the counting room. Here he met and was united in marriage with Mollie L., the daughter of an Indian war veteran, Capt. W. S. Powell, a pioneer of 1852. The mother of Mrs. Shipley was a Miss Nellie M. Hill, prior to her marriage with Capt. Powell. Her father was Henry Hill, founder of Independence, Polk county, who crossed the plains in 1847. Mr. Shipley removed to Portland in 1887, and engaged in the grocery and feed business, Capt. Powell being his partner. His family consists of wife, one son and a daughter. Politically he is a democrat, but was elected to the legislature on the citizens ticket.

ISAAC M. SIMPSON.

Among the native sons of Oregon who have taken a leading position in its welfare, is the one whose name is the caption of this brief sketch. He was born on a farm in Polk county, April 23, 1857, his parents being Isaac and Martha Simpson, pioneers of 1845. His first schooling was in the log school houses of that day, and latterly in the more modern ones. He has always been identified with farming interests, and besides the growing of cereals, gives attention to hop and fruit culture, fine stock raising and dairying interests. Near his palatial farm home is located Simpson station on the valley line of the S. P. Co.'s railroad, which was named after him. While he prefers to remain on his farm, he has made investments in the towns near at hand, being a stockholder in the City Bank at Dallas, the Independence National at Independence, and the Polk County Bank at Monmouth, being also a director in the latter. He was county commissioner for one term of Polk county, and was elected joint representative from Polk and Lincoln counties, on the democratic-peoples ticket in 1900. His wife was formerly a Miss Tabitha Morrison, who crossed the plains with her parents, Barney and Jemmima Morrison, in 1863, the journey being made with ox teams. Mr. and Mrs. Simpson have one child, a very promising son.

HENRY A. SMITH,

A native of Ohio, and was born in that state November 24, 1838. At the age of twelve he went with his parents to Indiana and settled on a farm. There he received his education, going some two miles to the little log school house, when the occasional school was taught. In 1867 he went to Michigan where he remained for some time and then removed to Minnesota. In these states he followed lumbering until 1890, when he came to Portland, Oregon, where he has since continued to reside, his business being that of real estate and insurance. He was married while living in Indiana to Miss Harriet Bissikummer, being but twenty years of age at that time. They have had five children, but four, however, are now alive. He was elected representative from Multnomah county on the citizens ticket in 1900. Politically he is a democrat.

GEORGE L. STORY,

Was born in Manchester, Massachusetts, in 1833. He came to Portland, Oregon, in 1851 and engaged in the drug trade soon afterwards. This avocation he followed until 1855, when he removed to San Francisco and embarked in the wholesale paint and oil business. In 1862 he returned to Portland where he has since resided. For some years he was engaged in mining enterprises in Idaho, and in 1870 again established himself in the paint, oil and glass business, this time in Portland, which, however, he discontinued upon his election to the office of county clerk in 1874. He has been a member of the city council several terms; city fire commissioner, and representative to the legislature from Multnomah county in 1885, 1891 and 1901. He is a republican.

MATTHEW STEWART.

Mr. Stewart was born May 11, 1839, and is a native of Pennsylvania. He secured his education in that state, but did not complete a collegiate course on account of the breaking out of the rebellion. In 1861 he enlisted in the One Hundredth Pennsylvania volunteer infantry and served four years fighting for his country and its flag. Being mustered out, he was elected auditor of Lawrence county. In 1870 he removed to Washington county, Kansas, engaging in school work there for eleven years, serving as county school superintendent four years of the time. In 1881 he came to Oregon, teaching in this state for two years, when he removed to Tacoma, Wash., and taught in the schools of that city for four years. He was elected school superintendent of Pierce county three terms. In 1893 he removed to Jackson county, Or., where he still resides, living on a farm near Talent. In 1898 he was elected representative from Jackson county, and in 1900 was re-elected to the same position. He is a republican.

JOHN A. TALBERT.

Mr. Talbert was born in Pettis county, Missouri, in 1848. He crossed the plains with his parents, Francis and Amanda Talbert, in 1852. They located in Clackamas county upon a donation claim near Milwaukie, remaining thereon for about twenty years, when they removed to Clackamas station. At this place Representative Talbert now resides with his fam-

ily, consisting of a wife, who was formerly a Miss Emma Davis, and three daughters. He was deputy sheriff of Clackamas county from 1879 to 1882, and afterwards deputy assessor for two years. He is now in the employ of the government and state fish hatcheries. He is a republican, and by that party was elected to the lower house of the legislature at the election of June, 1900. Mr. Talbert was educated in the public schools, and among his teachers he remembers many who have since so interwoven their lives with the upbuilding of Oregon that their names and deeds will never be forgotten.

ASA B. THOMPSON.

An Oregon boy, born in Pendleton July 15, 1870, his parents being Oscar F. and Almira (Atwood) Thompson, the former of whom crossed the plains in 1850 and the latter in 1858. Mr. Thompson acquired his education in the public schools and graduated in a business course at the Portland Business College in 1891. His occupation is that of farmer and stockman, and his farm is one of the best in Umatilla county. He was married, February 28, 1898, to Miss Carrie A. Stanfield, a native doughter of the state. Her parents, Robert N. and Hattie T. Stanfield, were also pioneers, Mr. Stanfield coming in the same train that our subject's father did, and was for some years associated with him in the livery business at Pendleton. One child — a daughter—has been born to Mr. and Mrs. Thompson. He is a republican in politics, and was elected as joint representative from the counties of Morrow and Umatilla on that ticket in 1900.

M. E. THOMPSON,

Representative from Multnomah county, was born near Oberlin, O., June 28, 1859. His early education was received in the public schools of Oberlin, from which he graduated in 1878. He then entered the preparatory department of Oberlin college, and completed the classical course in 1883. In April, 1884, he came to Oregon, and engaged in the general merchandise business at Albina. At the end of three years, he sold out and spent a year in visiting the east. He returned to Oregon and entered in the real estate and insurance business with J. P. Menefee, at Albina, which partnership continued until about the time of the consolidation of Albina with Portland, when Mr. Menefee retired from the firm, and Mr. Thompson moved to Portland proper, where he is in the same business, being general agent for Oregon of the North American Insurance Company. He is also a trustee of the Patton Home, and secretary for Oregon of the National Children's Home Society. He was married, April 8, 1888, to Miss Clara G. Menefee. They have four children, two boys and two girls. He was elected representative on the citizens ticket. Politically he is a republican.

DANIEL M. WATSON,

Representative from Multnomah county, was born on his father's farm in Monroe county, Iowa, October 3, 1851. His family was among the pioneers of the Hawkeye state. After remaining on the old homestead until he attained his majority, Mr. Watson embarked in coal mining in Southern Iowa, where he developed some of the best coal lands west of Pennsylvania. But financial success did not satisfy the inherited pioneer spirit within him, and in 1886 he came to this coast. For the past six years he has been interested in the restaurant business in Portland, his brother, W. F. Watson, being his partner. He has also taken time to carry on contracting in heavy drilling for water for railroad and farm supply. He has made a success of life, and has assisted others to do the same. He has always been a large employer of labor, and now has over 60 persons on the payroll of his restaurant. Politically he is a democrat. He was elected representative on the citizens ticket in June, 1900. His wife was formerly a Miss Annie M. Johnson, a native of Iowa. They were married April 25, 1880, and their family consists of one child, a daughter named Delta, who is now in Paris for the purpose of getting a musical education.

JOHN H. MITCHELL.

John H. Mitchell was born in Washington county, Pennsylvania, June 22, 1835. His parents soon moved to Butler county, and here he was reared on a farm. He received his education in the public schools, Butler academy and at the Witherspoon institute, completing a full course in the two latter. He studied law and was admitted to the bar in the spring of 1857 and practiced his profession in Butler county until April, 1860, when he came to California, and the following July to Oregon, where he has been permanently located when not representing the state in the national capitol. In 1862 he was elected state senator from Multnomah county, and was president of the senate during the regular session of 1864 and the special of 1865. In 1865 he was lieutenant colonel of the state militia, and in 1866 his friends endeavored to elect him to the United States senate, but failed by one vote. In 1872 he was elected to that honorable position on the first ballot. At the expiration of his term the legislature was democratic, and his name was not presented. In 1882 he was again put forward, but lacked a few votes of being

elected. In January, 1885, he declined to allow his friends to use his name. At this session there was no election, and the governor called a special session to convene in November following, and at such time he was again returned by a sandsome majority. In 1897 his friends were in the minority, and his name was not presented. During the last moments of the session of 1901, just closed, he was nominated and received a majority vote.

Mr. Mitchell is a man of remarkable energy and untiring industry, and throughout his public career has been distinguished for keen discrimination and quick grasp of great and intricate questions. He is whole-souled, generous and sympathetic, and true in his friendships. He has thus gathered around him a host of earnest and loyal adherents from all political parties, and it is doubtful whether any other man in Oregon has as much of a personal following as he has. He is of striking presence, an interesting conversationalist, a logical and forcible speaker and of polished address and courteous manner.

B. F. ALLEN

Was born in Otsego county, New York, in 1845. He went to Illinois with his parents at the age of 6, and remained on a farm until the civil war. When old enough to pass muster he enlisted in the One Hundred and Thirty-second regiment, of Illinois Volunteers, and was a soldier until 1865. He then apprenticed himself to an imitator of woods, commonly called grainer. He worked in many of the large cities of this country for some years. Since 1886 Mr. Allen has been a resident of this place. He is the senior member of the firm of Allen & Son, dealers in paints and wall paper. In politics he is a democrat, but was elected representative from Clatsop county, which he represents, on the citizens ticket.

P. R. KELLY

Was born in Iowa, July 13, 1870. At the age of seven he came with his parents to California, but the next year removed to Albany, where he has since made his nome. He was educated in the public schools and at Albany College, graduating from the latter in 1887. He studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1892, and immediately began the practice of his profession at Albany. He was elected by the republican party to the state senate as joint senator for the counties of Linn and Marion in 1898, the present session closing the four years term.

L. L. PORTER.

Eighteen hundred and fifty-nine was the year of his birth, and Wisconsin the state of his nativity. He received his education at the Oshkosh Normal school, receiving a life diploma for teacning in the schools of that state. After teaching in several of the leading schools, he took the law course at the University of Wisconsin, and then came to Oregon, locating at Oregon City. He was elected joint senator for the counties of Clackamas and Marion in 1898, and was in attendance at the special session of that year and the regular of 1899. He closes the four years term, for which he was elected, at the present session.

W. TYLER SMITH, M. D.

Dr. W. Tyler Smith, senator from the joint district of Lincoln, Tillamook and Yamhill counties, was born in London, England. He came to Oregon 25 years ago. Some 20 years since he located in Sheridan, Yamhill county, where he has since remained practicing his profession. He is a republican.

WILLIAM SMITH

Was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., April 22, 1854. At the age of 2 years he removed with his father's family to Minnesota. Here he was educated and admitted to the bar in 1886. In 1887 he removed to Oregon and settled in Union county, where he resided two years. He then moved to Baker county, where he has since resided, engaged in the practice of his profession. He was elected to the senate on the union ticket in 1897. Politically he is a democrat.

LOUIS J. ADAMS.

State senator from Marion county, was elected as a republican to that position in 1898. He was born at Portsmouth, Ohio, January 30, 1862. In this state he remained until 1884, when he came to Oregon, locating at Silverton. By profession he is an attorney.

GEORGE C. BROWNELL.

Was born in New York state in 1859. He as admitted to the bar in Kansas, where he practiced with success for some yars, and held several important positions. He came to Oregon in 1891, locating at Oregon City, where he has built up a fine law practice. In 1894 he was elected senator from Clackamas county, and re-elected in 1898. Politically he is a republican.

BORN IN PORTLAND, TWENTY YEARS IN THE BUSINESS

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Tuning and Repairing
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MOTORS from One-half Horse Power up.
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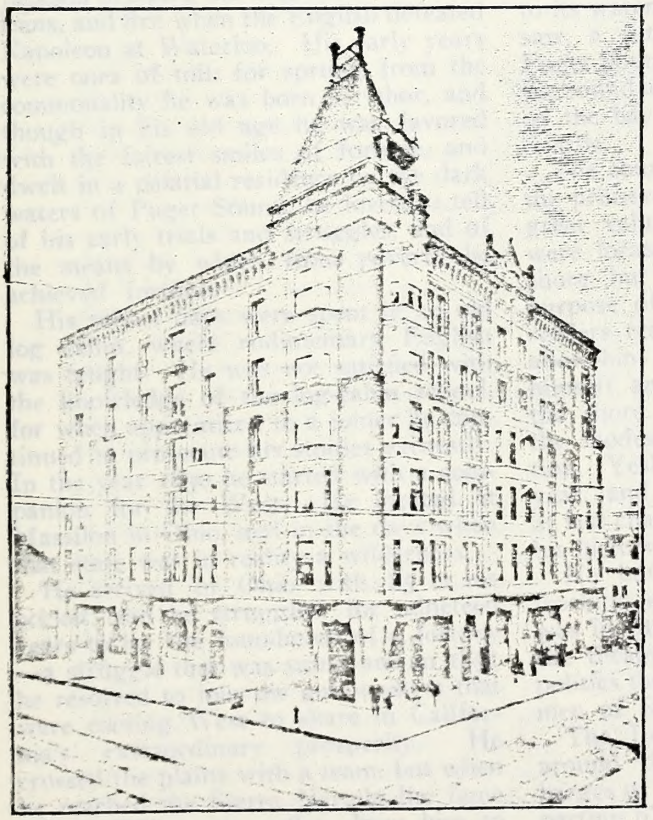

Headquarters for Native Sons.

HOTEL PERKINS

Fifth and Washington Sts., Portland, Oregon

Renovated and Remodeled
European Plan

Free 'bus to and from all trains and boats

Rooms—Single, 75c to $1.50 per day
Double, $1.00 to $2.00 per day
" Family, $2.00 to $3.00 per day

First-Class Check Restaurant Connected With Hotel and conducted under both the "Regular Meal" and "Short Order" Systems.

Investment Department

THE LATE HENRY L. YESLER, OF SEATTLE.

The career of Henry L. Yesler is a brilliant example of the opportunities which America and American realty investments afford to young men of pluck and enterprise. Moreover, his career is so interwoven with the growth and development of the new state of Washington that it must have an interest for readers everywhere.

Henry L. Yesler was born at Leitersburg, Washington county, Md., in 1810, a date so far away from the busy present that he was two years old when Jackson defeated the English at New Orleans, and five when the English defeated Napoleon at Waterloo. His early years were ones of toil, for sprung from the commonality he was born to labor, and though in his old age he was favored with the fairest smiles of fortune, and dwelt in a palatial residence by the dark waters of Puget Sound, he loved to tell of his early trials and struggles, and of the means by which from poverty he achieved fortune.

His school days were spent in an old log cabin, where rudimentary English was taught. He was not satisfied with the knowledge of the log-cabin school, for when apprenticed to a joiner he continued to prosecute his studies earnestly. In the year 1830 he started with a companion for the West. He located at Massilon in Ohio, and in the days when that state was in reality a wilderness.

He arrived in Ohio with $5 in his pocket, and he struggled for nineteen years to lay the foundation of a fortune—a struggle that was vain—and in 1851 he resolved to join the gold-seekers that were coming West to share in California's extraordinary prosperity. He crossed the plains with a team, but when he reached the Sierra Nevada the fame of the Willamette valley drew him to Portland. The present leading commercial city of the Northwest was then a village of six or seven hundred people, and as it afforded facilities for lumbering, Henry Yesler settled there. Fortune was, however, again unkind, the little money that he had brought was lessened, so he departed from Portland and went to San Francisco. At that point he became acquainted with a sea captain who had been trading in Puget Sound. The captain told Yesler of the wonderful harbors of the sound, and of the wealth of lumber that lay adjacent to its waters. Yesler saw, or thought he saw, a future in the lumber trade of Puget Sound, so he took ship and reached the sound at the end of 1852. He located on the bay which is now the harbor of Seattle.

The country around was covered with the primeval forests of vast growth and great value. Six or seven log cabins were located in the woods close to the shore, but when Yesler arrived for the purpose of building a sawmill the few settlers readjusted their claims so as to allow him to take up two claims, one for himself and one for his wife, close to the shore. In the beginning of 1853, the modest sawmill was put in operation. Yesler was then in his forty-fourth year, and he soon found that he had at last chanced upon the right place, and his history since is the history of Seattle.

He built a cook-shop for the men working in the mill, and the cook-shop was in turn the church, the courthouse, the theater, and in civil and territorial politics the forum for the budding statesmen of Seattle.

The Indians saw a town growing around the sawmill; they beheld the barges of the white men coming and departing o'er the sea, and once more their

Investment Department

THE LATE HENRY L. YESLER, OF SEATTLE.

wild warwhoop was heard in the woods, as they rushed down to slay the unsuspecting white men of Seattle. For two years the pioneers of the little hamlet struggled bravely to maintain themselves, and at last, by the assistance of the government, they were able to terrorize the Indians to submission, and drive them back to the reservations.

Meanwhile strangers began crowding in as the fame of Puget Sound was spreading, and when the Northern Pacific railroad began to build towards the sound there was a veritable rush to get hold of good property along its shores. Moreover, discoveries were daily made of coal and iron in the mountains, and the settlers on the land found a soil as fruitful and prolific as that of Lombardy or Bengal. Henry Yesler was growing old, but the sight of the prosperous city growing up around his sawmill made his heart fresh. Once, twice, three times his sawmill was destroyed by fire, but a petty disaster could do no financial damage to a man whose townsite property had advanced to over $100,000 an acre. Indeed, of the 360 acres which he held right in the heart of the city, some of it realized more than $200,000 an acre, for lots in Seattle today range up to $1250 a front foot. It need hardly be said that Yesler grew to be more wealthy than his fondest dreams ever anticipated.

CO-OPERATIVE INVESTMENTS.

When the older sections of our country, a third of a century ago, sent their sons to possess the boundless and promising lands that lay to the west of the Blue mountains, it was not the weak and slow who went, but the hardy and strong—the best of the sons and daughters of America, who could not only possess the land, but hold it against the discouragements of after years, as well as the physical hardships of the early days. In this fact, may be found the reason for a growth that has been as substantial and is as permanent as it has been phenomenal in its rapidity.

In a recent ride across Oregon and Washington the writer was amazed at the evidences of prosperity and development seen upon every hand. Was this the land that—as it seems in memory—on yesterday was held by the Indian and frontiersman? It is not only the oldest of us who can remember when the first shrill note of the locomotive was heard beyond the Mississippi, and now the iron lines gird the territory in every direction. The war was not long ago, and yet it was only just before the war, when the white wings of the emigrants' wagons were spread to these breezes; and a new trail was cut across the mountains. America has many marvels, and among the greatest is the leap westward that civilization has taken the last twenty-five years.

As one sits at the car windows, rolling along over lines that in all respects are the equals in safety and comfort of the older roads to the east, he involuntarily asks: "Why may not this be Ohio, or even New England? Here are farms well tilled, here are little villages clustered about with the schoolhouse, court house and church side by side. Here is prosperity, and that industrial thrift that makes prosperity secure. Here, in these larger towns, are the houses and blocks of stone and brick, the streets well paved, with water works, electric lights, gas, street cars and similar necessary adjuncts of this progressive age. Here, in the residence quarters, are handsome and substantial homes. Can it be that even the foundations of these were laid less than two score of years ago?" No wonder that the traveler from the older and sedate nations across the sea views it all in a maze of wonder; and he accepts the most improbable yarn of the

romancer without hesitation, simply because he has wondered at so much that he knows to be true, that he accepts as truth all that he is called upon to wonder at.

The pioneers in any land are usually the men whose capital lies in their strong hands, habits of industry and willingness to work—men who do not carry capital with them, because they have little to carry, and are going amid the opening chances of a new land to seek wealth, rather to invest that which they have. This admitted, how comes it that these newly-made states and newly-built towns are able to spring up as if in a day, and to show the safe investment of millions of cash?

In the answer to this we discover one of the new inventions of modern finance—one of the skillful means which wise men have created to make the old and wealthy east and the young and active brain and brawn of mutual aid to each other; union of the two together, in such compact of mutual help as shall aid them both.

The East has, in great or small sums, the accumulated wealth of generations of labor, invention, development and thrift, while the West had only the foundation of the present—the land—and the sure returns of the future, provided capital enough could be secured to make sure their development. Under old methods and in former times that capital would have been obtained by generations of toil and frugal living, but in this age of steam and electricity a method much more direct and equally secure, was devised. The overflow of the East was loaned to the West; and every dollar so taken out of the plethoric idleness of Eastern vaults was so invested as to make the security perfect, and give the new community the needed means with which to do its work. One thing the investors were sure of it. The value of today would be sure of an increased value tomorrow, as the country grew, population came in, new railroads opened, and natural resources were developed—thus increasing the value of the security, and making the investment more safe.

As one writer, in his description of the wonderful growth and development of Portland, Oregon, and the territory of which it is the metropolis, has recently said:

"An inland empire is tributary to Portland, Oregon. As of old, when it was said that all roads lead to Rome, so Portland, with her railroads radiating in every direction, and her unrivaled rivers reaching east, north and south, has long enjoyed her proud position as financial and business center of the great Northwest.

"The demand for capital to develop and improve this vast territory is increasing from year to year, and the security available is augmenting as improvement advances. So long as manufacturers, farmers, miners and others can obtain money for their various improvement purposes, the material growth and progress of the country must inevitably follow.

"The West acknowledges its debt to the East. It has received men and money; men who have seen in a newer country, with growing values, better chance to accumulate and quicker rewards for labor; men of ambition and keen business foresight. Eastern money has been and is a necessity in the West. Without it the marvelous growth could not have been obtained in such limited time. So much wealth could not have been produced on the soil in ages. Much of this capital from the East has come in the hands of its owners to stay; more has sought investment through the hands of agents, in whom the investors had confidence. There are many reasons why Eastern investors should prefer loans in this field, as they represent greater security than Eastern loans, on account of simple title, larger margins and rising values of lands. The safety of such investments has been demonstrated many times.

"The demand in the money centers grew as people began to understand and appreciated the investment in Western securities, and naturally there was seen the need for better facilities for the transfer of business between the two

sections. Hence the Co-Operative Investment Company was organized—not suddenly created out of the theory of some speculator—but slowly and surely evolved out of experience and because of the demand, and has proved safety and usefulness by the test of time. This corporation was formed with a special view to the investment of capital in city realty and mortgages. This company has facilities unsurpassed for obtaining in this rapidly growing section the best possible investments and at earning capacities which, counted as interest, are phenomenal. The laws of Oregon are all that can be desired for the protection of investors, and should inspire the greatest confidence in the minds of Eastern investors. This company are now issuing a series of first mortgage bonds, bearing interest at the rate of 6 per cent per annum, running ten years, secured by trust deed on improved property, and no better investment could possibly be made. The bonds are for a sum of $100 each, thus enabling small as well as large investors to obtain a secure holding."

* * *

RECENT BRANCHES ESTABLISHED BY THE CO-OPERATIVE INVESTMENT COMPANY.

Elma, Washington.

J. R. O'Donell.....President
Merchant.
J. W. Himes.....Vice-President
Justice of the Peace.
O. H. Pearson.....Secretary
Electrician.
Alex Jolley.....Treasurer
Postmaster.

APPRAISERS.

F. W. Sturbel.....Grocery Merchant
E. L. Menard, E. S. Menard & Co., Mfgs
C. L. Robbins.....Merchant

White Bird, Idaho.

L. L. Gordon.....President
C. F. Brodock.....Vice-President
John Nevin.....Secretary
Leo Freidenrich.....Treasurer

APPRAISERS.

Ed. Otto, S. S. Fenn, T. Z. Taylor

Bremerton, Washington.

Fred Buhrmann.....President
F. C. Woolsey.....Vice-President
Geo. E. Miller.....Secretary
F. S. Thomas.....Treasurer

APPRAISERS.

Chas. Deitz, Henry S. West,
F. Buhrmann.

Brownsville, Oregon.

P. F. Magee.....President
W. B. Blanchard.....Vice-President
J. R. Cooley.....Secretary
J. H. Glass.....Treasurer
Banker.

APPRAISERS.

S. P. Barger, W. J. Moore,
Frank Harden.

Orofino, Idaho.

C. C. Fuller.....President
Real Estate.
H. R. Merchant.....Vice-President
Hotel Keeper.
W. M. Chandler.Secretary and Treasurer
Real Estate and Insurance.

APPRAISERS.

O. A. Anderson.....Merchant
A. E. Holmberg.....Merchant
J. Moritz.....Merchant

Nez Perce, Idaho.

T. M. Mockler.....President
Merchant.
E. L. Parker.....Vice-President
Furniture Dealer.
Carl A. Davis.....Secretary
Attorney-at-Law.
J. T. Orbison.....Treasurer
Merchant.

APPRAISERS.

C. W. Miller, J. A. Schultz, S. Badger,
Carl A. Davis, Agent.

Grangeville, Idaho.

E. S. Sweet.....President
Merchant.
Levi Magee.....Vice-President
Merchant.
Geo. Brown.....Secretary
Real Estate and Insurance.
W. W. Brown.....Treasurer
Cashier Bank of Camas Prairie.

APPRAISERS.

A. C. Lanningham.....Pioneer Stable
A. J. Turner.....Contractor and Builder
J. Pfeuder.....Merchant

Ione, Oregon.

W. H. Dobyns.....President
Attorney-at-Law.
T. H. Brierly.....Vice-President
Merchant.
C. W. Ingraham..Secretary and Treasurer
Druggist.
Chas. Martin, Edwin L. Wood,
Frank Engleman.

Pendleton, Oregon.

J. H. Borie.....President
Lumber Dealer.
Leon Cohn.....Vice-President
Merchant.
Lee Moorhouse..Secretary and Treasurer
Moorhouse & Hamilton, Real Est. & Ins.
L. B. Reeder.....Attorney
Attorney-at-Law.

APPRAISERS.

L. B. Reeder, Lot Livermoore,
J M. Bentley.

Everett, Washington.

H. S. Groger.....President
Wall Paper Merchant.
S. R. Kerr.....Vice-President
Contractor and Builder.
J. Hunsaker.....Secretary
Real Estate and Insurance.
J. A. S. Malwell.....Treasurer
Cashier First National Bank.

APPRAISERS.

J. W. Rucker..Timekeeper Bell Nelson Co.
C. W. Miley.....Real Estate
G. A. Weber.....Plumber
S. R. Kerr..Gen'l Agt. for Snohomish Co.

Pe Ell, Washington.

J. G. Dunlap.....President
Postmaster.
H. A. Byers.....Vice-President
Jeweler.
G. E. Hamaker.....Secretary
Druggist.
C. E. Prigmore.....Treasurer
Hotel Proprietor.

APPRAISERS.

H. A. Byers, W. H. Delaney,
S. Sage.

Goldendale, Washington.

T. B. Montgomery.....President
Banker.
J. M. Snoover.....Vice-President
Attorney-at-Law.
Wm. T. Darch.....Secretary
Attorney-at-Law.
Moore & Co., Bankers.....Treasurer
M. S. Wenban, W. Laidl,
H. J. Dunn.

Stuart, Idaho.

C. B. Patterson.....President
Merchant.
M. J. Browning.....Vice-President
Barber.
P. W. Mitchell..Secretary and Attorney
Attorney-at-Law.
C. B. Patterson.....Treasurer

APPRAISERS.

Chas. Gelbach, H. Chenowith,
C. A. Carlburg.

Oakville, Washington.

T. G. Glover.....President
Hotel Proprietor.
P. S. Austin.....Vice-President
Merchant.
Wm. Simmons.....Secretary
Clerk.
J. H. Holland.....Treasurer
Druggist.

APPRAISERS.

Daniel Young, F. E. Pomrenk,
T. G. Glover.

Winlock, Washington.

C. J. Harkins.....President
Foreman Lumber Mills.
E. H. Palmer.....Vice-President
Bookkeeper.
Joel Fellows.....Secretary and Treasurer
Merchant.

APPRAISERS.

John F. Smith, E. H. Palmer,
C. J. Harkins.

Grass Valley, Oregon.

H. B. Craft.....President
Wheat Dealer.
C. W. Moore.....Vice-President
Merchant and Banker.
H. W. Scott.....Treasurer
Merchant.

APPRAISERS.

C. N. Gilman, J. D. Wilcox,
H. W. Scott.

The Dalles, Oregon.

P. W. DeHuff.....President
Master Mechanic O. R. & N. Co.
B. H. Grant.....Vice-President
Merchant.
F. R. Angle.....Secretary
Bookkeeper.
E. Kurtz.....Treasurer
Express Agent.
E. Kurtz, H. B. Grant,
C. J. Patton.

Stites, Idaho.

A. B. Pettibone.....President
Real Estate.
J. B. Schultz.....Vice-President
O. K. Livery Barn.
Streckler & Olcott...Secretary and Treas
Merchants.

APPRAISERS.

John Mathison, A. L. Young,
G. W. Breckenridge.

Peck, Idaho.

B. F. Webber.....President
Apothecarie.
W. E. Ratcliffe.....Vice-President
Real Estate.
Dr. E. Taylor.....Treasurer
Physician.
R. C. Kirby.....Secretary
Merchant.

APPRAISERS.

Dr. E. Taylor, R. C. Kirby,
H. C. Crawford.

STATEMENT OF REAL ESTATE OWNED BY COMPANY.

Lot 14, block 2, Elizabeth Irving's Add.
Lots 6 and 7, block 98, Sellwood.
Lot 12, block 2, Highland Park.
Lot 14, block 2, Highland Park.
Lot 20, block 2, Highland Park.
Lot 21, block 2, Highland Park.
Lot 2, block 6, Highland Park.
Lot 16, block 6, Highland Park.
Lot 20, block 6, Highland Park.
Lot 23, block 6, Highland Park.
Lot 18, block 7, Highland Park.
Lot 22, block 7, Highland Park.
Lot 23, block 7, Highland Park.
Lot 24, block 7, Highland Park.
Lot 9, block 7, Highland Park.
Lot 12, block 7, Highland Park.
Lot 5, block 12, Highland Park.
Lot 6, block 13, Highland Park.
Lot 2, block 14, Highland Park.
Lot 3, block 14, Highland Park.
Lot 5, block 14, Highland Park.
Lot 7, block 14, Highland Park.
Lot 11, block 39, Woodlawn.
South ½ lot 8, block 44, Port Townsend.
Lots 5 and 6, block 5. O. C. Hastings' Addition to Port Townsend.
Lots 1, 2, 3, 4 and E. ½ lots 5, 6, 7 and 8, block 23. All Pettygrove's Addition to Port Townsend, Wash.
Lots 7 and 8, block 17, Railroad Addition to Grant's Pass, Or.
Lots 1 and 5, block 1, Nolton's Second Addition to Port Townsend, Wash.
Lots 6 and 7, block 17, Cornelius, Or.
South ½ lot 2, block 77, City of Portland.
Lots 5 and 6, block 213, City of Portland.
Lots 11, 12 and 13, block 5, Bibee's Addition to Sheridan, Or.
Lot 16, block 34, First Addition to Oswego, Or.
Lot 5, block 12, A. B. Faulconer's Addition to Sheridan, Or.
Lots 1, 2, 7 and 8, block 2, Van Ostrum's Addition to Sheridan, Or.
Lots 9 and 10, block 45, in Oregon Iron & Steel Company's Addition to town of Oswego, Or.
East ½ of east ½ section 11, township 4 south, range 38 east, 160 acres; also west ½ of east ½ of southeast ¼ of section 2, township 4 south, range 38 east, Willamette meridian, 40 acres, Union county.
Lots 11, 12 and 13, block 45, in Oregon Iron & Steel Company's Addition to Oswego, Or.
Lots 3 and 4, in block 16, in J. M. John's Addition to City of McMinnville, Or.

PROPERTY SOLD DURING YFAR.

Lot 6, block 22, Woodlawn, Portland.
Lots 1 to 6, block 2, Corona Park, Portland.
Lots 41 to 46, Corona Park, Portland.
Lot 20, block 2, Hunter's Addition, Portland.
Lot 6, block 16, Columbia Heights, Portland.
Lot 12, block 18, Latona Addition, Seattle.
Lot 36, block 17, Latona Addition, Seattle.
Lot 1, block L, Alfred St. Addition, Chehalis.
Lot 6, block 40, Woodruff's Addition, Olympia.
North ½ lot 14, all of lots 15 and 16, block 1, East Tabor Villa, Portland.
One acre in Woodburn, Or.
Lot 4, block 11, Central Albina, Portland.
Lots 11 and 12, block 37, Tremont, Portland.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT DECEMBER 31, 1900, OF THE CO-OPERATIVE INVESTMENT COMPANY, OF PORTLAND, OREGON.

	Receipts.	Disburs.	Assets.	L'b'ts.
Real estate	$ 11,960 96	$ 91,399 82	$ 79,438 86	$ .....
Bills receivable (loans)	8,522 32	26,948 06	18,425 74	.....
Stocks and bonds	16,546 76	18,546 76	2,000 00	.....
Insurance premiums	41 88	41 88	.....	.....
Full paid capital	45,124 00	2,125 00	.....	42,999 00
Monthly payment agreements	7,446 85	3,087 50	.....	4,359 35
Bills payable	3,500 00	3,000 00	.....	500 00
Contingent fund (subscriptions and surplus)	9,268 05	1 50	.....	9,266 55
Time Loans (mortgages)	37,925 00	.....	.....	37,925 00
Contracts of purchase	10,616 47	5,620 11	.....	4,996 36
Furniture and fixtures	.....	489 30	489 30	.....
Cash	307 64	.....	.....	307 64
Total	$151,259 93	$151,259 93	$100,353 90	$100,353 90

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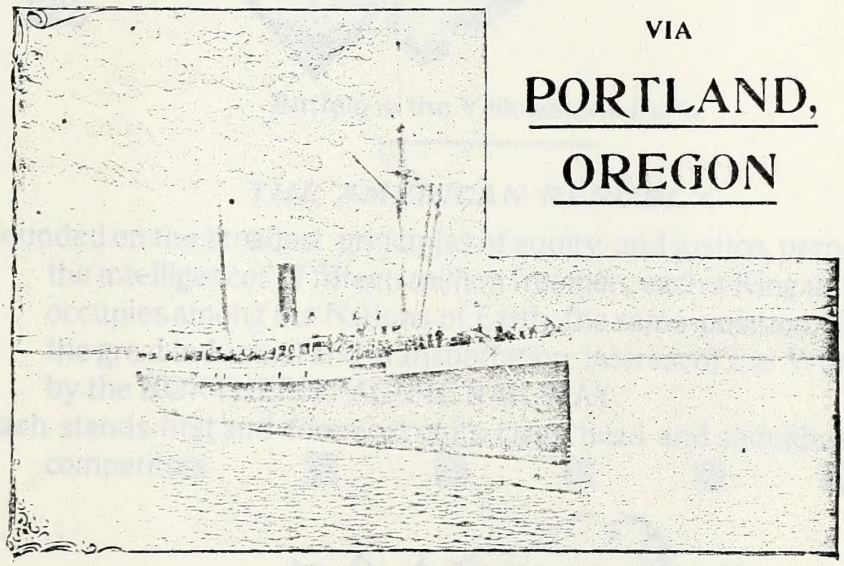

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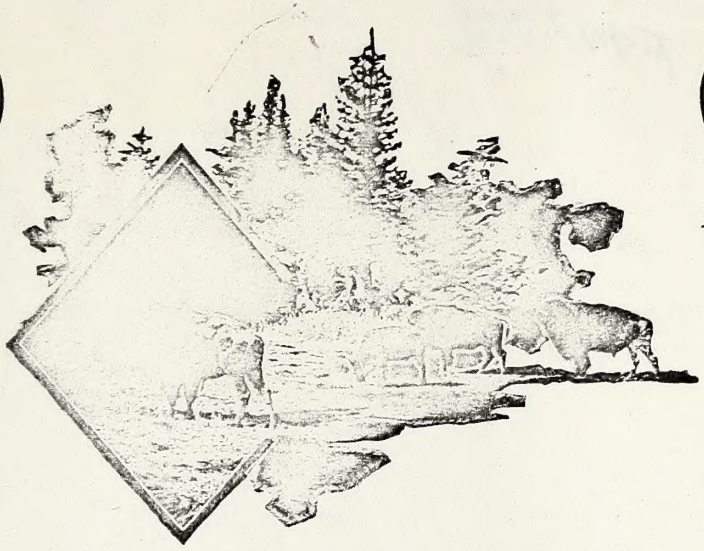

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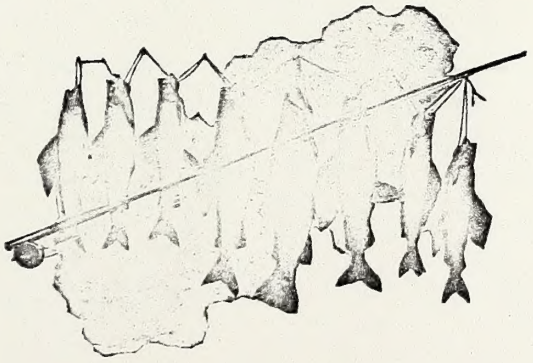

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